

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

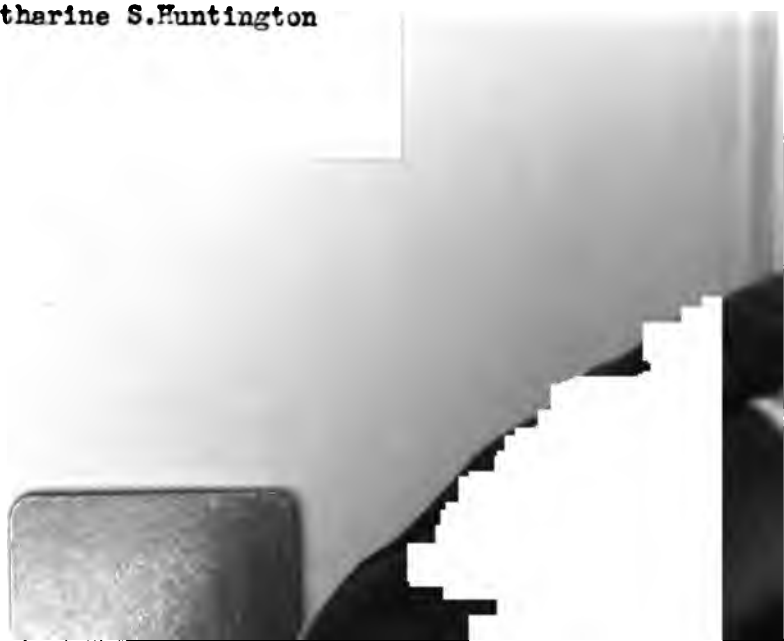
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

VERITAS
RADCLIFFE COLLEGE LIBRARY

WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

Gift of
Miss Catharine S.Huntington

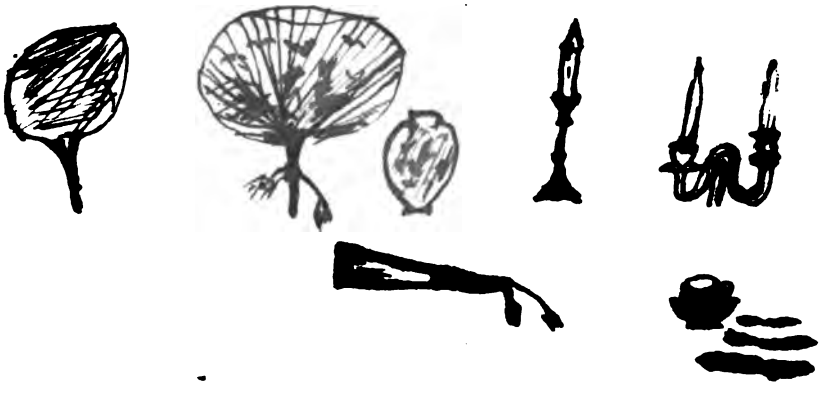


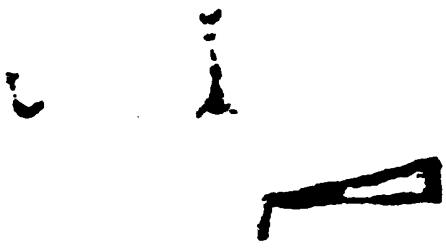




This was dear Aunt Frances book
She gave it to me
Catharine Sargent Huntington
I wrote this July 8 1901.
but the book was given
me many years
ago.







THE HOME-MAKER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

MARION HARLAND.

VOL. 2.

APRIL to SEPTEMBER 1889.



THE HOME-MAKER COMPANY ©
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

Copyright, 1888, 1889,
THE HOME-MAKER COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

C50
H76
v.2

INDEX.

EDITORIAL

	Page
Advice-Giving	289
A Word to Wives	347
Ethics of Business Correspondence	171
Going Back to School	437
Parasites of Speech	91
Then and Now	3
The Right Woman in the Right Place	92

HOME LITERATURE

	Page
A Bachelor Tea. *Frank Chaffee.*	97
A Fantasy. *Frank Dempster Sherman.*	447
After Antietam. *Maria Blunt.*	439
A Love Song. *George Rose.*	477
And Twenty Such. *Annie Eliot.*	464
An Easter Episode. *Sue Chestnutwood.*	46
A New England Dinner. *A. S. Duane.*	111
An Old Connecticut Homestead. *Marion Harland.*	472
An Old New Jersey Homestead. *Marion Harland.*	102
An Old New York Homestead. *Marion Harland.*	206, 272
Another Old New York Homestead. *Marion Harland.*	379
An Old Pennsylvania Homestead No 2. *Marion Harland.*	37
A Stranger. *Ella Thomas*	290
A Summer Loft. *Blanche Lillage and Edith Loring Pierce.*	198
August. *Sarah D. Hobart*	378
Bryn Mawr College for Girls. *Marion Harland.*	190
Cacti or Cactuses, *A Blanc.*	22
Guenn at Home. *Walter Satterlee.*	280, 359
Hope Harding. *Lucy C. Lillie.*	5, 108, 176, 266, 349, 448
Household Decoration. *Hester M. Poole.*	288
Improvements on the Homestead. *Virginia B. Harrison.*	386
Inauguration of Washington *Chas. E. Dowe.*	9
In Silence. *Grace H. Duffield.*	47
In Wonderland. *Estelle Thomson.*	117, 173, 283, 373, 460
Israfel. *Frank Dempster Sherman.*	186
"J. R. of R." *Charles Washington Coleman.*	261
July Languors. *May Rebecca Lennox.*	271
Misgiving. *Duffield Osborne.*	21
My Kingdom. *S. F. Quintero.*	116
My Lady's Chamber. *Maria Pendleton Kennedy.*	457
One Way to Clean a House *Helen Rogers.*	20
Oriental Decoration. *W. E. S. Fales.*	42, 100

HOME LITERATURE—continued:

	Page
Pet-lore for Pet-loves. *Olive Thorne Miller.*	17. 186, 362
Rain in Spring. *Bessie Chandler.*	197
The Birds of Eastertide. *Francis Howard Williams.*	34
The Goldsmith of Paris. *William Waterfield.*	176
The King's Daughters. *Mary Lowe Dickinson.*	387
The Middle Miss Tallman. *Bessie Chandler.*	27
The Nation's Flower. *S. H. Ludlum.*	459
The Philosophy of Sydney Smith. *Danske Dandridge.*	93
The Porch. *Frank Dempster Sherman.*	373
The Twistifications of Molly Malloy. *Elizabeth W. Champney.*	365
The Wind Across the Wheat. *Margaret E. Sangster.*	279
Two Old Pennsylvanian Homesteads. *Marion Harland.*	37
Two Violets. *Chas. Washington Coleman.*	107
Within the Mirror. *Katherine Philips Williams.*	295



	Page
A Distinction and a Difference. *Maria Blunt.*	398
A Room that Did Yeoman Duty. *Augusta Salisbury Prescott.*	223
Breaking Up for the Summer. *Marion Harland.*	327
Cheap Living in Cities. *Catherine Owen.*	48, 126, 213, 296, 393, 478
Chimney-Backs and Bookshelves.	226
Choice Recipes.	58, 129
Cool Cookery for Hot Weather. *Alice H. Weatherby.*	398
Correspondence.	58, 131, 226, 306, 404, 492
Creole Cookery. *Lydia O. Harris.*	301, 481
Does Life Insurance Pay?	226, 308
Eastern Housekeeping in the Far West *Margaret Spencer.*	490
Food for Invalids. *Marion Harland.*	487
Forty-seven and Tired. *Felicia Holt.*	216
Fragile. *Marion Harland.*	404
From Southern Kitchens. *Anna Alexander Cameron.*	221, 304, 401
Fruit Canning. *Jessamine Holland.*	308
Housekeeping in Germany. *Alice S. Hill.*	211
How to Use Stale Bread, *Mrs. M. P. Handy.*	128
In the Wilderness. *Dorothy Carew.*	390
'Mid Busy Streets and Crowded Marts. *Mary Cruger.*	299, 399, 485
Some Curious Easter Dishes. *Countess Annie de Montaign.*	50
Soup-Making. *Marion Harland.*	53
The Wolver Hollow Reform Club. *J. B. C. Tappan.*	121
Three South German Dishes. *Agnes B. Ormsbee.*	411
What Would You Do?	410



	Page
A Chat on Out-door Photography. *Alexander Black.*	314, 415
A Common-sense Temperance Talk with our Boys. *Marion Harland.*	312
A Private Art-Class. *Marion Harland.*	499
Boys *versus* Sentimentalism. *Kate Upson Clark.*	59
Breen. *Celia Perry.*	229

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE—continued.

	Page
Care of the Toilet. *H. T. D.*	62, 233, 497
Correspondence.	237, 319, 502
Last Words on Round Dances.	237
Low-Necked Gowns.	238
Occupations for Growing Girls. *Laura Le Balyard.*	235
One Lie Makes Many. *S. H. Ludlum.*	133
Our Boy's Room. *Hester M. Poole.*	494
Our Growing Girl. *N. H. C.*	64
Reading for Boys. *M. R. J.*	234
Rounds in the Journalistic Ladder. *James Frederick Herrick.*	139
Salt Water Girls. *Alice Stead Binney.*	412
Sewing for Girls. *Mrs. M. F. Howard.*	311
Symposium on Round Dances.	142
The Home Realm Club. *Mary L. Sleight.*	413

HOME-WORK FOR HOME-MAKERS

Edited by *Mary C. Hungerford.* 65, 145, 238, 321, 418, 503

OUR BABY

	Page
A Baby in the House. *Dinah Sturgis.*	70
A Baby's Night Bag.	508
A Rainy Day Pastime for the Nursery. *Alice M. Kellogg.*	241
A Reminiscence. *Albert J. Edmunds.*	327
Baby's Playthings. *Margaret Montgomery.*	324
Baby's Rights. *Dudley Dorn.*	326
Baby's Teeth.	243
Correspondence.	328
Dandelions. *W. B. Cossit.*	68
Educational Health Hints. *Felix L. Oswald, M.D.*	151
Four and Eighty-Four. *Laura Le Balyard.*	506
Helpful Words for Mothers. *Clara Hamilton Reed.*	422
Light in Dark Places	71
One of THE HOME-MAKER Grand-Babies.	421
Our Little One. *Elizabeth Pease*	508
Shutting up her Fold. *Susan Teall Perry.*	244
The Baby's Bottle *Annette Hills.*	507
The Household Tyrant. *Nella H. C.*	421
The Little Nest. *Maria Pendleton Kennedy.*	329
What shall Baby Think? *Clara Hamilton Reed.*	149
When Baby Came. *Olla Perkins Toph.*	150
While Baby Takes His Naps. *M. Helen Lovett.*	422

HOUSEHOLD HEALTH

	Page
Correspondence.	74, 245
Domestic Hygiene.	247
Domestic Use of Mineral Waters. *Titus Munson Coan, M.D.*	331
Health Hints. *Felix L. Oswald, M.D.*	240
How Long a Child should Sleep.	331
Low Spirits.	330
Physical Backbone.	72
Physical Culture at Home. *Mary Taylor Bissell.*	72
Popular Superstitions.	423, 509
Some Homely Remedies.	75
The Use of Antipyrin.	244
Where Are You Going this Summer?	153

INDEX.

HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

	Page
A Home-Made Country Seat.	248
Design for Dado. *E. L. Durand.*	335
How to Illuminate in Gold and Colors. *Walter Pelham.*	77, 155
Out-Door Sketching in Charcoal. *E. L. Durand.*	513
Smoke Pictures. *E. L. Durand.*	427



	Page
A Good Investment. *Annie Wade.*	335
An Old Lady's Tea-Party. *Bernice M. Franklin*	427
A Retrospect. *Ella Sturtevant Webb.*	428
A Silver Wedding. *Laura J. Rittenhouse.*	513
A Talk with Aunt Fannie. *Fanny Barrow.*	159
Grandmothers, Good and Bad. *Gretta Anderson.*	80
Rose-leaves from a Grandmother's Jar.	251
Sketched from Life. *Anna Earle.*	79
The Seven Decades of Life. *S. H. Ludlum.*	337
Twilight Comfort. *Mary Curtis Sawyer.*	79
Work for Our Grandmothers. *Annie Curd.*	249



	Page
Fashions.	80
Getting Ready for the Dressmaker.	519
Graduation-Day Gowns.	251
In Mourning.	162
Summer Wardrobes for Children.	431
Queries and Answers.	338
Racket and Hammock.	337



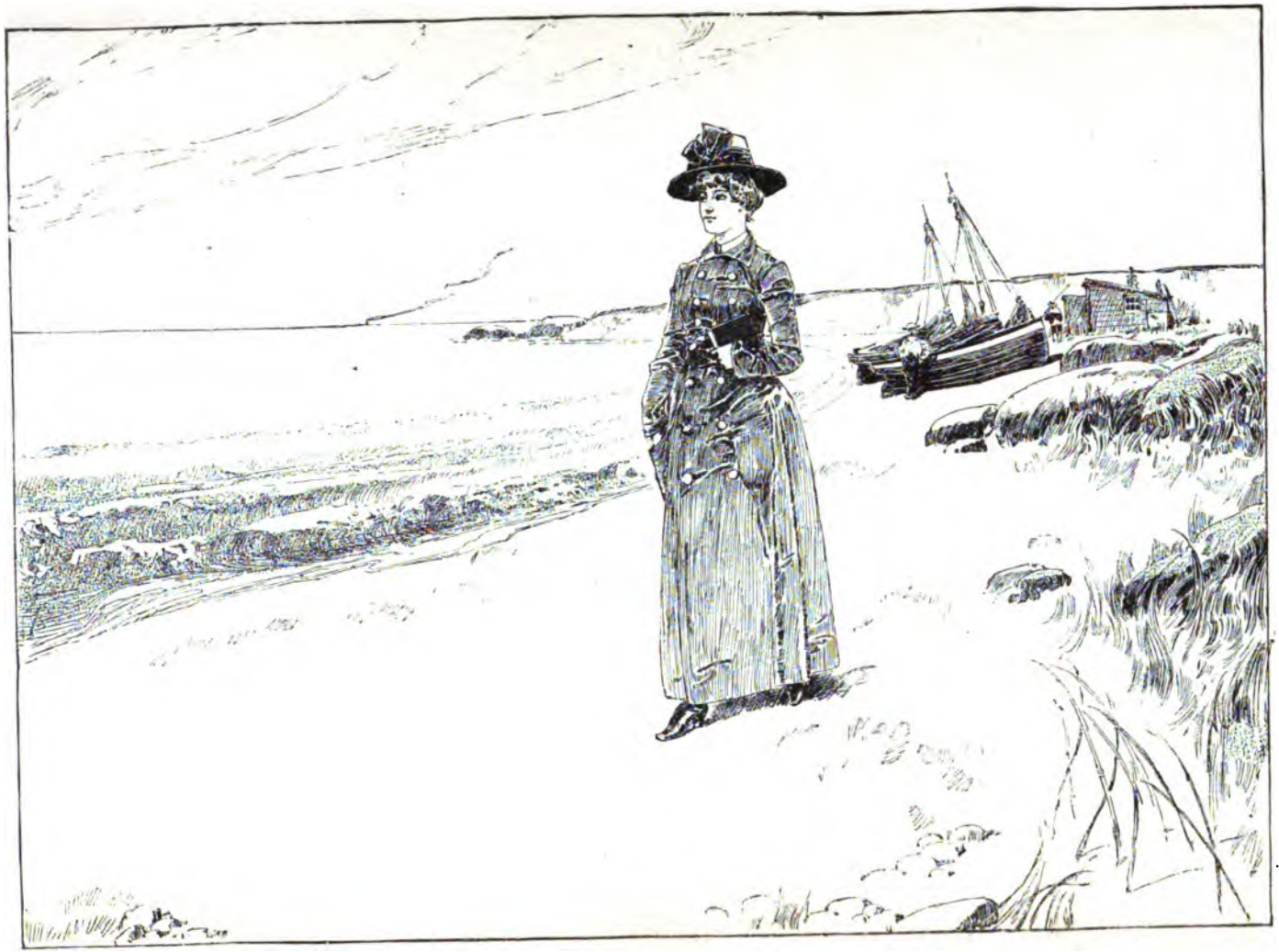
	Page
A Roof-Garden. *Judith Smythe.*	340
Baby in the Garden. *L. M F.*	341
Common Sense *vs.* Scientific Gardening *E. C. Vick.*	430
Floral Decorations. *Laura B. Starr.*	253
Growing House Plants During the Winter. *E. C. Vick.*	521
In Seed-Time. *William Falconer.*	163
The Children's Flower-Garden. *E. E. Rexford.*	82



Clippings, ... 85, 169



Book Notices, ... 86, 167, 255, 343, 453



"SHE WALKED QUIETLY AWAY, WEARING HER UNGAINLY GOWN."

"The Middle Miss Tallman." See page 28.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. II. APRIL, 1889. NO. 1.

EDITORIAL.

FAMILIAR TALK OF PEOPLE AND THINGS.

THEN AND NOW.



HE United States is as yet too young to suffer from a surfeit of centennials. Older nations may string and count them as beads upon a rosary of festa-days. Rome is well on the way toward the twenty-seven hundredth anniversary of her accredited founding. Strangers and dwellers in the Eternal City, twelve years ago, had the pleasure of beholding the gorgeous illuminations and hearing the "vivas" that commemorated her 2630th birthday. She would regard our great country as an infant in arms; for was not 1876 our first real "Centennial?" And must not four years elapse before we can celebrate even the four-hundredth return of the discovery of the Western Hemisphere?

What we lack in antiquity, however, we may enjoy in freshness. If comparatively few years have passed over our heads, there are few barnacles upon the Ship of State. We are not old enough to have grown tired of Republicanism, and, as a well-contented people, are fond of showing a more excellent way to ancient monarchies and portentous courts, maintained by immense expenditures for army and navy. We pat our younger Republican sister France upon the head approvingly, and hope that as she grows older she will grow wiser, and settle down from her kittenish stride and gambols into a steady-going Democracy.

Without doubt, the nearing Centennial of the Inauguration of our First President will furnish occasion for much spread-eagle bombast, as well as for timely and dignified self-gratulation. But may we not concede somewhat to the spirit of liberty?

The New Century of our Constitutional Government opens under widely different auspices from those of a hundred years ago. Reluctance to accept a nomination which would be equivalent to an election to the office of Chief Magistrate of the Nation would be now considered phenomenal. Yet we are told that a most unwilling consent was wrung from Washington by the arguments and entreaties of his best friends. His hesitation was partly the re-

sult of a desire to pursue in his own home at Mount Vernon occupations which the toils and responsibilities of an eight-years' war made, by contrast, doubly grateful to him. Moreover, the situation that would present itself to the first President of the newly-made Union was not inviting to a more ambitious statesman than the grave Cincinnatus of the Potomac plantation.

The change from a nationality of thirteen to one of forty-two States, and from a population of two to sixty-five millions, indicates but imperfectly the difference in other features, physical and political, between 1789 and the present year of grace.

The period of reaction that follows upon the triumphant issue of a cause long battled for is generally one of depression. The main object secured, they who have been zealous up to the moment of victory feel that they may, for a while, rest upon well-won laurels. The spirit that crystallizes purpose and effort, after the occasion for the latter is removed, appreciates but inadequately the need of molding the elements within the body-politic to suit the pursuits of the arts of peace. The period succeeding the proclamation of amity between Great Britain and the Confederation of States was probably the most trying in the history of our country to the nerve and temper of our people. The necessity for unity and alertness in the war of resistance had made the several sections comparatively indifferent to facts that were now to be boldly obtruded upon the general attention.

The credit of the nation was bankrupt. Many industries stranded by the enforced absence of the masculine part of the population at the seat of war seemed beyond the power of reorganization. Nine months had been required to secure the acceptance of the newly-formed Constitution by a majority of the States. The first meeting of Congress was delayed for weeks by the indifference of Representatives and Senators to the duty of taking their seats. Only the consideration that his earnest advocacy of the instrument he had helped to frame might commend it to the people and heal the distracted state of public feeling, induced Washington to allow his name to be presented for the Presidency.

It is well to recall the attendant circumstances of the First Inauguration as, from the eminence of our unparalleled success, we approach the Centennial of that day. Now we are gathering and making ready for the Coronation of Constitutional Republicanism. Then, we were entering upon an Era of Experiment. The wide-mouthed prophecy of failure has been met by a refutation complete beyond the wildest imagination of the most enthusiastic of that hour. To stand upon the spot consecrated by the Inauguration of Washington, and witness the contrast with that early day of the present growth and prosperity of the great metropolis of the New World will aptly convey the nature of the transmutation that has taken place all over the land. It testifies that experiment has become demonstration. It does not less forcibly represent the indebtedness of civil and political liberty to him who, under Providence, is still recognized as the moving spirit of that sublime success.

God save the Republic of the United States!



HOME LITERATURE

HOPE HARDING.

CHAPTER I.



OTHING very exciting, to be sure—but still it will be something to do."

Mrs. De Mostyn spoke languidly, as usual, and moved so that lying on her sofa, she could the better face her companion—a tall girl in a white gown, who, seated in a high-back chair across the room, was leaning her cheek on her hand, while her eyes strayed absently to the garden and bit of country road visible beyond the windows. Beautiful, gentle, generous-looking eyes, those of Hope Harding. They never seemed as they looked at you to fail in their message; just now there was a touch of restrained laughter in them.

"I think it will be simply *delightful!*" the girl said suddenly, looking at her companion with a smile as radiant as a child's. She stood up and crossed the room, flinging herself with a happy sort of abandon into a low, deep easy-chair near the sofa. "I can't imagine, Lottie, anything more amusing, and — and you know Steven Palfrey promised to be there, and he is enough pleasure for an evening in himself."

Mrs. De Mostyn's small, delicate cheeks colored very slightly. She drew her lips together, still watching the fair, charming and joyous face of Miss Harding. It was absolutely expressive. If at times the girl seemed inscrutable to her cousin, it was only because of the difference in their powers of expansion and discrimination, for at this peroid of her life certainly Hope had nothing to conceal.

"Does Mr. Palfrey know how much amusement he affords you?" said Mrs. De Mostyn in a quiet voice.

"Oh," said Hope gayly, "it isn't *amusement* in one sense—it is that it is always so delightful to have him with us—and—oh yes, I suppose he must know how much I like him. People always understand such things. Don't they?"

Mrs. De Mostyn was silent for a moment. Hope, she reflected, never had been a girl to "throw herself at a man's head,"—had indeed been a source of great annoyance and disappointment to her few relations, owing to her serene indifference to the men who had admired her so wildly and who—generally speaking—had offered themselves to her. She had never for an instant been misunderstood on such subjects by either friends or these would-be lovers; and now if she was going to be so openly delighted by Mr. Palfrey's attentions! Mrs. De Mostyn's experience of men and the world in general led her to fear that such a course would end in his being driven away! And Hope *must* marry and settle down! With her queer ideas on so many subjects—prison reform, night-schools, hospital work — she would be certain, reflected her cousin, to do something absurd!

Transparent as the girl was, there lurked always a consciousness in Mrs. De Mostyn's mind that she had her own reserves, and that in some ways she must not be coerced.

"I'm not so sure that I'd let him see what I felt," the little lady said at last, with a cautious glance in Hope's direction.

A soft wave of color swept the girl's face for an instant—color that had no shame in it.

"I never think one way or the other about it, Lottie. I know this—it has been the one absolutely happy and congenial friendship of my life. When Mr. Palfrey and I are together we understand each

other so thoroughly that I hardly think a question such as you make could ever arise."

"Well—I only hope—" Mrs. De Mostyn hesitated on the brink of saying something to give Hope Harding an idea that marriage with a man like Palfrey would be most desirable. But one of the little barriers now and then felt suddenly asserted itself. It would not do to say *too* much; and Hope was not smiling now. A soft kind of gravity had come into her face—the look she often had when Lottie De Mostyn's advice had gone far enough. It would have been impossible, however, for the older woman to let the subject alone.

"What—do you know whether Mr. Palfrey intends returning to America?" she inquired.

"Yes—no—that is, it depends greatly on his work, he says. Of course he will not be down here much longer. Tom Seaton returns to-morrow to London, I believe."

"But—why, Hope, don't let Mr. Palfrey go with him!" *Could* it be, thought Hope's anxious duenna, that the man *might* make his escape! And Hope was twenty-five—and if Uncle Peter heard of *another* rejected opportunity who could say what would be the result? Some Quixotic action on the girl's part, no doubt; some wild, impossible, charitable scheme! Even going out to the heathen would not be beyond Hope's capacity for this sort of missionary work.

"He is not going," said Hope quietly. Then she stood up again and walked slowly over to the window. The full light of the April afternoon had not waned. Hope, in her white wool gown, standing in the old-fashioned window, was a picture to stir even senses so unattuned to artistic feelings as Charlotte De Mostyn's. The room was a wide, low-studded and quaint apartment. It was the drawing-room of an English country house where the cousins had been lodging for two months, and its air of old-fashioned grace — its somewhat faded charm—seemed to bring out all the picturesqueness of Hope's beauty: to suggest various old-time scenes and splendors in the by-gone period when Hurst Place had been "kept up" by Alfred De Mostyn's great-uncle, the handsome, cheerful and luckless spendthrift, who had taken life as he liked for fifty years and gone to his grave, leaving his heir a fine old name, and a house no one of kith or kin to Alfred's father could afford to live in. Charlotte Harding, when she married her husband, revelled in the thought of the manor house which, as a matter of fact, was actually his property, and, to do her justice, had not been very much annoyed on discovering that it was rented to two elderly people, who, during the Hurstley season, took lodgers; nor did she disdain to lodge there from time to time herself. As she remarked, there was after all a certain dignity in being in the place, and having people know that it was still actually owned by a De Mostyn, who suffered only for the sins of such an aristocratic creature as Squire De Mostyn of 1820 must have been.

The Squire's portrait hung against that corner of the wall near where Hope was standing. A fine mellow old picture, in a Florentine frame. He might have been a Florentine of the sixteenth century, from his coloring and air of gay magnificence. The picture had from the first possessed a curious fascination for Hope, who, coming into the beautiful old room one evening, —that of her arrival—found Steven Palfrey, candle in hand, carefully studying the portrait, which seemed to have attracted him, as since it had her. The room was flung into shadow back of Palfrey's slim, lithe figure. Hope could see his profile uplifted in the candle-light whenever she recalled that evening. The thin, dark, earnest face, with its sensitiveness and repression—its somewhat poetic —to her mind or girlish fancy, at first—melancholy charm. But Palfrey's lighter moods so soon asserted themselves with her that she rarely associated this idea with him except as a reminiscence—a scene about which she could think—saying "that was the *first* time;" and it was happiness to the girl when by herself to recall the lines of his uplifted face, even those of the strong, well-shaped hand, with its signet ring, holding the candle. This was only two months ago. Palfrey, on that evening, understanding that Alfred De Mostyn s wife and her cousin were to arrive at Hurst Place, had groaned in spirit, and in forcible language, to his comrade Tom Seaton, over the necessity of paying them attention. A necessity because of Alfred's kindness to Tom when ill in Florence, and because of certain hospitalities in Palfrey's "long ago"

which cousins of Alfred down here had shown him.

"You have never been into the old house," Tom argued, by way of consolation, "and you'll find a lot of stuff there to interest you. Tell them I'll be around to-morrow."

And Palfrey with his most set expression of distaste for the whole affair had gone. Later, it seemed to the man he had found only—Hope Harding.

"Do you suppose," Mrs. De Mostyn broke the silence with plaintive tones. "Do you suppose, Hope, that the entertainment will be in any way—vulgar?"

Hope turned from her contemplation of the quaint old garden and laughed.

"Let me tell you," she said, sitting down on the piano stool, and clasping her hands, while she regarded her cousin in a compassionate, if smiling way. "This is precisely what it is to be—a sort of Sunday School entertainment or Penny Reading. It is all under what they call the 'best' auspices or patronage, and Tom Seaton will sing some of his funny songs, and those Miss McTaggerts will play a duet, and even Lady Alicia Parkerton—"

Mrs. De Mostyn suddenly sat upright.

"Hope! Hope Harding! What are you thinking of! Why *didn't* you tell me she was down here! Well, there will be some amusement for us both after all."

Mrs. De Mostyn absolutely rose to her feet from sheer excitement. Her headache and languor were forgotten as she moved over to the secretary and began fumbling about for writing materials.

"What are you going to do?" Hope inquired somewhat coldly.

"Why, write Alicia *at once!*" Mrs. De Mostyn had seated herself before her quaint little desk, and was already dating a note on a sheet of paper resplendent with the De Mostyn crest.

A rule made long ago when Hope first came to live with the De Mostyns had been never, unasked, to offer Charlotte any advice on social questions: but only she herself knew how some of her cousin's ideas and vagaries had affected her finer and more high-bred feeling. For an instant she watched the delicate, pretty little figure in the blue tea gown seated at the desk, one jewelled hand flying across the page, while Charlotte's lips were expressive of her deep content. Then, with a half sigh, the girl wheeled around to the piano and began to play. Her fingers moved involuntarily; music was so much a part of her life that she needed no care or thought of what she was evolving, and her eyes strayed to the portrait of the Squire hanging above. How often had she been obliged to repress her own fine sense of the "fitness of things," which Charlotte outraged? And Charlotte considered herself so delicately sensitive on points which Hope Harding would have laughed to scorn! When Charlotte, on some occasions, had informed her she was a "Bohemian" by nature, Hope had felt within herself driven to exasperation,—but, common sense coming to her rescue, had said, sadly enough, to her own heart: "Why argue it with her? I *cannot* make her understand my way of regarding things, and that nothing would tempt me to condescend to what she does."

Alicia Parkerton! A woman who, as Hope reflected, could be neither credit nor good influence to any one who made a guest of her! And yet, no doubt, at this moment Charlotte was effusively inviting her to Hurst Place!

"Bohemian indeed!" said Hope to herself. "Well, then I'm *glad* I am."

What would Steven Palfrey decide in such a question? Sometimes in talking to him, there had come over the girl a delightful, *restful* feeling, that he and she held the same background of thought and feeling, that with him no explanations could be needed for her ideas on a thousand things which had never come into her life, but had crossed her fancy as charming possibilities in the world—, human nature, God's final meaning for all his creatures,—their responsibilities and ultimate destiny. Questions which, from the time she was a child of ten, Hope had revolved: if expressed, laughed at, but hidden in her heart, of deepest interest, and conjecture always. And Palfrey *understood!* Of this Hope was sure. By whatever process, his and her mind in some subtle fashion worked together, and the psychical response between the two was part of it. Head and heart were of one accord.

"Dearest Lady Alicia," began Charlotte to read aloud. "Listen, Hope. "Dearest Lady Alicia. We are *so* delighted to hear you are at Hurstley. We are at the old De Mostyn Place, and this evening shall see you at the Reading, or whatever the entertainment is to be called, after which I hope

you will come back with us for a little supper.

In haste,
Affectionately yours,
Charlotte De Mostyn.

P. S. Alfred had to go to Scotland on business, and as we had not opened the house in Ellery Place, Hope and I came down here for a little change.

C. De M."

Dead silence ensued between the cousins for a moment. Mrs. De Mostyn made a gesture of impatience.

"Well, well, Hope, what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking," said Hope, quietly, "that I wish you would say 'I' instead of 'we.' Nothing on earth, Lottie, would induce me to make a guest of Alicia Parkerton."

Mrs. De Mostyn flung down her pen.

"You are talking nonsense," she said sharply and in an instant added with a piteous quaver in her voice: "And it is so especially disagreeable of you, Hope, when I am always *so* kind to *your* friends! I don't know *how* you can act this way."

The finer, larger nature went out in swift, pitiful compassion. Hope, in an instant, was at her cousin's side.

"Dear Lottie, do as you like," she said, very gently. "And after all, Lady Alicia will know I had nothing to do with it. Perhaps she will be on her very good behavior."

For half a moment Mrs. De Mostyn wavered, although her hand was on the bell. After all, suppose her ladyship should *not* be in a very well-bred humor? But questions far more vital to poor Lottie's point of view decided it, and the bell was rung, the note dispatched.

"And now, Hope," Mrs. De Mostyn remarked in the most cheerful accents, "I really feel as though we were going to have a delightful evening."

Hope made no answer.

Chapter II.

When Hope Harding looked back upon that strange year of her life, it always seemed as though she thought of its events in scenes—in isolated pictures—detached from all else because they meant her own most intense, happy or anxious moments. So, when things had gone rather sorrowfully with her, she used to think of Hurst Place on that day and evening, almost as one might recall pictures in some ideal part of one's existence. In strange places, they flashed back upon her mind, illumining dark and very dreary hours.

The drive in the soft April darkness to the entertaiment—Hope liked to remember this—then the look of the schoolroom as they entered it. A large high-ceilinged room, mediæval in architecture, and preserving many forms belonging to its monastic period. The "people," as Charlotte was fond of calling them, seemed to occupy every available space in the room, and were certainly hardly as enthusiastic or cheerful in manner as their kind patronesses might have desired. But as Hope and her cousin lingered an instant in the doorway, Mrs. De Mostyn with a carefully appropriate smile of mingled condescension and encouragement sweeping the "people" with a glance, Hope caught sight of a man's face and figure across the room—was conscious that a pair of eye-glasses were suddenly shifted, that the eyes back of them met hers with quick delight, and a moment later Palfrey, in his leisurely and courteous fashion, was making his way through the crowd towards them.

A man of thirty-five, with no special characteristic at the first glance but an air of distinction; muscular enough, but not large. A closer survey, or a better knowledge of it, would reveal a magnetic power in the thin dark face, which, in some fashion, all who knew him felt and responded to. No one tried to define it—the shallowest woman to whom Palfrey had ever talked ten minutes was eager to detain him longer—men in the great world of art and letters were anxious for his friendship, and ready to accept his criticism if he would vouchsafe it. Yet no human being could remember of the man egotism or conceit, and so far, his friends averred, he had been in one sense a problem. Keen, self-controlled as he might be, that the man's temperament was such as leads to wildest folly in affairs of the heart, no one could doubt: yet Palfrey had gone his way, it was said, unscathed. Beautiful women, clever women, girls in the first freshness of their womanhood and charms had failed to touch him. No question of worldly goods could have influenced him, since he was well off and could have afforded the indulgence of even a fashionable wife, had he been so minded. But apparently he was impervious, and affecting at no time the air of one

whose hopes had been "blighted," it was impossible to credit him with some "grand passion" in the past.

Lottie was all a flutter and excitement, as Mr. Palfrey approached. Hope, very still and beautiful, stood beside her, only the radiance of her sweet eyes betraying what made her heart go in such swift and happy strokes.

"I was afraid you were not coming," Palfrey said, extending his hand first to one and then the other; but he scarcely looked at Hope. "Now, Mrs. De Mostyn, what do you want to do? There are reserved benches at each side, you see—I have been keeping guard over one."

Mrs. De Mostyn's glance swept the place he indicated. It was near the platform, quite apart from the "people," and she smiled an assent.

"Lady Alicia is among the performers, I suppose," she whispered, as Palfrey was leading the way up a narrow aisle and around to the bench in question. Hope caught Palfrey's glance as he turned to answer. It was expressive of mingled amusement and contempt.

"Yes, I believe she is to sing."

They were in their places now, Mrs. De Mostyn politely ushered to the head of the bench, then Hope, and Palfrey seated himself beside her. Their eyes met. No challenge in them, only deep content.

"At last!" Palfrey said in an undertone. "I want so much to have ten words alone with you this evening. When the intermission comes, let Seaton look after your cousin, and come with me. We will all walk about the Priory. I shall have a chance to speak for a moment with you alone."

Lucy C. Lillie.

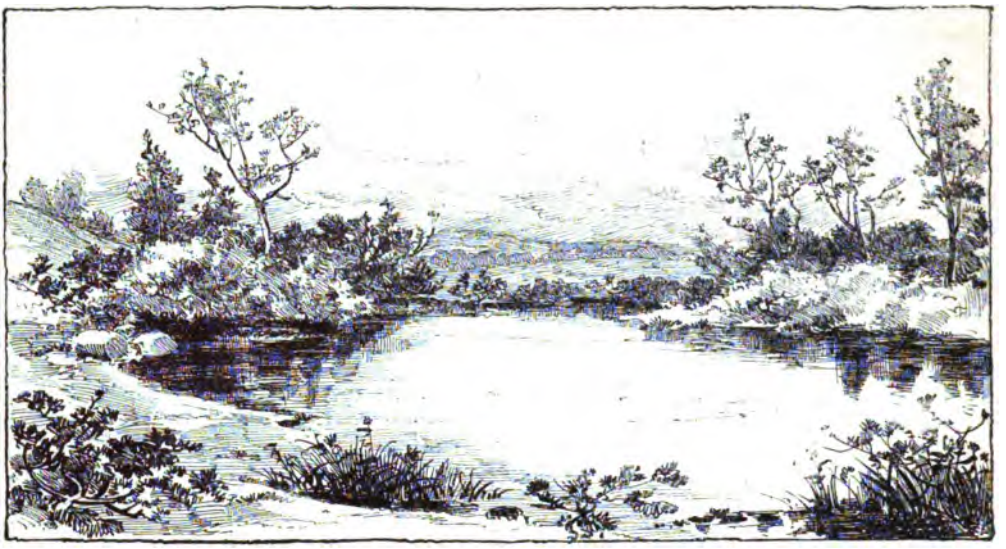
(*To be Continued.*)

THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

LOOKING back a century to the Revolutionary age and the establishment of our Federal Government, we find, among the memorable events of that era and in American history, the record of George Washington's inauguration as the first President of the United States. This simple, yet momentous and sublime ceremony was performed on the balcony of the old Federal Hall, which occupied the site where the United States Sub-Treasury now stands, at Wall and Nassau Streets, New York. On the front steps of this building, overlooking the whirlpool and excitement of stock speculations, is the massive bronze statue of Washington. This inscription is engraved upon the granite block which supports the pedestal:

ON THIS SITE IN FEDERAL HALL,
APRIL 30, 1789.
GEORGE WASHINGTON
TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE AS THE
FIRST PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.

Here then, a century ago, was performed a simple, yet great and impressive, grand but unadorned ceremony that marked the beginning of a memorable epoch in American history, for it was the dedication of the young Republic and the coronation of its first President. This was the spot where



"THE COLLECT."—PRESENT SITE OF THE TOMBS.

famous actors of Revolutionary times realized their dreams of independence. Upon this site the crowning event of Washington's glorious life and the life of the juvenile Union occurred. Among the most imposing events in our national history the drama played here amid the glow of patriotic enthusiasm, one hundred years ago, must be regarded as transcendent.

From the balcony of the hall that stood where the statue now is, the Declaration of Independence was first read to the citizens of New York: the Continental Congress sat here in its closing days, and here the first Federal Congress assembled. America offered no place more becoming and more honorably identified than this with the history of American liberty.

The scene around is marvellously changed, by the flight of years and modern progress, from the colonial, the provincial, the Revolutionary city. The street is transformed from the resort of fashion, the seat of government, the modest and quiet residence of merchants, statesmen, and diplomatists, which was the Wall Street in the days of our forefathers. Then it was the social and political heart of a small and struggling community; now it is the financial nerve centre of America. The bustling, roaring street is but a picture painted over. Under the kaleidoscopic characters of the maelstrom of speculative life and of eager trade, constantly traced upon the pavements of the modern Metropolis, lies the undimmed and indelible patriotic record of old New York.

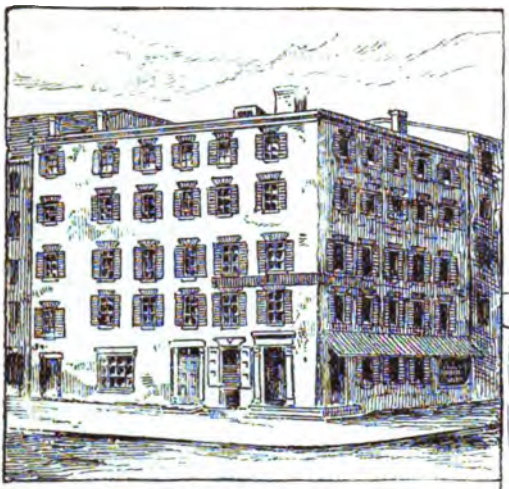
The first inauguration of Washington marked the birth of our national Republic. Colonial and provincial America ceased to exist, and national America began. The hope of success lay apparently in one man, revered and beloved as no other man had been or ever will be, and upon the successful issue of the trust to which he was here solemnly devoted. What scene in history overtops or even equals the grandeur and significance of that glorious consecration? As we look upon this sculptured form of the "Father of His Country," and remembering that this is the place of the sublime event which may be commemorated by unborn generations, that here Washington took the oath of his great office, fancy pictures the scenes that occurred here one hundred years ago. The streets, the windows, the roofs were thronged with people who saluted the hero with mighty and prolonged shouts as the last word of the momentous act was spoken.

The statue of Washington is of colossal proportions, being thirteen feet and a half high, and weighs sixty-five hundred pounds. The feet rest upon the identical stone upon which Washington stood when he took the oath of office. The statue was unveiled November 26th, 1883. The 25th—the one-hundreth anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British—falling on Sunday, the celebration of that event and the

dedication of the statue were necessarily postponed until one day later.

As the first inaugural ceremony occurred in New York City, the centennial celebration of that event would naturally take place in the Metropolis. The sculptured figure of the illustrious hero and statesman will be the central point of the commemorative demonstration. And could a more appropriate place be found? The memory of the event arouses patriotic feelings which have resulted in material action for its proper observance. It should call out not only the resources of New York City but of the whole country. The celebration of the anniversary occurring on April 30th next will be of a national character—a grand civic, military and naval demonstration probably eclipsing the commemoration of Evacuation Day five years ago.

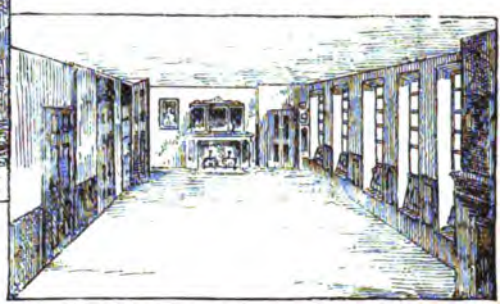
Outside of the comparatively few students of history, little is known about the appearance of New York a century ago or of the inauguration of Washington. The object of this narrative, therefore, is to describe as faithfully as possible the city at that time, how it looked, how its inhabitants dressed, and the scenes preparatory and incident to the inaugural ceremony. For this purpose let us fancy we are in the New York of 1789. "Walk with me about the town." The primitive city of Revolutionary times, or at the period when Washington took the oath of office, was chiefly centered below the present City Hall. The population was between twenty and thirty thousand. But under the impulse of settled political affairs and the new government the city began to boom. Every dwelling was occupied, rents went up, doubling in some instances, streets were cleaned and laid out, new houses and other buildings were erected, and commerce revived. And yet New York was like a country village compared with the giant Metropolis of to-day. There were numerous valuable farms and orchards along Bowery Lane, St. George Road, and the other principal highways. As one may see by the topography of the Metropolis to-day, the land was undulating and hilly, more so, of course, in the primitive condition than now. Picturesque country seats of wealthy citizens dotted the outlying regions. Above the location of the present City Hall Park, Broadway was St. George Country Road, and, as its name indicates, was, indeed, a country road. At Canal Street there was a stone bridge over a canal, from which the street took its name. On each side of the roadway and the canal were marshy lands. Down where the cold, forbidding Tombs prison is, there was quite a large fresh-water pond some sixty feet deep. It was known as the "Collect." In the winter this was the resort of skaters, whose sport was witnessed by hundreds of spectators who would gather on the slope, still existing, that runs down from Broadway to Elm Street. One of the bubbling springs that contributed to the fabulous and supposed unfathomable depths of the pond was near the junction of Park Row (formerly Chatham Street) and Roosevelt Street. Here also was the far-famed "Tea Water Pump," which helped to supply the city with wholesome drinking water. There were various wells in the lower part of the city, but they afforded brackish water that was unfit for the table. The City Hospital was among the most imposing buildings of the city. This stood in a "five-acre lot" on the road near our present Reade Street. It was made of Holland brick, being a three-story, gable-roofed structure with a tall cupola. There was a large yard, surrounded by a fence in front of it. The neighboring marshes bred fever and ague and furnished patients for this institution. The city above the limit previously mentioned was sparsely settled. The houses were scattered about over the area of our present Metropolis very much as you see them to-day in the country. The border of the thickest settlement down town was at Vesey Street. Here where the Astor House now stands was a double, brick, two-story house with a gable roof and dormer windows. St. Paul's Chapel stood where it is to-day, on the southwest corner of Broadway and Vesey Street. Hanover Square was the great mercantile center of the city. A few small private houses were in this square, but the buildings were chiefly occupied as stores and other business places. Fraunces' Tavern, or "Black Sam's Tavern," as it was generally known, owing to the swarthy complexion of Samuel Fraunces, the proprietor, was made famous and immortalized by Washington, who used it as his headquarters. This memorable structure is on the northeast corner of Pearl (then Queen Street) and Broad Streets. Originally it was a two-story brick building, with a gable roof and dormer windows. Here, on Dec. 4th, 1783, Washington bade farewell to his officers. The first and



FRAUNCES' TAVERN.

second stories of the tavern are to-day in substantially the same shape as they were one hundred and five years ago. But the gable roof was taken off, and two or three stories added to the building. Over the doorway on the corner the visitor sees a sign reading "Washington's Headquarters."

Among the other public houses in New York at the time was one near the old "Fly Market," which in 1822 gave way to Fulton Market: Smith's Tavern also in the same neighborhood: the Macomb House, on Broadway near Wall Street, and the Bull's Head, in the Bowery lane, out of which the only Bowery in the world was formed. The Bull's Head was a two-story, gable-roofed country tavern, surrounded by cattle pens. Coffee and tea houses were numerous and popular. There was one theatre in the city. It was in John Street, and was erected during the occupation of the city by the British, and used by the army officers for amateur theatricals. Washington after his inauguration attended this theatre. The Custom House was in the Government building erected on the site of the old fort, which was located on Bowling Green. The Post Office was kept in the postmaster's house in William Street. One room, twenty-five by thirty-five feet, and containing about one hundred boxes, was where the mail was distributed. Sebastian Bauman, the first postmaster of the city, subsequent to the Revolution, was appointed by Washington. This post office was enlarged to accommodate the demands of the increasing population, but it remained in the same place until 1827, when it was removed to Wall Street. At the foot of Park Place was the venerable Columbia College. There were several churches in the city, and the religious sentiment predominated largely in the daily life of its inhabitants. The Reformed Dutch Church was the prevailing denomination. The Episcopalian, the next oldest denomination, was introduced soon after the cession of the city to the English.



BANQUET ROOM, FRAUNCES' TAVERN.

The ancient Trinity Church belonged to this class. It was built in 1693, enlarged in 1737, destroyed by fire in 1776, and rebuilt in 1788.

The manners and customs of the citizens were still primitive. The Dutch language prevailed largely, and many of the signs seen over business places were in Dutch. Every householder swept the street in front of his home twice a week. Oil lamps were used for lighting the streets. Coal was unknown. Hickory wood was the chief fuel. Early every morning milkmen walked through the streets bearing yokes, similar to those used by farmers in New England to-day, on their shoulders, from which dangled tin cans, and crying, "Milk ho." Water from the "Tea Water Pump" was carried about in carts and retailed at a penny a gallon. The chimneys were swept by small negro boys, who went their rounds at daybreak shouting, "Sweep, ho! sweep, ho! from the bottom to the top without a ladder, sweep, ho!"

The men of this period wore long Continental coats, with brass buttons and side pockets, knee breeches, low shoes with big buckles, and three-cornered hats. Ruffled shirts, lace sleeves, satin vests, white silk stockings, powdered hair, which was combed back and tied in a queue, were conspicuous features of the men's dress. The correct thing, or full dress of gentlemen, however, was composed of cambric ruffled shirts, light-colored velvet knee-

breeches, silk or satin waistcoats, silk stockings, and low shoes with brass buckles. Ladies wore low-neck dresses, flowing sleeves, hoops, and high Dutch hats. The ordinary dress of the women was, however, more modest. It consisted of a short gown and petticoat of any color and material that suited the taste of the wearer.

Wall Street was the centre of fashion. It presented a brilliant scene every afternoon. Ladies in showy costumes and gentlemen in silks, satins, velvets, ruffled shirts and powdered periwigs, promenaded up and down the street in front of the City Hall, and on Broadway, from St. Paul's Chapel to the Battery. Broadway was also a popular thoroughfare for driving, and many stylish turnouts were seen every day rattling up and down the street. A liveried footman always rode behind each carriage. Horseback riding was also popular, and gentlemen of prominence in State affairs often traveled in this way, partly because it gave them exercise and because it was fashionable. The social world was in constant agitation over the arrival of statesmen and distinguished people from different parts of the Union and from Europe.

At the time of the election and inauguration of Washington, the stages, about the only means of travel, were few, and in out-of-the-way places had no fixed days for leaving specified points. They were often delayed on the road by storms and accidents. Mails were carried from and to New York, Albany, Boston, and Philadelphia, three times a week in summer and bi-weekly in winter.

After the adoption of the Constitution, on September 13, 1788, it was determined that New York City should be the seat of Congress. The change occurred on December 23, 1788. The old City Hall in Wall Street, in which the Continental Congress had been accustomed to meet, was placed by the Corporation of the city at the disposal of Congress, and after reconstruction, was known as Federal Hall. The City Hall was built about 1700. It was in the form of an L and open in the middle. The cellar contained dungeons for criminals. The first story had two wide staircases, two large and two small rooms. The middle of the second story was occupied by a court room, with the Assembly Room on one side and the magistrate's room on the other. The debtors' cells were in the attic. At this time the building was falling to decay, and the depleted treasury furnished no means with which to erect a new structure or even to remodel the old one. Fortunately in this emergency some of the prominent and wealthy men subscribed enough money, some $32,000, necessary to make the alterations. When completed it was for that period an imposing structure. The first story was made in Tuscan style with seven openings. There were four massive pillars in the centre supporting heavy arches, above which rose four Doric columns. Thirteen stars were ingeniously worked in the panel of the cornice. The other ornamental work consisted of an eagle and the national insignia sculptured in the entablature, while over each window were thirteen arrows surrounded by olive branches. The Hall of Representatives was an octangular room, fifty-eight by sixty-one feet, with an arched ceiling forty-six feet high in the middle. This hall had two galleries, a platform for the speaker, and a separate chair and desk for each member. The windows, which were wide and high, were sixteen feet from the floor, with quaint fire-places under them. The Senate Chamber was twenty feet high, with dimensions on the floor of thirty by forty feet. The arch of the ceiling represented a canopy containing thirteen stars. A rich canopy of crimson damask hung over the president's chair. The chairs in the hall were arranged in semi-circular form. Three spacious windows opened out on Wall Street. A balcony twelve feet deep, guarded by a massive iron railing, was over the main entrance on Wall Street, where there was a lofty vestibule paved with marble.

Having described the city briefly, I will come down toward the event, the centennial anniversary of which is not far off. The assembling of the first Federal Congress after the adoption of the Constitution was fixed for March 4th, 1789. The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the boom of cannon. Owing to the severity of the weather, the muddy condition of the country roads, and the general inconveniences of travel, only eight Senators and thirteen Representatives, not enough for a quorum, were present. Rivers and brooks that were forded at particular places were overflowing their banks, making this kind of passage impossible. The Raritan River at New Brunswick, New Jersey, and the Delaware River were crossed in scows, upon which carriages were driven. Travel was so impeded that it was not until over a

month later, April 6th, that a quorum of Congressmen had assembled. On that date they met and organized. The first business was the opening and counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, to which offices Washington and John Adams were duly declared elected. Washington left Mount Vernon for New York on the morning of April 16th. Before his departure he wrote to Henry Knox that his "feelings were not unlike those of a culprit going to the place of execution." Washington wished to make the trip to New York as quietly and with as little show as possible, but he soon found that this was out of the question, owing to the patriotic ardor that was aflame everywhere, and the intense admiration for the noble chieftain. So that his journey, instead of being devoid of incident and ostentation, was characterized by the wildest enthusiasm of the citizens all the way from Mount Vernon to Federal Hall. Towns and cities along the route were in the highest pitch of patriotic excitement. They vied with each other in honoring the hero of the Revolution and the first President of a peaceful republic. Among the displays was a long avenue of laurels through which Washington was escorted at Gray's Ferry, in Pennsylvania. As the President-elect passed under the last arch a boy, concealed in the foliage above, dropped upon his head a handsome laurel crown. The act aroused enthusiastic demonstrations among the spectators. A triumphal arch was erected by ladies at Trenton. Riding upon his white charger, Washington passed under this, and as he did so, thirteen beautiful young ladies carrying baskets strewed flowers before the hero, at the same time singing an ode especially composed. Upon reaching Elizabeth Town Point, Washington was received by a committee of Congress, composed of Elias Boudinot, Chairman; Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State; Secretary Jay, Secretary Knox, the Commissioners of the Treasury, Mayor Duane and Recorder Varick, of New York, and several other officials. A barge elegantly decorated and manned by thirteen captains in white uniform, was waiting at this point to convey Washington and his party to the city. As it moved away, other barges, covered with decorations, fell into line. This procession came through the Kill Von Kull (between New Jersey and Staten Island) and up the bay, gathering in its wake craft of every description. The vessels, moving and at anchor, bore some emblem of rejoicing that was apparently infectious. The Spanish man-of-war Galveston displayed a variety of national colors from its rigging. A sloop under full sail contained twenty-five gentlemen and ladies, who sang an ode of welcome to the tune of "God Save the King," in which everybody within sound eagerly joined. Band music from boats on every side, continual cheering, and the boom of artillery from the war vessels and neighboring forts filled the air, echoing and re-echoing over the waters.

The landing place was Murray's Wharf, near the foot of Wall Street, where there was a ferry. Here the stairs and railings were carpeted and decorated. Governor Clinton formally received the President-elect. An enthusiastic crowd that had been waiting expectantly at the ferry made the air ring with tumultuous cheering as he appeared in the street. It was difficult to form a procession among the excited inhabitants, who were desperately struggling with each other in an effort to see George Washington. After some delay this was finally accomplished. The procession was headed by Colonel Morgan Lewis, aided by Majors Morton and Van Home, all of whom were mounted. The military companies were next in line. Among them were Capt. Stokes' horse troop accoutred in the style of Lee's famous Partisan Legion; Capt. Scriba's German Grenadiers, wearing blue coats, yellow waistcoats, knee breeches, black gaiters, and towering cone-shaped hats faced with bearskin; Capt. Harrison's New York Grenadiers, composed, in imitation of the Guard of Frederick the Great, of only the tallest and finest looking young men in the city, dressed in blue coats, with red facings and gold-lace embroideries, white waistcoats and white knee breeches, black leggings, and wearing cocked hats trimmed with white feathers; Scotch infantry in full Highland costume playing bag-pipes. Following the military companies were the sheriff of the county, the committee of Congress, the President-elect, Secretaries Jay and Knox, Chancellor Livingston and distinguished men in State affairs, clergymen and a large number of citizens. Washington was escorted to the Presidential mansion, which stood on the site now occupied by Harper's establishment in Franklin Square. Every house and building along the route was decorated with flags, silk banners, floral and evergreen

garlands. Men, women, and children of all degrees flocked through the streets shouting, waving hats and handerchiefs in their almost delirious enthusiasm. The name of Washington was not only upon every lip, but displayed in ornamental arches under which the procession passed. The official residence was known as the Walter Franklin House. It had been occupied by Samuel Osgood of the Treasury Board, who moved out to give room to Washington and family. This house was a large three-story brick structure with a flat roof. Shortly after arriving at his new home, Washington was called upon and congratulated by Government officials, foreign ministers, public bodies, military celebrities, and many private citizens. He dined with Governor Clinton that evening at the latter's residence in Pearl Street. The city was brilliantly illuminated in the evening, when there was a Fourth of July display of fireworks.

The city was overrun with visitors and sight-seers from all parts of the country between the date of Washington's arrival and his inauguration. All the hotels and even private mansions were crowded. Excitement ran high. There was an insatiable desire prevalent to get a look at Washington, who had been described as the noblest, grandest man human eyes ever saw. Old people expressed their readiness to die after having once seen the first President. Impatiently everybody waited for the great day, April 30th, the dawn of a new era, and when it finally came the citizens and visitors were absolutely frantic with patriotic fervor. At daybreak a national salute was fired from the fort at the Battery, and within a short time the city was seething with excitement. Of course, all business was suspended. Thousands of men, women, and children in holiday dress, bands and military companies filled the streets. Many people from the surrounding country were arriving by stages and packets. About nine o'clock, bells in every church tower in the city pealed forth a merry welcome. Then they paused a moment, only to resume, but in more measured tones that summoned the people to the churches "to implore the blessing of Heaven on the nation and its chosen President," so universal was the religious sense of the significance of the event. Meanwhile military companies were forming at their respective headquarters. They soon appeared in a procession with bands



THE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION,
THE WALTER FRANKLIN HOUSE.

playing patriotic music, and waving the stars and stripes. Col. Morgan Lewis was in command. The procession marched to the Presidential Mansion and halted. The committee which had charge of the arrangement consisted of Ralph Izard, Tristam Dalton, and Richard Henry Lee from the Senate, and Representatives Egbert Renson, Charles Carroll, and Fisher Adams. They escorted Washington from his house amid vociferous cheering. The President-elect rode in a carriage that was called a chariot, drawn by four horses. The route was through Pearl to Broad Street, thence to Wall Street. Arriving in front of Federal Hall, the troops broke ranks, and formed in lines on each side of the street. Washington, having alighted from his chariot, and attended by a body-guard, walked through the avenue thus made, amid intense cheering. He was conducted directly to the Senate Chamber where Congress had just assembled. Vice-President Adams, who had taken the oath of office a few days previously, met Washington at the entrance and escorted him to the President's chair. Having made a formal introduction, the Vice-President turned to Washington and gravely addressed him as follows: "Sir, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York."

"I am ready to proceed," was the grave response.

Vice-President Adams then escorted Washington to the balcony, accompanied by Congressmen and distinguished officials.

Wall and Broad Streets and windows and house-tops in every direction were crowded. The tumult ceased. A profound silence that was awe-inspiring and almost appalling brooded over the scene immediately preceding the administration of the oath. In the centre, between two pillars, stood the commanding figure of Washington. He wore one of those long Continental coats, dark brown knee breeches, white silk stockings, and low shoes with silver buckles. He held his three-cornered hat in his left hand. His hair was powdered and tied behind. On one side of him stood Chancellor Livingston, in a full clerical suit of black; on the other, Vice-President Adams, dressed more showily than Washington. Between Washington and the Chancellor stood Secretary Otis, of the Senate, a small, short man, holding a Bible. Conspicuous in the group were Roger Sherman, Gen. Knox, Gen. St. Clair, and Baron Steuben. The Bible upon which the oath was taken is carefully preserved by St. John's Masonic Lodge, No. 1, of this State. It bears this inscription: "On this sacred volume, on the thirtieth day of April, A. M., 5789, in the city of New York, was administered to George Washington, the first President of the United States of America, the oath to support the constitution of the United States." Chancellor Livingston delivered the oath in slow, distinct words, when the Bible was raised, and as Washington bowed to kiss it he said gravely, "I swear," adding fervently, with closed eyes, "so help me God."

"It is done," said the Chancellor, who, turning to the spellbound throng below, exclaimed: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States." This was the signal for the outburst of pent-up joy and patriotism. A hurricane of shouts rent the air, and, amid the waving of flags and banners, lasted for several minutes. A flag was immediately displayed over Federal Hall as a sign that the ceremony had been performed, and instantaneously all the bells in the city rang out triumphantly, while cannon boomed from fort and fleet in every direction.

Washington bowed low to the vast, cheering assemblage and then retired to the Senate Chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address.

After his address President Washington, attended by the Vice-President, Chancellor Livingston, cabinet officers and other dignitaries went to St. Paul's Chapel, where prayers were read by Bishop Provost, one of the chaplains of Congress. The church was crowded and the services very impressive. After they were over the President was escorted to his residence. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the people who had been in the habit of retiring early sat up until a late hour talking about the event of the day which crowned the man who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Charles E. Dowe.

NEW YORK PRESS CLUB.





PET LORE FOR PET LOVERS

PART IV.

"THE BEASTIES."

THE beast of beasts for amusement, is, of course, the monkey. To own one of the mischief-making, fun-loving rogues is the strongest wish of most boyish hearts. Equally strong, alas! is usually mamma's horror at the thought; the pranks she has heard of, the destruction, the general wreck of household treasures that followed the advent of one of our four-handed brothers, are too vivid in her memory to be pleasant. Yet a monkey may be kept without danger, if care is used; there need be no accidents to furniture or bric-à-brac. I have in mind at this moment the case of a boy in New York, an only son, and accustomed to having his wishes gratified, who turned from all his numerous pets, pigeons and parrot, turtles and white rats, guinea pigs and alligator, and set his heart upon a monkey. His mother was appalled; but day and night that was his one demand—a monkey. At last, of course, he got it. After he had alternately coaxed and teased for months, a small but exceedingly vivacious monkey appeared upon the scene. It was predicted that he could not stay in that elegant home a week, but by proper care he was kept some months, and never did the least mischief, except to himself when he ran under the fire-grate of the range, in search of the warmth these little creatures all pine for. Nor was it because the will to do mischief was lacking, his brain was as active and doubtless as full of suggestions as any simian brain, but because he was carefully managed. He was held by a light dog-chain attached to a band around his body. This gave him freedom of movement without liberty to go about. The scene was changed by fastening him, now to the leg of a kitchen table where he could take a hand in the preparations for dinner, now to a clothes post in the yard where he could frolic and climb up to enjoy the air. Again he was led all over the house, or carried into the street in the arms of his little master. He always wanted to get away, of course, he was every moment consumed with desire to possess something just beyond his reach, but he seemed tolerably happy and contented, much more so than his dismal, tired-out-looking brethren in the cages of parks and menageries. His sleeping box was arranged in the furnace cellar, on the same floor as the kitchen, a warm, comfortable place, but he spent most of the day in the kitchen and yard.

To keep one of this restless family happy, two things are imperatively demanded: warmth and plenty to do. Mischief—as we call it—is only the effort of his fidgety nature to express itself; his lively fingers must be occupied, and it is simply cruel to put him in a small cage or to chain him where he can get nothing to interest himself with. He must be supplied with amusements; either like Mr. Crowley, the chimpanzee at Central Park, with trapeze, spring-

board and ropes for swinging, or sticks and balls and such things. Of course he will destroy them, but destroying things is his delight. I saw a miserable caged chimpanzee at one time, pining for something to do, entertain himself and many lookers-on, for an hour, with a piece of chewing-gum, which he alternately chewed and plastered on to the glass of his house in various forms. Two monkeys are easier to keep than one, because they will amuse each other in a big cage.

In climates where these creatures can be kept out of doors, they are very little trouble, and most interesting and affectionate pets. Frank Buckland, of England, kept monkeys in semi-freedom for many years, even in that peculiarly unfavorable climate; but it must be admitted that to make them, and ourselves, comfortable in our homes, requires much devotion.

Most affectionate, perhaps, of the monkey tribe is the spider monkey. It is also one that repays good care by a beautiful soft coat of long hair. But it must often be washed, and every day thoroughly brushed. Small monkeys are also better in health and more attractive as house-mates, if some of the care is bestowed upon them that our canine pets receive, in the way of washing and brushing.

Easier to keep because not so restless, and naturally not so intelligent, are the tiny monkeys a few inches in length, and marmosets, smaller than all. There are several varieties of the small monkeys, but they are rarely seen in our country, being costly as well as delicate.

The most charming one I ever saw was attached to the dress of a lady by a light gold chain. He sat on her shoulder or her arm, and when alarmed, climbed up her parasol-handle and took refuge among the supports, seeming to regard the steel bars as a protection from danger. He was the color of old gold, and rare in this part of the world.

Marmosets are easily procured and not difficult to keep. Like all of their race they hate a cage, and, sensitive to cold, they insist, when tamed, on being about one's person all the time. In winter, therefore, they are somewhat troublesome, unless one is very fond of them; and they are not nice to have in so close relations, unless they are washed and brushed frequently. If they live in a cage it should be where it is warm, and large enough to make room for frolics, otherwise they are not particularly amusing. They, as well as all monkeys, are rather dainty in appetite, and will have what they like or starve. They usually accept fruits, especially bananas and apples; sometimes they will eat potato, and bread and rice. Many of them are fond of coffee, lemonade, milk, and other of our drinks. Marmosets greedily devour meal-worms and insects. None of this family can safely be kept in the house with birds. They seem to be natural enemies, and, either caged or crippled as many birds are, they are not able to provide for their own safety.

There are other animals nearly related to the monkey tribe, that I find more interesting as pets because neither so irrepressible nor so unceasingly active. One of these is the kinkajou, which comes from South or Central America, and may sometimes be found in the animal stores of New York. It is a gentle little beast, about as large as a cat, golden brown in color, and satisfied with a warm place to sleep all day, and a chance for an outing and a frolic at dusk. At this time he takes his one meal of the day, usually of two or three bananas, and makes himself very interesting the whole night if one can allow him so much liberty.

Another attractive pet is one of the many varieties of lemur or half-monkey, which comes from the coast of Africa and is sometimes brought as a pet by sailors, and sold in the seaport cities. One of these little creatures, the black-faced lemur, about as large as a cat, is full of pranks as a monkey, without being so mischievous; and he also is nocturnal, wanting only a warm nest by day. Both the little fellows spoken of have been successfully kept in a parlor, by this arrangement, easy for any one to carry out.

For a home they had (one after the other) a box made to order, two feet square, with coarse wire netting front (not top), that slid in grooves and formed the door. Inside the box near the top was fastened a common wooden spice-box ten inches in diameter, fitted with pieces of blanket for bedding. On one side of the box, held in place by wires, were a food and a drinking cup. The bottom had a zinc tray that was easily drawn out for cleaning. The whole stood on a small bench to keep it well up from the floor.

All day the little beast lay cuddled up in a heap in his sleeping nest, and over the front hung a doubled gray blanket, for warmth and darkness. At night the blanket was thrown back, the wire front slid up,

and a supper of banana prepared. The sleeper then awoke, came out, and after deliberately enjoying his meal, passed three or four hours of "high jinks," and then—being in a parlor—he was shut up for the night. In the morning when the room was put in order, his tray was drawn out, scalded, freshly carpeted with sawdust, and he was inoffensive and silent for the day. Both beasts flourished and grew fat under this treatment for nearly a year, and were sent away at last because it was inconvenient to keep them longer.

Another desirable little four-footed pet from Mexico and South America, which is in those countries a common pet, is the nassua or coati. He is about the size of a cat also, with a funny long nose, and is inquisitive, droll, and full of fun. He is also useful, being an unconquerable enemy to rats and mice, as well as to that smaller house-pest, the cockroach. He is fond of eggs and will eat whatever he happens to fancy from the table. The nassua (or nose-bear) is affectionate, and takes so kindly to domestication that there is no more danger of losing him than there is of losing your dog or cat.

We have among our native animals several that, although not usually kept about the house, are desirable pets, having the important advantage of being used to our climate and therefore not obliged to remain beside the fire every moment. One is the raccoon (or 'coon) a very knowing and amusing fellow, of whose pranks many droll stories are told; another, the opossum, wise as a monkey and not so destructive; a third the prairie dog, a most intelligent, gentle, winning, yet self-willed and persistent individual, who must be treated to his liking, or he may dig out the very foundations of the house, so great is his fondness for excavation.

Scarcely anything that wears fur is so comical and amusing as a young fox, but his natural tastes are hard to eradicate, and feed him never so well, he is tolerably sure sooner or later to steal off and help himself to fresh poultry wherever he may find it.

All young animals are pleasing and capable of domestication, and of becoming attached to people and their life; but the larger ones, bears, lions, panthers, ocelots, and others, are certain to outlive their welcome in any household, since a full-grown beast, however amiable and fond of his friends, must always be a terror to strangers, and besides the law will not allow them to be kept at large.

To come to the more common animal pets. Squirrels are by far the most bewitching, full of frolic, inoffensive in every way, graceful in every movement, and, with a brain full of inventiveness, they are eminently calculated to help make our homes cheerful. Nuts and a warm bed are all they ask, with liberty to frisk about. I must protest against confining one in the cramped little cage, and condemning him to the imbecile amusement of turning a wheel for exercise.

Guinea pigs, I must say, with all my interest in the various forms of animal life, seem to me the most utterly unattractive creatures that ever live in our houses. Rabbits, as they are usually kept, are only a degree less so, although I am convinced if rabbits were domesticated in our homes, and made really acquainted with us, they would prove companionable and very satisfactory.

Rats and mice are almost too wise for us, though both of them, if thoroughly tamed and given sufficient liberty, are affectionate and not troublesome in any way. The common brown ones are neat in person, of dainty manners and most delicate senses. White ones, being rare, are considered more attractive, but they are neither so intelligent nor so healthy.

The reptiles seem to me particularly unsuited for petting. Their cool, dogged way of doing as they please, of accepting what you may do for them, and showing no smallest acknowledgment of it, puts at once a bar upon any reciprocity, and "throws a coolness" over the most enthusiastic pet-lover. The alligator as a pet must be considered a failure, though Fashion has labored with an energy worthy of a better cause to make him popular. He will not be educated or trained; as a general thing, he obstinately remains his own cold-blooded, indifferent self, and when on rare occasions he does become attached to one, he demands and insists upon the complete and utter devotion of that person, very much to the annoyance of almost anybody.

The Florida chameleon, a pretty lizard, is more agreeable, though he too refuses to "show off," and while submitting more gracefully to petting, rarely shows any return of affection.

Turtles of all sorts, dear to our boys (I could never imagine why), submit to fate

with equanimity and never lose their presence of mind though confined in a six-inch pleasure garden. Much more affable is the common toad, a grim philosopher indeed, well worth close attention and study.

All of these creatures are exceedingly interesting as studies, but regarded as pets are about as unresponsive as so many stones. They will, to be sure, all of them, come to you for food when hungry, but the utmost stretch of intelligence I have heard related of the turtles, at any rate, is that one will learn his name, and come when called.

The two beasts so common in the household that we almost forget they belong to that order, the dog and the cat, are reserved for the individual treatment to which their importance justly entitles them.

And first the cat.

Olive Thorne Miller.

ONE WAY TO CLEAN HOUSE.

"DADE, an' ye won't find me down on me two knees claneing house for nobody the year!"

"Faith, nor me nayther; I'm not engaged for the loike of that. Everything in raison, sez I, but they may git in extra help or I'll go to the paper-mill beyant the river."

This was a fragment of the romantic conversation I heard as I strolled down the garden path by moonlight. My mother-in-law's girl and mine were conferring over the garden gate.

Dear me! get in extra help! It wasn't an easy thing to do, even if I could afford it, and Mary such a good girl in the main! It was too true that the doors of the paper-mill stood always hospitably open for the domestic with a grievance, and a long line of the disaffected had already disappeared therein.

Was not all fair in household warfare? What might not a strategic movement effect?

The next morning I said: "Mary, I have pulled out the trunks in the attic to get at the children's spring clothing. It would be a good time to sweep and wipe up the floor, and take a cloth along for the window. I will clear the breakfast-table and wash the dishes." This was "in raison," and whatever Mary did she did well. I ate my dinner with a rainbow in my soul. The attic was cleaned. A few days later, I smuggled implements to the second floor, brushed down walls, dusted pictures and put closets and drawers to rights; then in a casual way I asked Mary to take the rugs to the yard for an airing and shaking, and as there was no heavy work on hand for the day, she might wipe off the paint and windows. The hard-wood floor was kept bright with its weekly polishing. There was none of the remarkable energy of the house-cleaning period in my tone or manner, and as Mary was lying back for her grand *coup* she took no offence. Another time I remarked, as though struck by a sudden idea, that, as Mr. Jones was out of town, I believed I would have James Leary come and beat the heavy parlor and library rugs. While the castigation was going on what more natural than that Mary should wipe—the word clean being always scrupulously avoided—the paint and windows. The book-cases I had already taken care of. I bought a variety of bright-colored and elaborately-cut shelf-paper at the five-cent store, and this was such a fine bait that Mary, of her own accord, proceeded to clean and decorate the china closets with increased satisfaction and brilliant success. Later, came a man to kalsomine the kitchen and whitewash the cellar walls, and on the first of May I was spick and span from garret to cellar. We had cleaned house, and Mary never suspected it!

I know my mother-in-law would despise such ignoble subterfuges, but then her Jane is now adorning the rag-room of the Excelsior Paper Mill, and she is getting on with the merest makeshift help. She has house-cleaning still in the perspective, and she said with a sigh last night: "Oh, if I only had your Mary!"

Helen Rogers.

MISGIVING.

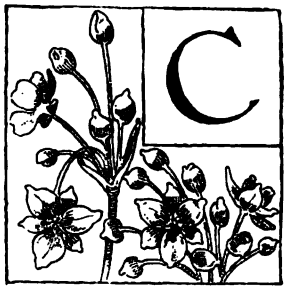
Cynthia smiles, and summer filleth
All my heart with ravishment:
Cynthia frowns, and winter chilleth
All the joys that summer lent.



Cynthia loves me, so she sayeth—
Read me then this mystery!
Why the summer never stayeth;
Why the winter chilleth me.

Duffield Osborne.

CACTI OR CACTUSES.



CACTI are now again in fashion, and why should they not *always* be? Perhaps because few florists care to handle them, or because they have not the facilities for raising or obtaining the most desirable and attractive sorts.

In Europe, where the prices of cacti are ten times what they are here, there is an enormous demand for them by people of wealth, as well as by those of limited means, and instances are on record of one and two hundred dollars being paid for very small plants of new varieties.

Within the last few years, however, more attention has been paid to them by dealers and collectors, and assortments of hundreds of rare and curious varieties can be obtained at extremely moderate prices.

When we consider the very little care required to grow cacti, and, when their wants are understood, how very easily they are made to bloom, it is a wonder that they have been neglected for so many years. Some people have never seen any but the ordinary Phyllocactus with medium-size red flowers, or the common Epiphyllum, usually called crab cactus or lobster claw. A few may have seen the famous night blooming Cereus, and these, we are sure, will never forget it as long as they live, for it is certainly one of the most gorgeous as well as chaste flowers that blooms. It has been said that flowers of the night-blooming species named after Dr. Regel, have attained a circumference of 60 inches.

Not only is the flower beautiful to look upon during the few hours that it remains expanded, but it is also interesting to watch the buds open. This process is often perceptible. Add to these charms the powerful vanilla fragrance which the flowers emit, and nothing more can be desired for them except a longer life.

While the Cereus Grandiflorus family bears undoubtedly the largest flowers, many of the newer Phyllocacti are more desirable if brilliancy in colors is sought. They embrace almost all the colors of the rainbow, —pure white, delicate pink, salmon, yellow, orange red, crimson, scarlet, and violet,— and some of them have flowers ten inches in diameter. Abroad, where pains are taken to obtain new varieties, some 75 or more distinct Phyllocacti have been produced. They are all day bloomers, the flowers often remaining perfect for a week, —with the exception of Phyllocactus Latifrons and Hookeri, which bloom at night. The former is a strong grower, often attaining a height of eight and ten feet. It makes numerous branches and leaves every season, and blooms freely the second year from cuttings. The flowers are eight to ten inches across, and it is one of the easiest and most satisfactory plants to grow.

The Epiphyllums are not new or scarce by any means; but few people have seen what can be done with them when they are properly grafted. We have seen a plant grafted two years ago on Cereus Serpentinus, which, last Christmas, measured nearly two yards in circumference, and had then more than one thousand buds on it. The plant when in bloom was a flower show in itself, and the owner (quite wisely) although a florist, would not set a price on it; money could not buy it. Whether grafted or not the Epiphyllums are all free bloomers, and with a few plants, flowers can be had during four or five months of the year.

While we are speaking of the ordinary and old-fashioned cacti, we must not forget the "Rat-tail" cactus, properly called Cereus Flagelliformis. The flowers of these are carmine and white, although three new varieties of different shades have lately been introduced. The rat-tail or whip-cord or snake cactus may be seen grown *au naturel* in many gardens and conservatories, but it is not a very rapid grower and often takes a dislike to an overdose of water,—droops and dies.

So the writer a couple of years ago concluded to graft some on other Cereus of stronger growth, such as Cereus Macdonaldi and Nycticalus. The result proved to be not only a great success, but there was produced a much stronger plant, of quaint and graceful form, that was a quicker grower and freer bloomer. Our sketch herewith shows a well-grown plant of 12 months

graft. The piece which was grafted on was only a couple of inches long.

The grafting can be done by a child, the process is so simple and easy. No wax is required. Simply take your Cereus on which you intend to graft, cut all the stems away but one, preferably a young one, cut *it* back to whatever height you wish to set your graft on (20 to 24 inches is a good height). Now cut the extreme end of the stem to a wedge shape, thus ∧. Then take the end of a *young* branch of C. Flagelliformis, split it half way through from the bottom. Set it





on top of the Cereus, rubbing it up and down tightly repeatedly. Wind a string around it several times, and the operation is finished. Water the plant regularly, and in three or four weeks the graft will begin to grow, the branches increasing in length and number every year. In time, a magnificent and valuable specimen will be developed that will command the admiration of every one who sees it. The stronger the plant on which you graft, the more quickly and strongly your graft will grow.



Next to Cereus and Phyllocacti the most showy bloomers are the Echinocerei, especially Echinocereus Berlandieri, Caespitosus and Pectinatus, all of which bear brilliant flowers two, three, and sometimes four inches in diameter. They will often bloom when not more than an inch and a half to two inches high, so that the flowers entirely hide the plants. This species requires no attention whatever. The plants may be grown in small pots or in the garden in a dry sunny place, but where the temperature falls below freezing point, they should be taken up in the fall and potted.

Yet we have had plants that were simply laid on a shelf all winter long, and actually bloomed in the early spring before there was a chance to plant them out! Where is there another plant that will stand such treatment? There are nearly fifty different Echinocerei, and nearly all bear large flowers, the colors being mainly various shades of red and yellow. Some of them are also perfectly hardy. Of these are the Fendleri, Chloranthus, Phoeniceus, Engelmanni, etc.

These are usually of dwarf size, seldom more than eight inches high, and often grow in cluster. In their native haunts they cover large patches of ground impassable to man or beast,—but covered with thousands of flowers.

Few plants are handsomer to look at than the Mamillarias. Dr. Lindley, when describing a pretty little species in the Botanical Register of 1832, said: "Gentle reader, hast thou never seen in a display of fireworks a crowd of wheels all in motion at once, crossing and intersecting each other in every direction, and canst thou fancy these wheels arrested in their motion by some magic power, their rays retained, but their fires extinguished and their brightness gone? Then mayst thou conceive the curious beauty of this little herb, a plant so unlike all others that we would fain believe it the reanimated spirit of a race that flourished in former ages with those hideous monsters whose bones alone remain to tell the history of their existence in the quarries of our sandstone, slate and clay." These cacti are indeed beautiful, and a small collection, judiciously arranged so that the various colors of their spines make an agreeable blending or contrast, is a very interesting sight. Perhaps the most remarkable is Mamillaria Lasicanthus, often called the cotton cactus, because it resembles a ball of cotton lying on the soil. The spines are so soft, so white, and so tender that they look and feel like feathers.

Some cacti bear very beautiful flowers, such as M. Grahammi, Decipiens, and Echinus, but the majority should be grown for their own beauty rather than for that of their flowers. And yet we must not forget that the flowers are generally followed by small coral-like fruit or seed pods, which remain on the plants for many months, dotted among the spines, and adding beauty when the flowers are gone. The culture of these plants is of the easiest, all that is required being a good porous soil, moderate watering, and free exposure to the sun if flowers are desired.

When we speak of cacti we think of spines, and the Echinocacti are spiny individuals indeed. Hedgehog cactus, Devil's pincushion, Thousand spines, and other odd names are given to them. They grow to an enormous size, specimens having been known to measure nine feet in circumference and to weigh a ton.

They are beautiful as small specimens, and no collection is complete without them. Amateurs love them for their sym-



CACTUS GARDEN OF THE HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

metrical form and handsome spines, as well as for their large flowers.

Some of them are indeed remarkable, especially the Echinocactus Grusoni, discovered a few years ago on an almost inaccessible spot on the top of a high mountain in Mexico, where only about forty plants were found, all closely nestled together. On account of its magnificence as a cactus it was named in honor of Mr. Gruson, the celebrated manufacturer, of Magdeburg, Germany, who has perhaps the finest collection of cacti in Europe, and who, we are told, considered himself fortunate in obtaining a few plants to present to his personal friends. Only about half a dozen of them can be found in private collections in this country; most of them are in Baltimore, where there is a great rivalry among cactus fanciers. Whenever one of them has purchased something new, he is sure to tell all his friends, and then the C. C.'s (cactus cranks) have a meeting to discuss the merits of the new arrival and to get something to supersede it.

Another wonderful Echinocactus is the rare "bishop's hood" (Astrophytum Myriostigma). It is entirely distinct from any other, and no one, to see it, would think it a living plant, but rather an object in the form of a bishop's hood carved from a block of granite.

But the most curious of all yet, is the pretty little "turbine wheel" (Echinocactus Turbiniformis). We wish the editor had given us *carte blanche* to illustrate the many interesting sorts, as justice can not be done to them by a description. This little plant, however, which scarcely ever grows to a larger size than four inches in diameter, is rare and curious enough to be priced at ten dollars apiece, and even then it is almost impossible to obtain them.

There is less interest shown by collectors in Opuntias than in any other species of cacti, and rightfully so. To be sure there are some very neat plants among them, such as Opuntia Senilis, Microdasis, Lurida, etc. The other sorts are mostly of coarse, rank growth, and are elegantly adapted for large gardens or parks, and even for extensive conservatories; but they would better be omitted from small collections. Some of the opuntias have ferocious-looking spines, sharper than any needle. So easily do they penetrate the flesh that the Indians imagine they have life and fly at you. They are also very difficult to extricate, some of them being barbed like a fish hook.

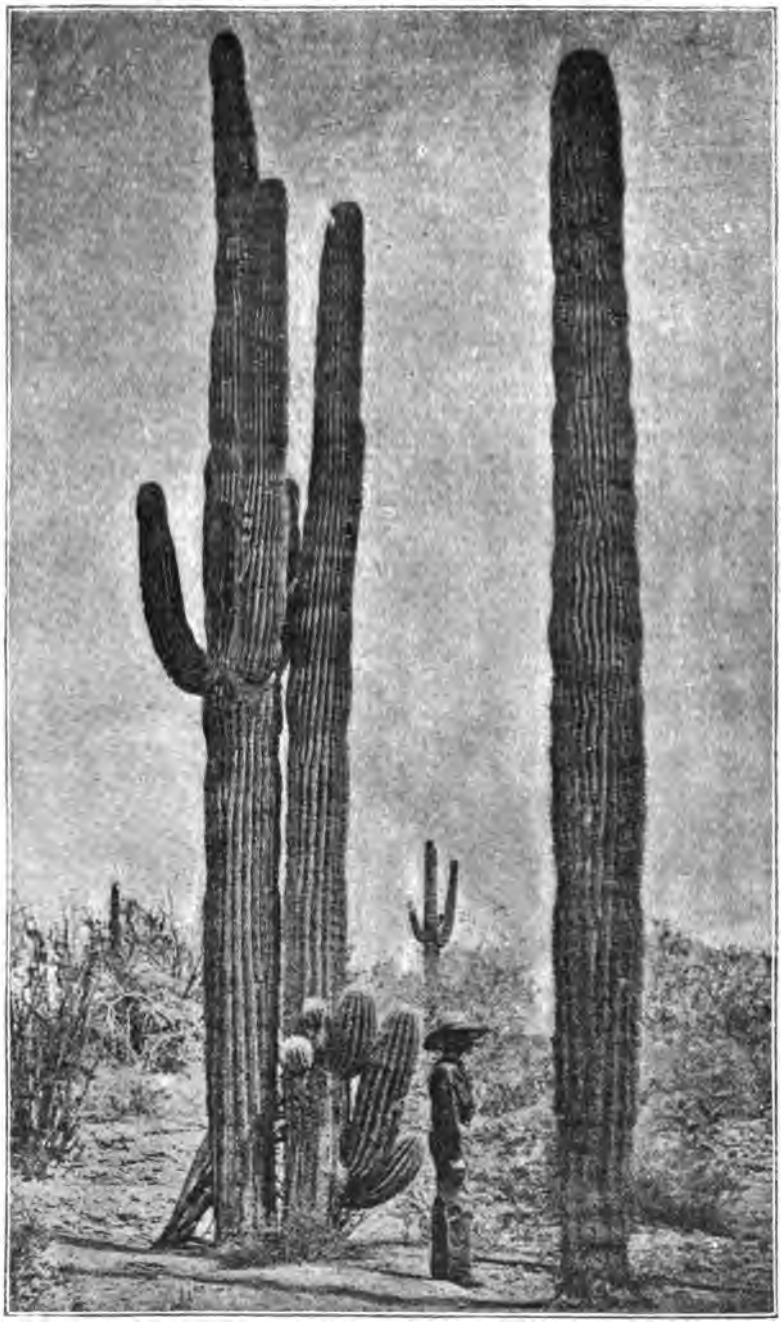
Three very odd cacti, and very rare ones too, are Anhalonium Prismaticum, Williamsi and Fisturatum. The last is sometimes called living rock, and most certainly looks like it in some respects. It is as slow a grower as a rock, anyway.

A Williamsi is as different from it as day is from night, being as smooth and round as a nicely-made pincushion. A Prismaticum is often mistaken even by florists for a very fine Echeveria.

And the hoary "old man's head." (Pilocereus Senilis), shall we forget it? Once seen, it cannot well be forgotten, for it is the only cactus of its kind. It is not covered with spines, but with beautiful long white hairs, often drooping—in the case of young plants—below the rim of the pot. It is an extremely slow grower, and never blooms here. In the southern part of Mexico, hundreds of miles in the interior and away from any settlements, these cacti are found growing in groves—always on the *sides* of chalky mountains—so white that the plants can hardly be seen at a distance. Growing as they do on the sides of mountains is the reason that so few perfectly straight plants are obtainable—not one in ten—nearly all are curved like a horn. Collectors therefore have to reject a great many that would be unsalable. Plants over two feet high are never found perfect, although they grow to reach a height of twenty feet. The finest plant known is the one grown at the Oxford Botanic Garden, England. This is sixteen feet high, of proportionate diameter, and has been in cultivation at least one hundred years. As parlor ornaments, small plants grown under a glass shade can not be rivalled.

The giant of the cactus family is the Suahara (sa-war-ah) or Cereus Giganteus, which is illustrated herewith. As will be seen, it grows to an enormous height, often to seventy and eighty feet, and is from two to four feet in diameter; sometimes the plants are branched, as shown. They bear large flowers at the extreme top and a fine edible fruit which the Indians remove with bow and arrow.

The plant has its uses, as it is said cabins are built of its lumber. The old stems decay and split into a number of thin poles from which walking canes are made. Our short article does not permit us to say as much about this giant plant as we should like. Pages have been written about it.



THE GIANT OF THE CACTUS FAMILY, MEXICO.

It is always an attractive feature in cactus collections. Yet on account of their heavy weight and consequently high cost of transportation, plants over seven feet high are seldom seen in this locality. Such a plant would weigh three to four hundred pounds.

In California they are perfectly hardy,

and a large number of fine plants may be found in the wonderful and extensive cactus garden of the Hotel del Monte at Montery, California. That is undoubtedly the finest display of cacti—growing in the open ground, exposed to all the elements—that can be found in the whole world. Travellers from abroad have gone thousands of miles out of their way to see it. Our illustration shows but a very small part of the grounds and does not begin to give an adequate idea of their extent, neither is it clear enough to show the plants to advantage. But enough can be seen to give the reader of these pages an idea of what can be done in that line. And perhaps it may induce some who are fortunate enough to live under a mild climate to start a cactus garden of their own. Begin with a small bed in your garden, or, if you have no garden, build a little rockery in a large fern dish, or have a few nice plants on your window sill. We venture to predict that if once you have only five cacti you will soon get the craze, and will find a place somewhere in your residence to enjoy a larger collection, even if you may be compelled, as was the writer, to take the roof off your residence and build a conservatory on the top of it. *A. Blanc.*

THE MIDDLE MISS TALLMAN.

PART II.

NELLIE was going crabbing one morning, with the three little Watson boys. The boys had their bait ready, and were sitting on the piazza waiting for her, when she came out. Mr. Romeyn sat there, too, smoking a cigar and reading a paper. He threw away the one and put down the other as Nellie appeared.

"Oh, Miss Tallman," he cried, "where are you going? Mayn't I go too?"

"No," said Nellie, "you're not invited. This is a crabbing party to Spring Beach, and we have only two nets and two lines. Archie and I are going to crab, and Willie and Rob are going to grab. You see plainly that you'd be—"

"A fifth wheel," he suggested.

"That's what I meant," said Nellie, laughing, "but I'm glad you said it."

"Well, I am going," said Mr. Romeyn with decision. "Fifth wheels are very useful if anything happens to one of the original four, and in the meantime they needn't work, you know."

"Boys, shall we let him go?" appealed Nellie.

"Oh, yes," said Archie Watson, "he won't be much in the way."

"Besides, he says he's going anyway," put in Willie.

"Well, then," said Nellie, "let the procession start," but she went ahead with Archie, and left Mr. Romeyn to follow through the pine woods with the younger boys.

The water at Spring Beach was so very shallow that the little boys took off their shoes and stockings and waded in. Nellie and Archie took their positions on the bank with their rods and lines.

"What are you going to do?" asked Nellie over her shoulder of Mr. Romeyn.

"I'm going up into Crows' Nest to watch you and smoke another cigar," he said.

Crows' Nest was a big platform, built in the spreading branches of a large tree. The tree was so near the lake that the balcony it held hung almost over the water. It was a very comfortable, shady place to sit in. Nellie thought of it with a little sigh, for it was quite hot down by the water, and if crabs don't bite, crabbing is rather tiresome. But they bit this morning.

"There!" cried Willie in a suppressed voice, "you got one, Miss Nellie! Draw him in gently. I can see him; he's a big fellow, too. Now!" and with a sudden splash he brought his net down under the luckless crab, and landed him, kicking in every leg and deeply regretting his own greediness. Willie missed the next, but they continued to bite, and Nellie grew quite excited.

She had forgotten all about her hidden spectator, when a voice from the tree said:

"There, Miss Tallman, that's your tenth. It will be simply inhuman to catch any more. Besides you are tired; come up here and rest yourself."

Nellie hesitated, and just then there was a scream from Rob, who had moved further up the beach with Archie. A crab had nipped his toe. He hobbled ashore, and Nellie ran to see if she could help him.

"I guess I'll go home," said Rob, who was only nine. "It hurts terribly; it really does."

His eyes were full of tears, which he was trying to keep back.

"Can't he carry the crabs home?" suggested Nellie, feeling that it would be some balm for the wounded sportsman to return with plenty of game. So the crabs were strung together, and Rob set off, limping up the road.

"Come," said the voice from the tree, "three wheels are as bad as five; you'd better turn the affair into a two-wheeled gig and come up here."

"I am rather warm," she said, and she slowly walked to Crows' Nest.

Mr. Romeyn looked at her with undisguised admiration as she came up.

"How warm and—forgive me—how pretty you look," he exclaimed.

She took off her hat, and leaned against a big limb of the tree.

"I cannot open the conversation with a repartee," she said, "I really am too tired. I think that crabbing carried too far may become a vice."

"I am so glad to see you," he said, after a little pause. "I have wanted to have a talk with you ever so many days, but you are never alone. I have a confession to make—a terrible one. Did you ever have a lord come to you and own up that he was a barber?"

"No," she answered, "I never did. I have known very few lords, or barbers either."

"Well, figuratively speaking," he continued, "I am both. But seriously, Miss Tallman, I want to tell you something. You will be surprised and perhaps indignant. I'm an impostor, a fraud, and a delusion. I've been posing all summer as Tom Romeyn, the millionaire. Well, I'm not—I'm only his cousin. We have the same name, but there's a difference of nobody knows how many hundred thousand dollars in our income. He has gone to Norway this summer, and I had no idea of stepping into his place here. In fact, when I first came, I didn't know that I had; I only thought that people were wonderfully kind and polite, but pretty soon it dawned on me that it was all deference to my supposed millions. You've no idea how delightful everyone finds me; my very faults look so well gilded. Of course I didn't intend to keep up the delusion, but people won't believe anything else. Nothing is so hard to stamp out as a popular impression. I have said over and over again that I thought I was being taken for my cousin, but it was no use. One hates to be forever intruding his own affairs and the number of his dollars on other people's attention, and after a while I grew tired of contradicting them. If they would believe I was my cousin, why, let them. I never affirmed it, but I gave up trying to deny it to every fresh batch of people whom I met.

"There!—that is my confession, Miss Tallman. What are you going to do with me?"

The flush had faded from Nellie's face. She looked pale and frightened. For the first time it rushed across her, that perhaps she had done a wrong thing in trying to be like Kittie. This man felt guilty because he had unconsciously been taken for another, and treated as if he were that other. *She* had consciously and deliberately done her best to clothe herself in another's character. She had tried to steal every charm and grace of manner from Kittie, and wear them as she had worn her dresses.

It seemed to her suddenly that she had done a monstrous thing.

Mr. Romeyn watched her startled face.

"Do you care so much?" he asked, in a hard voice. "I am not a pauper—I have enough for all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life, only—I am not Tom Romeyn, the millionaire."

"Care!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly. "Oh, forgive me, I was not thinking. I am sorry for you—I wish you were your cousin, if it would make you any happier, but to me—what can it matter?"

She spoke brokenly. She had a sense of trouble in the air. She wished she had gone home, or stayed on the beach with the little boys.

"There is something else I want to say," he went on, looking at her steadily. "Do you know why I have told you this?"

She shook her head. The sense of her deceit, the feeling that her very friendship with this man was formed on a sham, a cheat, made her miserable. She could scarcely listen to him.

"I told you," he said, "because I did not want you to be deceived about me in any way, because I hoped—I did not mean to say this now—but I had hoped that some time you would love me."

Nellie turned her head away, her cheeks grew very red. She did not answer, but the terrified look came over her face again—a look as if she were brought face to face with an unexpected and terrible thing.

Tom Romeyn watched her, feeling as if he had received a blow full in the face. It was not that she did not love him—he had hardly expected that now—but that his confession had so plainly been a great disappointment and surprise to her.

He was not a young man, and she had seemed to him a very true, honest woman. He looked at her and wondered if her heart could be as shallow and sordid as it seemed, and if it were, why God had joined it to so sweet a face.

The voices of the children floated down to them from up the beach; but for that it was very still.

Nellie looked out between the leaves at the shining water,—the tears were shining as brightly in her eyes.

"He has fallen in love with Kittie;" she thought, "and I,—oh, how can I ever tell him? How can I make him understand?"

"Miss Tallman," he said at last, in a hard, formal way, "I cannot say that I am sorry we have had this talk. It is best that we should understand each other. If I were a richer man—"

"Stop!" cried Nellie, turning her tearful, flashing eyes upon him. "What do I care how much you are worth? It is not *that!*"

The clouds fell from his face.

"It makes no difference to you, then," he cried, "I may still—"

"Oh," she interrupted him, "it is an insult to ask such a question!"

His heart leaped within him.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I thought so. You see it isn't as if I had really deceived you. I am just what I have seemed, and you have been kind to me, and have—at least I thought so—liked me. If you have liked me,—well—a little,—I was sure this mistake about the money would make no difference."

Nellie shook her head mournfully. Every word he spoke showed her, only too plainly, the wrong she had done.

"And yet," he continued, "it seemed right to tell you. And now," he added cheerfully, though there was a suspicion of a break in his voice, "now, you like me—a little—don't you?"

Nellie looked at him bravely, though sadly.

"I like you very, very much," she said.

"Enough, so that—oh, Nellie, could you learn to like me—to love me—enough to marry me?"

"Miss Nellie," cried a young voice, at the foot of the steps that led up to Crows' Nest, "are you ready to go home?"

Mr. Romeyn stepped to the top of the stairs. "Archie," he said, "Miss Tallman isn't rested yet. I will bring her home with me. Don't wait."

"All right," cried the boyish voice, "we got twenty-nine in all."

They heard him whistling, as he walked up the road.

It was very still in Crows' Nest.

Suddenly Nellie laughed hysterically. "Did he say twenty-nine crabs?" she asked. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! it is all so dreadful!"

Mr. Romeyn laughed a little, too. He took her hand. "What is so dreadful," he asked, "the crabs, or the interruption, or the being asked questions, or what?"

"It isn't that—those," she said incoherently, while the fingers of the hand he held closed convulsively, "it's—oh, I don't know what to say. It's *I*, who have deceived you, it's *I* who am not what I pretend to be! I am—oh, I don't know what I am!"

He looked at her in amazement, then he laughed. "Have you been masquerading in someone else's character, too?" he asked. "This is too ridiculous—it's like the last act of one of Gilbert's operas. Who are you, anyway?"

"Oh, don't laugh," she cried, "it doesn't seem funny to me at all. Perhaps if it had happened to any one else, it might, but things aren't so funny when you're in them yourself."

"I won't laugh," he said gravely, and he stroked softly the nervous little hand that he still held. "I won't laugh at all. Now, tell me the whole of the little story."

"I'm afraid I can never make you understand," she said, "but I *must* tell you. It isn't right not to. You see there were three of us at home, Kittie,—oh, I wish you could see Kittie! No, I don't,—I don't wish it at all," she added, hastily.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because Kittie is so pretty, and bright, and sweet. Everyone loves Kittie. She is all I have tried to be, and so much more! She's the original, and I'm only the copy."

He gazed at her blankly.

"You don't understand," she cried, "I knew you wouldn't! Then there was Lilian," she went on, hastily, "and Lilian is so beautiful. It is good just to look at her. I was between these; I wasn't charming, I wasn't beautiful, I wasn't anything. I was just the middle Miss Tallman."

"The middle Miss Tallman," he repeated slowly.

"What makes you say that?" she asked him sharply.

"I am trying to follow you," he said, "it—forgive me—it is just a little hard."

He looked at her a minute. "Must you tell it all to me?" he asked. "It pains you so, and I,—I don't care who you are, or what you have done. I love you, I want to hear you say that you will love me. That is the first thing. After that we can explain all these other things, and these terrible deceptions."

She drew herself away from him.

"Oh," she cried, "that is *not* the first thing at all! How can I tell you that I love you, when it is not I that you love? When you would never have cared for me—for the real me at all? When you have fallen in love with Kittie's ways and dresses!"

"Kittie's dresses?" he said faintly.

"Yes," she said, "Kittie's dresses. I have worn them all Summer. This is one now."

She pulled out a fold of her overskirt, and shook it at him in a tragic manner.

He bent his head and examined it critically, but he did not speak. He had decided it was better she should tell her story without interruptions.

"I wanted to be like Kittie, this summer," she said, after a moment's pause. "I wanted to see if people would like me and admire me, as they did her. I came away with Aunt Susan, where no one knew me, where no one would notice that I was different. I had all Kittie's things,—she sent them to me when she went into mourning, and it seemed almost as if I put on her manner with her dresses. I have been like another girl. I think people have liked me; I know I have had more attention and been more of a belle than ever in my life before. Other men have told me that they loved me, and have called me charming and attractive. It has been so nice to be liked, and the more I have been like Kittie, the more they have liked me.

"But I feel now that it has all been a part I have played. When I leave Sea Cliff and go home, I shall be just what I was before. I shall be quiet and reserved and self conscious, and even if I wear Kittie's clothes they will get to look like me by that time, and not like Kittie. I shall be the middle Miss Tallman again, and you would never have cared for her, I am sure."

She spoke quickly, with a little tremor in her voice. Her hand rested limply and unresistingly in his.

"Did no one ever care for her?" he asked gently.

"Oh, people always meant to be kind, I think, but don't you see?—they hadn't time. It always seemed to me as if I were shut in. People can't go around with knives opening social oysters; society is in too great a hurry for that. I have only been out two winters, and perhaps I didn't get a good start. I don't know what was the matter. Not," she added with dignity, "that I ever behaved like an idiot or a dumb person. I haven't been anything so very dreadful, only I am sure, quite sure, you would never have loved me in my own character."

"There is one thing I want to ask you," he said quietly. "You say that you have had other lovers this summer,—did you tell them all this that you have told me?"

"No," she answered, "I didn't have to. I just told them I didn't care for them."

"But you have to tell me because you do care for me? Is that it, my darling?"

The color leaped to her cheeks.

"You do love me," he persisted eagerly, "and you have told me this because you would not deceive me!"

She avoided looking at him.

"If I were sure that you knew me, and loved me as I really am, I—," she began, and then stopped. "But that has nothing to do with it. You *can't* love me. I feel as if you had never really seen me. It would be wrong to take advantage of the love I have gained by deceit. It would be wicked to marry you."

"My dear little girl," he said, putting his arms around her, "I will never ask you to do anything you think is wrong, but if I can prove to you that I love you, no matter whether you have called yourself Kittie or Nellie, no matter what you have tried to be or really are,—if I can make you feel very sure of that, then will you marry me?"

"Yes," she said faintly, "but—"

"There are no 'buts' about it," he exclaimed triumphantly, and bent his head to kiss her.

"Oh, no," she cried, "you mustn't—not yet—you mustn't!"

But even while she resisted he had kissed her twice.

"Forgive me," he said, "I could not help it."

She tried to move away from him. "Oh," she said, "I don't know what I am doing! It is all wrong, all wrong!" Then she suddenly started. "We ought to go back—it must be very late, and they will miss us."

He glanced at his watch.

"We have certainly lost our dinner," he said, "do you care?"

"For the dinner? No—but there is Aunt Susan."

"I could face a whole battalion of Aunt Susans, you have made me so happy," he said.

"Oh, you mustn't be happy," she exclaimed, "please don't. I have promised you nothing, nothing."

She really believed that she had not, for though the woman "who hesitates is lost," she never believes that she is.

"Yes, you have," he said softly, "you have promised me everything."

They climbed down from Crows' Nest, and walked along silently.

"Shall I see you again to-night," he asked.

"No," she answered, "I am going for a moonlight sail. Besides, I do not want to see you. I want to think. I am all confused. You make so little of what seems so much to me, that I cannot tell what is right."

"Will you be on the beach to-morrow morning, then?" he asked.

She thought a minute. "Yes," she said. "You may meet me there. I shall go to my favorite place, quite a way up the beach, in the shadow of an old boat."

"Would you rather go alone, or may I walk down with you?"

"I would rather go alone."

They were both busy with their own thoughts and walked on in silence.

When they reached the hotel, Nellie went at once to her own room; she felt tired and confused. She tried to think, but her mental vision was cloudy and obscure, and at last she gave it up and knocked at Aunt Susan's door.

Aunt Susan looked at her keenly and coldly.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"I have been in the Crows' Nest, over by Spring Beach, with Mr. Romeyn."

"Humph!" said Aunt Susan. "Swinging in a tree like two orchids, and living on air! Aren't you hungry?"

"No," said Nellie, truthfully.

"Well, I warrant *he* is, then. A man may postpone his dinner for his emotions, but he doesn't go without it. He only eats more and later."

Nellie did not answer.

"Well," said Aunt Susan, "there's a present for you on the bed, Nellie."

Nellie turned. A brown linen duster lay on the bed. She took it up and examined it. It was the most pronounced kind of a duster, with a cape and collar, a belt and several pockets. It was a large, roomy garment, and somewhat wrinkled.

Aunt Susan watched her closely. "I want you to wear it, Nellie," she said, "just as it is."

A sudden look like an illumination flashed over the girl's face. She turned to her aunt.

"Thank you," she said, "it is just what I most want, and I will wear it to-morrow."

Aunt Susan started.

"It is," continued Nellie, earnestly. "I really need it, and I thank you for giving it to me."

She left the room, carrying the homely garment, and with the same look of high resolve upon her face.

Nellie thought long and earnestly that night. She tried to remember distinctly just what she had done, and to view every motive sternly and critically. She turned the matter over and over in her mind, and came again and again to the same conclusion. She had won this man's love under false appearances. It could only be a disappointment to him, and a mortification to her, when he saw her in her true colors.

"No," she said, drearily. "I have acted the little play I wanted to, and had my pleasant time, and now I must bear the punishment all the rest of my life. I did not mean to do wrong, I only made a mistake, but the punishment comes all the same. Oh, dear! oh, dear! there is no way out!"

But, even while she thought, her heart beat wildly—was there a way out after all?

Aunt Susan was much surprised when Nellie appeared on the piazza the next morning, her book under her arm, and the unsightly duster hiding every trace of her pretty dress and graceful figure.

"I am going down to the beach," she said, and walked quietly away, wearing her ungainly garment, with a certain proud humility.

"Well, what an idea!" said Aunt Susan. "Nellie, come back!" But Nellie walked on, apparently unconscious of criticism.

When Aunt Susan had given her the duster, she felt that her pride and self-respect were shattered, and she accepted it as if it had been a penitential robe, a sort of hair-cloth shirt, mortifying the vanity that had been so fostered all summer. She wished that it were even uglier than it was. She took a certain grim pleasure in its ugliness.

As the Florentines in Savonarola's time gave up their fine garments and jewels, and had them burned in the open street, so this girl felt as if she wanted to make a public sacrifice of all the little frivolities which she had enjoyed so, and which had cost her so dear.

She sat down in the shadow of the boat and watched the sea. But she was not long alone, for very soon she saw Mr. Romeyn coming toward her. He saw her, too, and noticed instantly the change in her dress. In a second he fancied that he understood it.

"Dear little girl!" he thought. "She has determined not to wear any more of Kittie's clothes, and has put on some of her own. She will not appear in borrowed plumage any longer."

His heart warmed toward her as he recognized this brave little effort to be honest.

"Good morning, my darling," he said, as he stood in front of her.

"Oh," she said, quickly, "you must not call me that. I have been thinking—"

"So have I," he interrupted, cheerfully, "and I want you to hear my thoughts first."

He sat down beside her. She half turned away from him. The duster fitted horribly over the shoulders, and she knew it. She did not want to spare him or herself one obtrusive wrinkle, but he took no notice of it whatever.

"I have thought of you constantly," he began, "and of all you told me yesterday. As far as I understand it, it is like this. You were a young girl who had passed two winters in society, and had not been a great social success. Let us even say you were unattractive—repellent—unmagnetic. You had two beautiful and charming sisters, who, between them, monopolized everyone's attention. You were shy and reserved, and nobody knew how your heart cried out for recognition too; how you longed and thirsted for a little sympathy and love. You were shut in, and instead of breaking your shell, it grew harder and harder. Suddenly a chance came to you to begin all over—to start among new people in an entirely different way. You seized the opportunity. You wore your sister's dresses, and copied her manners; you acted a part, and acted it so well that you deceived everyone, even myself. You were an entirely changed being—another creature, with nothing in common with the girl that you had been. Then—I met this lovely, fascinating woman, who was not you at all. I fell in love with her and asked her to marry me. Then suddenly you realized how base and deceitful you had been—realized that you could not tell me you loved me, nor let me love you, because you had deceived me, had been untrue to yourself and cruel to me, and that if I married you it would be as great a surprise to me as if I should fall in love with Galatea and marry Mary Anderson. Isn't this all so?"

He stopped and looked at her attentively. She was crying softly; she nodded her head.

"Well," he said coolly, "I don't believe a word of it. It is an impossibility. You are tormenting yourself for nothing. People can't leave their characters behind them, as

a snake does its last year's skin, and appear in something else. What you have seemed, you *are*. If you have appeared charming, and attractive, and lovable, it is because you are charming, and attractive, and lovable. You couldn't appear the lovely woman that you have seemed this summer, without really being lovely, any more than you could change the color of your eyes."

"But I never was lovely before," she said faintly.

"You never were just the same age that you are this minute before," he answered promptly. "People change, daily, hourly. Development is not untruthfulness. If you were never lovely before (which I don't believe), your character was forming itself, quietly and silently, to be lovely. You were ripe for loveliness, and it needed just this change of scene and people to bring it out. You might as well accuse a rose-bush of deceit and falsehood, because it blossoms, instead of being always just leaves and stalks."

She watched the sea with a wistful look in her eyes.

"I remember something about a fairy story that I read once," she said in a low voice, "and in it the beautiful prince married the beautiful princess, and she turns into a hideous woman with a black face. I shouldn't like to disappoint you, to change back—"

"You don't remember the story aright," he said quickly. "The prince married the hideous black woman, and *then* she turned into the beautiful princess. It was his love that made her, just as my love will keep you always the dear, sweet woman that you are."

"But when I go back, I know I shall be the 'middle Miss Tallman' again."

He laughed a little.

"Oh, no!" he said, "she has 'burst her bonds with sweet surprise'—you will never be able to find her again."

He put his arm around her, and drew her to him. They were very quiet for a little while, and then she said:

"If different people draw out such different sides of you, what is the real you? It seems as if a person must have such a shifting, vacillating character to change so."

"I do not think so," he answered. "The fewer sides a character has, the more angular and rigid it will be, just as a triangle is the sharpest, most pointed of any geometrical figure. It is a positive gain to a man when he develops a new side. But I understand you, dear. You mistrust yourself, you are afraid there may be other influences in your life that will freeze you up and repress you, and I shall lose what I love about you. But that can never happen. Of course, there are certain times when everyone appears better than at others, and there are certain people who make us act out the best that is in us, but the best must be there, dear, to act. Oh, my darling, it is *you* I love, you, the sweet, pure, true woman! What do I care how many disguises you have worn or may wear! It is the real you, underneath all outside change, that I care for. I shall hold you fast, no matter how you change, yes, even if you hurt me, I shall just hold you, and wait, and by and by my darling will come back to me again."

He clasped her closely, as if the "holding" he spoke of had a literal, as well as a spiritual meaning.

"I don't know how it has happened," she murmured, "I never meant to accept you."

"But you did, for the very best reason in the world—you couldn't help it. Will you give me the kiss now that I had to steal yesterday?"

She gave it timidly, and with it her last doubt and scruple vanished.

Just then a little breeze lifted a corner of the duster, and wafted it conspicuously before their faces.

He touched it tenderly. "Nellie, dear," he said, "I know why you wore this—this thing to-day."

"Do you?" she whispered. "Why?"

"Because you had made up your mind not to deck yourself in Kittie's things any more; you wanted to appear just as you were, and in your own garments."

"My own garments!" she gasped. "Did you for one moment think that this nightmare belonged to me?"

"Why, yes," he said, "I thought so."

"Oh, how absurd! Why, it is Aunt Susan's. My clothes never had quite the air that Kittie's had, but they certainly didn't look like Aunt Susan's dusters!"

"Don't you ever wear anything that belongs to you?" he asked meekly.

She looked at him for a second indignantly, and then they both laughed.

"But why did you wear it to-day, if it is your aunt's?" he asked.

Nellie colored. The sacrificial spirit in which she had donned the duster, seemed

rather silly to her, as she looked back upon it.

"I will tell you some other time," she said. Then she added: "I think I shall always love this old duster, first because it was such a test of your courage. A man must be brave indeed to propose to a girl in Aunt Susan's duster! And then—" she looked at him shyly,—"you see it has been my coronation robe!" *Bessie Chandler.*



THE BIRDS OF EASTERTIDE.

Against the frowning forehead of the West
Sad Calvary reared its crosses dark defined,—
Bare signals with unburdened arms outflung
In rigid awfulness and empty woe.
And over all the odorous night lay soft
As slumber on the eyelids of a child,
And through the wooded ways, disconsolate,
The wind grieved in a cadence full of tears.
Then down the forest aisles a wanderer came,
With heavy footstep and half-bended form,
Seeking the succor of his Pilgrim's staff,
And fain upon some knoll to fling him prone
And find nepenthe in forgetful sleep.
And whether, lying thus beneath the stars,
A message to his inward sense was borne,
Or that the bodiless fabric built of dreams
Upreared a fantasy to soothe his soul,
The weary pilgrim felt the touch divine
Of infinite rest, and on his spirit fell
The presence of incomparable peace.
Above, amid the interlacing boughs,
Spring's first faint breathings made the night a song,
And all the loves of all the wood-folk throbbed
In vibrant whispers through the waiting air,
Till silence, woven from the filaments
Of myriad chastened noises, filled the wood
Like a remembered melody.
And so,—
Sleeping or waking was it?—clearly fell
Upon the wanderer's sense the articulate joy
Of a bird's song whose spirit winged its flight,
The while the cadence, drooping earthward, broke
To shattered music through the listening boughs:

Deep from the rose's cell,
Tapering slenderly,
Manifold odors well
Hitherward tenderly;
Deep in her crimson heart,
Being's diviner part,
Spirits of flowers dwell,—
Soul of the rose.



Deep in the tender night,
  Like a divinity,
Dawn, in her ever bright
  Vestal virginity,
Veils, in apparel white,
  New life and love and light,—
Nature's fair trinity,
  Waiting the sun.

There the voice faltered; dimly in the East
The pallor of the morning touched the sky,
And from the shoulders of the sleeping hills
A mystery like a mantle dropped away;
One after other, birds of earliest spring
Took up the carol of new-born delight,
The while in loving benison the dawn
Inwrought faint blushes through the gray.
So fair
Broke the soft morning that the pilgrim knew,
A vigor in his limbs, and in his heart
The echo of the bird-song. Yet withal
Against the frowning forehead of the West
Still loomed the awful crosses.
Sad he gazed
Who else had joyed in welcome of the morn,
But even while he gazed, imperial shafts
Shot up the East, and as the music rose
Into a poem of universal praise,
Burst the quick splendor of the uprisen sun,
The onrush of the all-embracing rays
Whelming the nascent promise of the earth.
And lo! the crosses on the hill were gone,
Drowned in the light of resurrection day;
And, slowly lifting his adoring eyes,
The pilgrim's voice was blended with the bird's,
And through the rhythms a question rang abroad:
"Where is thy sting, O! Death?" In fuller tone,
"O! Grave, where is thy victory?"
Once more
A song that was a disembodied joy
Fluted mellifluent through the cool arcades
And died along the liberal air:

Deep in the buried seed
Dwell in security,
Waiting the Master's need,
Flowers of futurity;
So from the bitter strife
Rises the newer life,
Fair in maturity,—
Perfect in love.

A hush
Pregnant with potencies hung tremulous,
And silently adown the woodland path
There came a figure with transcendent brows
And all the dawn entangled in his hair,
And as the pilgrim spread his arms abroad,
The figure turned, and with ineffable eyes
Looked on him, and the pilgrim hid his face,
And fell upon the earth, and lo! his lips
Kissed violets where the stranger's foot had been,
And when again he rose he was alone,
Save for the brown companionable trees;
Yet quavering earthward through the realms of air,
Light as the lambent breeze that woos the spring,
Came the clear calling of a far-off bird:

Dawn from the tender night,
Flowers from the buried seed,
Life from the grave and from struggle repose;
Fraught with a new delight,
Winds from across the mead

Breathe a perfume from the heart of the rose,—
The soul of the delicate rose.

And like a sandaled messenger of sleep
Whose lips are murmurous with a dreamed-of song,
The strain fled up the arches of the sky
And left the memory of an answered prayer:
Deep from earth's cold embrace,
Seeking its rightful place,
Soareth the soul as perfume from the rose.

Francis Howard Williams.

TWO OLD PENNSYLVANIA HOMESTEADS.

No. 2.—The Morris House (Germantown).



HISTORIAN, painter and poet have made familiar to us the story of the imprisoned Huguenot, condemned to die from starvation who was kept alive by the seeming accident that a hen iald an egg daily on the sill of his grated window.

From this French Perot descended Elliston Perot Morris, the present proprietor of the old house on the Germantown Road, which is the subject of this sketch.

It was built in 1772 by a German, David Deshler, long and honorably known as a Philadelphia merchant. A pleasant story goes that the façade of the solid stone mansion would have been broader by some feet had the sylvan tastes of the owner allowed him to fell a fine plum-tree that grew to the left of the proposed site. The garden was the marvel of the region during his occupancy of the country-seat, and was flanked by thrifty orchards and vineyards.

At Deshler's death in 1792, the Germantown estate passed into the hands of Col. Isaac Franks, an officer who had served in the Revolutionary War. He had owned it but a year, when the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, then the seat of the National Government. Col. Franks with his family retreated hurriedly to the higher ground and protecting mountain-barrier of Bethlehem, although Germantown was considered a safe refuge by the citizens of Philadelphia. On the eve of the Franks' flitting, the Colonel received a communication from President Washington's man of affairs, offering to rent the commodious residence on the Old Road for the use of the President and his family. The patriotic cordiality with which the retired officer granted the request did not carry him beyond the bounds of careful frugality. He made minute mention in his expense-book of the cost of sweeping and garnishing the house for the reception of the distinguished guests, also of "cash paid for cleaning my house and putting it in the same condition the President received it in." This last bill was two dollars and thirty cents.

From this account-book we learn what were the expenses of transportation of Col. Franks and family, back and forth to Beth-



THE MORRIS HOUSE.



STAIRWAY.—MORRIS HOUSE.

lehem, and what was paid for the hired furnished lodgings in the mountain village. There were lost during the summer of exile (presumably under Lady Washington's administration) "one flat-iron, value 1s., one large fork, four plates, three ducks, four fowls," and consumed or wasted by the temporary tenants, "one bushel potatoes and one cwt. of hay."

These items swelled the bill for removals, hire of Bethlehem quarters, and rent of Germantown premises to $131.56!

The President, his wife and their adopted children, George Washington Parke Custis and Nelly Custis, lived in health and peace in suburban quarters during the summer of the pestilence. The boy went to school at the Old Academy, of which a cut is herewith given. The grounds of the school adjoined those of what was still known as the Deshler Place. A few days after the transfer of the Executive party from town to country, a group of boys playing on the pavement in front of the Academy parted to left and right, caps in hand, before a majestic figure that paused at the foot of the steps.

"Where is George Washington Parke Custis?" demanded the General.

Charles Wister, a Germantown boy, plucked up courage and voice, and told where the great man's ward might be found.

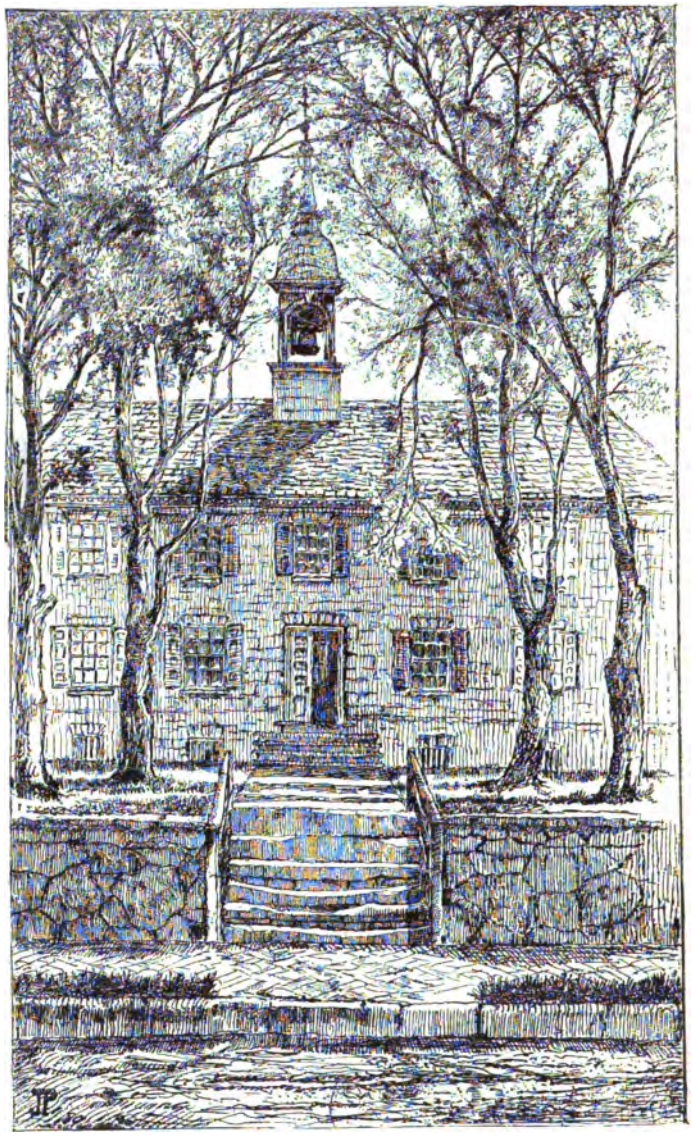
Another boy of the town, Jesse Waln, went home from school with Parke Custis one afternoon, and played with him in the garden, until General Washington came out of the back door, and bade his adopted son "come in to tea, and bring his young friend with him." Nearly three-quarters of a century afterward, an old man asked permission, upon re-visiting Germantown, to go into the tea, or breakfast-room, back of the parlors in the Morris house, and sitting down there, recalled each incident of the never-to-be-forgotten "afternoon out." The grave kindness of the head of the household, the sweet placidity of the mistress, and the merry school-fellow whose liking had won for him this distinguished honor,—this is the picture for which we are indebted to Mr. Waln's reminiscences.

The hegira from Philadelphia must have taken place early in the spring, for Lady Washington pleased herself, and interested her neighbors, by raising hyacinths under globes of cut-glass. There were six of these, and upon her return to Philadelphia, she gave them to the young daughter of the deceased David Deshler, to whom she had taken an especial liking. A fragment of the glass is still treasured by a descendant of Catherine Deshler.

The occupation of the Morris house by

the President and his family is the incident in the history of the homestead which abides most vividly with us as we pass from one to another of rooms which are scarcely altered from what they were in his day. The walls are wainscoted up to the ceiling; the central hall; the fine staircase at the right; the hinges mortised into the massive front-door; the wrought iron latch, eighteen inches long, that falls into a stout hasp over the portal; the partitions and low brows of the spacious chambers,—are the same as when the floors echoed to the tread of the Commander-in-Chief, and ministers of state and finance discussed the weal of the infant nation with him who will never cease to be the Nation's Hero.

We linger longest in the tea-room, which is the cosiest of the suite. The wide-throated chimney is built diagonally across one corner; the fire-place is surrounded by tiles of exceeding beauty and great age. In another corner, on the same side of the room, with a garden-ward window between it and the chimney, is a cupboard which was also here in 1793. Behind the glass doors of this cabinet are the cup and saucer and plate of old India blue china, which were used on the evening of Jesse Waln's visit, with other choice bits of bric-à-brac. The rear window, opening now upon a small conservatory, then gave upon a long grape-arbor, running far down the garden. Between the drawing-room door and this window—the fair, extensive pleasure grounds, sleeping in the afternoon sunshine, visible to all at the table—the Washingtons took their "dish of tea" in security, shadowed only by thoughts of the plague-stricken city, lying so near as to suggest sadder topics than the sweet-hearted hostess would willingly introduce. It is an idyllic domestic scene, and the lovelier for the cloudy background.



THE GERMANTOWN ACADEMY.

The "pitcher-portrait" of Washington in the possession of Mr. Morris was presented to his great-grandfather, Governor Samuel Morris, captain, during the War of the Revolution, of the First City Troop. These pitchers were made in France, and were tokens of the distinguished esteem of the General for those honored as the re-



THE WASHINGTON FAMILY AT TEA.—MORRIS HOUSE.

cipients. The likeness was considered so far superior to any other extant at that time, that an order for duplicates was sent to Paris when the first supply was given away. Unfortunately, the model had been destroyed after the original requisition was filled, and the attempt to reproduce the design was unsatisfactory as to likeness and execution, a circumstance which enhances the value of the originals.

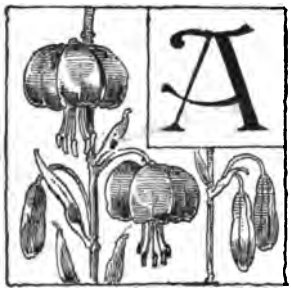
Mr. Morris justly reckons as scarcely second in worth to this beautiful relic, an autograph letter from Washington to his great-grandfather, Governor Morris, thanking him for the gallant service rendered in the War of Independence by the First City Troop. *Marion Harland.*



STATUE OF WASHINGTON ON STEPS OF SUB-TREASURY.

ORIENTAL ORNAMENTATION.

PART I.



ANY one who has travelled in the East will never forget the exquisite beauty of the household decorations which mark almost every home. Even more memorable are the simplicity and cheapness of the materials employed. The bric-à-brac and other ornaments of the average New-York parlor cost probably a hundred times as much as the articles in an ordinary Japanese or Chinese drawing-room, and are not one-third as attractive or satisfying.

The Oriental mind has made one discovery which we are just beginning to utilize, and that is that the floor is as capable of decoration as the walls or the ceiling. The Western races are satisfied with a costly velvet carpet or a magnificent heavy rug. Not so in the East. There the floor is first made into an artistic field. According to the wealth of the house-owner this varies from cheap matting to the most expensive woods. If it be matting, this is tinted or colored in curious geometric or arabesque patterns. If wood, this is cut into narrow strips or planks and arranged so as to throw into bold contrast color, grain, or knotwork.

To destroy the monotony of a uniform floor surface, all sorts of rugs and skins are brought into use. In the parlors of the opulent, tiger, lion, leopard, panther, and bear skins are of common occurrence. Of equal popularity, and at times of greater beauty, are rugs made by sewing together the skins of cats, dogs, rats, goats, and other small animals. Sheep and lamb skins are colored and cut into quaint designs for the same purpose.

Rugs are almost infinite in kind. In the main they are selected so as to contrast with the table or chair superimposed upon them or with the other articles of furniture in the room.

In a parlor in Tokio, the rug beneath an ebony table was of white silk, embroidered in gold, silver, and colors, so as to show a family of dragons at play in a bower of running rose vines. The silk cloth was heavily backed with cotton stuffing and thick cloth.

In a drawing-room in Nagasaki, the rug was beneath a light table made of bamboo rods covered with silver foil. It was practically a silk and satin crazy-quilt, whose irregular fragments were all in dark, rich colors thrown into bold relief by overstitch sewing in bright silk floss.

Where among Caucasian people the tendency seems to be to cover tables, pianos and the like with heavy cloths, and chairs with tidies that are forever in the way of the occupant, and to leave the floor carefully alone, that in the East is to do as little as possible to the furniture, and to make the floor a perfect wilderness of variety, color and beauty.

Among the wealthy classes there is shown a delicate recognition of the weather in the use of floor decorations. During their cold season, the rugs in the sitting and drawing-rooms are skins, furs or heavy woolens, while in the summer they are thin and cool affairs made of silk, satin, bamboo, and analogous materials.

There are several classes of rugs unknown in Christendom, which could be copied with benefit. One is a mat made from split bamboo or rattan. It is a hundred-fold cleaner, neater, and nicer than the hemp or jute affair used in the United States. When wet, it does not become soggy. It never moulds, and it dries, when moistened, in the most rapid manner.

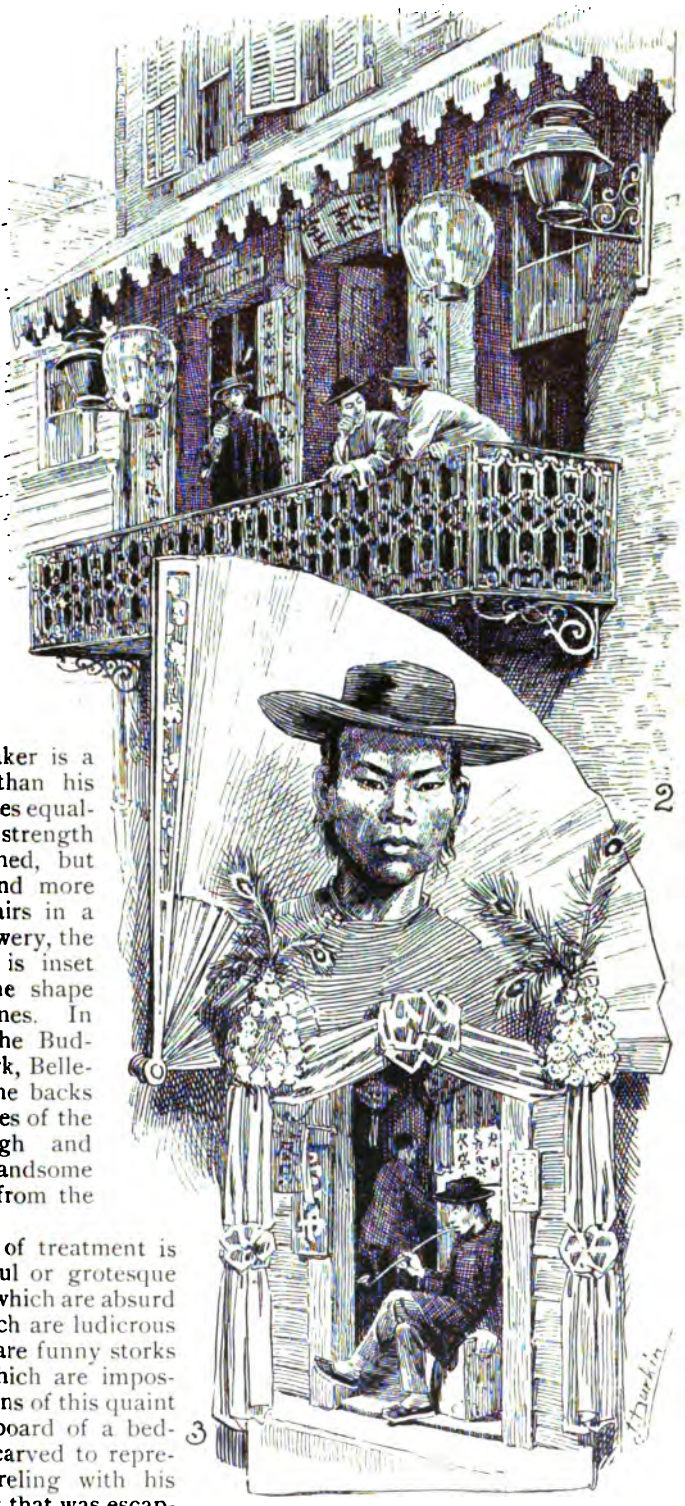
Another is a house-rug made by weaving split bamboo when softened by steam or hot water. The fibre takes any color, is remarkably pliable, and when dried has an elasticity that is simply surprising. Two or three of these mats in hot nights make the coolest bed imaginable. A curious use of these mats is made in regard to chairs and sofas. One side is faced with the heaviest flannel. In the dog-days the rattan-side, cool and elastic, is placed uppermost, and this, in the arctic season, is replaced by the soft and warm woolen side.

In furniture there is but little difference between the East and West. This was not

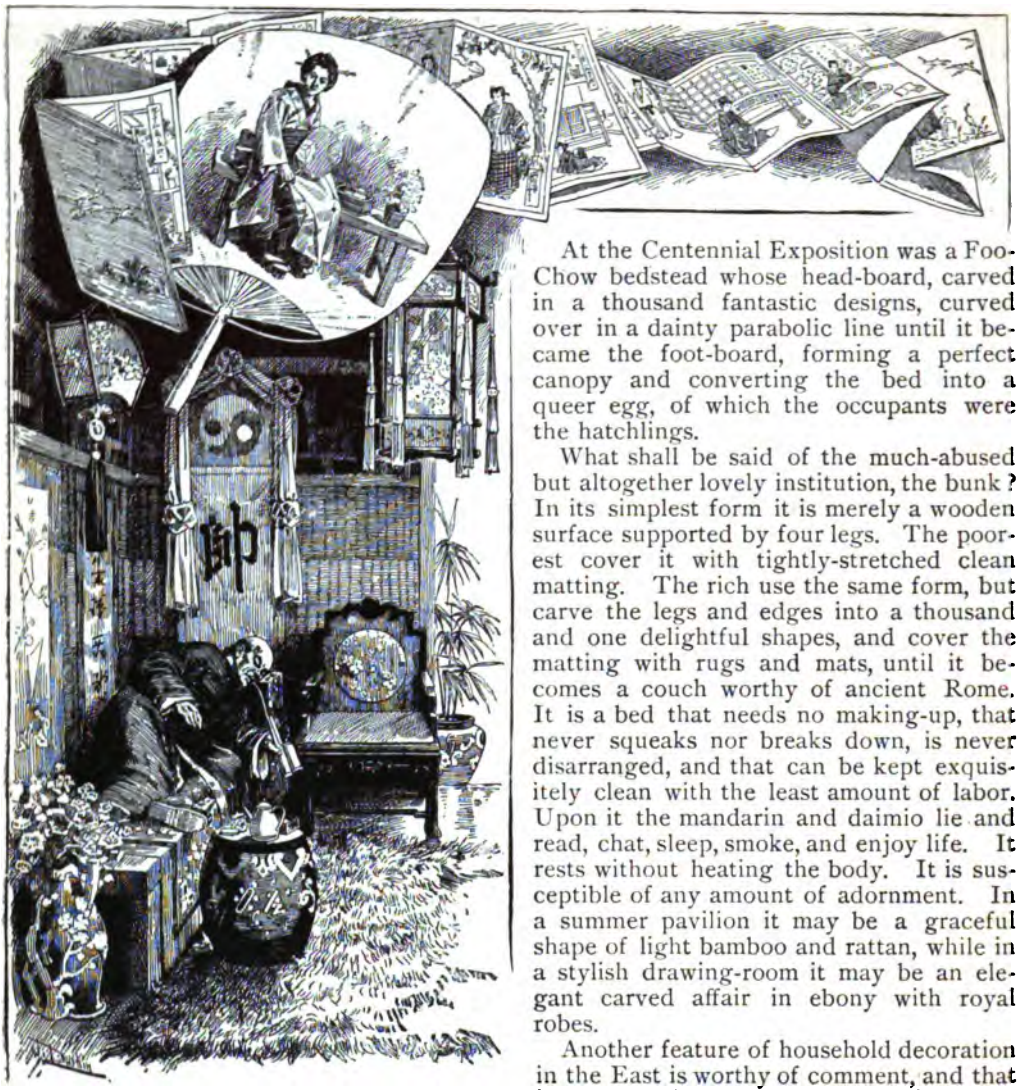
the case thirty years ago, when all our chairs were of equal height and uncomfortableness, and when the only relief for poor humanity was a nondescript cylinder of stuffed carpet known as a hassock. The introduction of Voltaires, Sleepy Hollows, Puritans, patent-rockers, and lounging chairs changed this in every respect. While we have gone far, we have not yet reached the limits allowed in the Orient. There they have chairs whose seats are four feet from the ground, and whose rounds are really a ladder to reach the top. On the other hand are stools, chairs, and settees, barely a foot higher than the floor, on which the sitter can sprawl and lounge to his heart's content.

The Oriental cabinet-maker is a trifle more of an artist than his Occidental brother. He does equally good work, as far as strength and durability are concerned, but he uses more ornament and more ideas. In one set of chairs in a Chinese store on the Bowery, the frame-work, all of ebony, is inset with mother-of-pearl in the shape of flowers and running vines. In the chairs and tables of the Buddhist churches in New York, Belleville and San Francisco, the backs of the former and the edges of the latter are carved through and through so as to be as handsome viewed from the rear as from the front.

Another effective mode of treatment is the reproduction of graceful or grotesque natural forms. Chair legs, which are absurd snakes; table supports which are ludicrous dragons; bed-posts which are funny storks or cranes; cabinet-arms which are impossible vultures, are illustrations of this quaint workmanship. The head-board of a bedstead in Quan-Tung was carved to represent an ancient ibis quarreling with his wife in a marsh, over a frog that was escaping as they bickered. While the carving



1. BALCONY OF CHINESE CLUB HOUSE, MOTT STREET.
2. A NEW YORK CHINAMAN.
3. DOORWAY OF CHINESE STORE, MOTT STREET.



CHINESE ROOM, MOTT STREET.

was inferior to what is seen every day in New York, the design, humor, and satire of the work were simply inimitable.

Not only vegetable forms, but the natural objects themselves are employed. The cabinet-maker will select boughs and trunk, bark, clean and dry them, and when they are thoroughly weathered, employ them almost as they are in the construction of furniture.

While the bending of wood by steam and boiling water has been used in the Occident by only the makers of what is known as Vienna bent-wood furniture, it has long been utilized, and on a larger scale, in the East.

At the Centennial Exposition was a Foo-Chow bedstead whose head-board, carved in a thousand fantastic designs, curved over in a dainty parabolic line until it became the foot-board, forming a perfect canopy and converting the bed into a queer egg, of which the occupants were the hatchlings.

What shall be said of the much-abused but altogether lovely institution, the bunk? In its simplest form it is merely a wooden surface supported by four legs. The poorest cover it with tightly-stretched clean matting. The rich use the same form, but carve the legs and edges into a thousand and one delightful shapes, and cover the matting with rugs and mats, until it becomes a couch worthy of ancient Rome. It is a bed that needs no making-up, that never squeaks nor breaks down, is never disarranged, and that can be kept exquisitely clean with the least amount of labor. Upon it the mandarin and daimio lie and read, chat, sleep, smoke, and enjoy life. It rests without heating the body. It is susceptible of any amount of adornment. In a summer pavilion it may be a graceful shape of light bamboo and rattan, while in a stylish drawing-room it may be an elegant carved affair in ebony with royal robes.

Another feature of household decoration in the East is worthy of comment, and that is the use of fine mattings for wainscoting and even mural covering. The American, whose knowledge of matting is confined to the white and white and red patterns which cumber every carpet store, has no idea of the endless variety which marks them in the land of their manufacture. Beyond their intrinsic beauty is their economy and healthfulness. The prime cost is a mere trifle, the labor of putting in place being the chief element of expense.

While cool in appearance they are non-conductors of heat, and are as comfortable in winter as in summer. They can be washed with impunity, and therefore kept far cleaner than wall paper, paint, or plaster.

In using matting, the Eastern decorator

goes to almost an extreme to obtain lively contrasts. For example: he will fill the four or six panels of a door with different patterns and colors. Where a door has but one panel, he will make a six-inch border of one kind, an inner field of one, two, four, six or eight kinds, and a centre-piece of still another.

In wainscoting, he employs a similar system. Above the foot-board will run a foot-wide border, sometimes uniform, and sometimes a series of squares of varying designs. Above this will be a plain surface, and over this, in time, a handsome dado or border.

When the house-owner is wealthy, the tendency is to use very fine white or gray mattings, on which are stained or painted designs. A room upholstered with these has an appearance altogether charming. The general rule is to make the designs in keeping with the use to which the room is put, or the character of its occupant. A scholar's room will contain, for instance, the portraits of Confucius, Mencius, Lao Tszee, San Tszon, and the other great scholars of the Flowery Empire. A soldier's apartment in Yokohama will be decorated with the portraits of the famous warriors and daimios of Japanese history and legend.

Scenes from the more popular fairy tales, poems, and love-stories; characters from mythology; views of rivers, mountains, gorges, and cities; flower-pieces; fantastic groupings of dragons, griffins, and other mythic monsters; sketches from picturesque industries, are the favorites everywhere. A series owned by the Long Gee Tong of New York, consists of a view of the fishermen on the Yang-Tszee river, who live in huts in tree-tops; a second, of the duck-farmers who live in boats anchored in mid-stream; a third, of the mariners who catch the delicious but deadly devil-fish; and a fourth, of the lumbermen, who

earn a precarious livelihood by capturing the logs and other flotsam and jetsam in the gorges of the Hoang-Ho.

The screen, popular for ages in the East, has at last been thoroughly adopted by the West, and therefore requires but a few words. As yet, however, we have learned but one of the many uses to which it is put. We employ it as a pretty ornament, behind which to conceal something. There are other uses worthy of mention. A reading-screen consists of a handsome dark frame filled with lustrous silk. Placed on a table in front of a book or of writing-paper, it reflects a large amount of light upon the page, and so eases the eyes of the reader or writer. The large fire-screen placed in front of a small fire on a chilly day or evening reflects the heat of the flame and enables the family to sit in comfort where otherwise they would either shiver or else would toast their faces into an unhealthy red. It is practically a Dutch oven applied to the human body. The door-screen is fitted to the jambs, and so arranged that when not in use, it lies flat against the side of the portal, and when in use, it completely fills the door-space. In small houses and apartments, it is invaluable, allowing servants to pass unseen, and at the same time enabling the occupants of a room to hear the slightest sound outside. Screens are of every value. The cheapest, made of common wood and paper, cost a trifle; while the more expensive, made of inlaid ebony, silver, and embroidered silk, frequently cost five hundred dollars.

W. E. S. Fales.

(*To be concluded.*)



AN EASTER EPISODE

WE went there—Prim and I—for eggs and flowers, for the next day would be Easter. When I say there, I mean the Chippewa Street market. All the city seemed of the same mind that day, for the place was crowded and full of wild, happy confusion. There were "children piping to each other," and dancing as well. On the edge of the good-natured racket a hand-organ was giving out "The Sweet By and By," and over and above all rang the bells of St. Michael's. I love them, those bells of St. Michael's! They are always bursting into peals above all the din and uproar of the market—upward, skyward, heavenward. Even dear, orthodox, Protestant Prim has learned to regard them with favor.

We made our other purchases and then drifted into the current which was slowly moving towards the flower booths. No one made any perceptible progress, save a ragged urchin, who had caught up the refrain of the organ outside, and was singing it divinely, for all there were lots of original sin in the quirk of the elbows which were forcing his passage. Directly in front of us, and as immovable as ourselves, was a ragged, grimy man with a slouch hat drawn low over his eyes. He looked soiled in every way, and had a stoop as if of age, though there was no trace of gray in his long, unkempt hair. Prim seldom shrinks from any creature, but she shrank from him, and I saw her involuntarily tighten the grasp upon her purse. Prim is a real woman, hence has the bad habit of carrying her purse in her hand. Just then she looked at me and said "tramp," though her lips did not

move. I had already set down numerous heinous sins at his door. Presently the crowd carried us to a flower stand. We stopped. The tramp had stopped before us; he was pricing a pure Easter lily—not touching it, but pointing to it with his soiled, grimy fingers. The flower vender regarded him suspiciously. The lily was ten cents. He began to search his pockets and from divers ragged depths produced eight coppers and counted them out in the palm of his hand. He regarded the flower wistfully an instant, then made another search. A distracted expression came into his face. Prim opened her purse. She had the two pennies in her fingers, when in some crevice he found the required amount. He took the lily delicately, as if fearful of soiling its whiteness, and passed on.

"How strange!" said Prim.

We bought our flowers, and got out of the crowd. Our route required us to pass St. Michael's. We had fallen into the habit of stopping in. In summer because it is cool, in winter because it is warm, and always because it is restful and religious, though Prim objects to my saying so. We stepped in now. The church was empty, save for the presence of two or three old women who were counting their beads. We had scarcely seated ourselves when the tramp who had helped to block our passage a few minutes before came in. He did not see us. He seemed absorbed. His ragged old hat was tucked under his arm, and he held the Easter lily at arm's length, as if to save it from his soiled garments. He went up the aisle with his head bowed, and fell upon his knees at the altar. He did not so much as raise his eyes to the Christ or the Virgin or any of the saints, but we saw him lay the white flower down and cross himself tremblingly with the hand that had held it. Just at that moment how the bells rang out! He must have heard them, for he broke into such a sob as children give when they find rest in their mother's bosom. Then he went out. Prim and I did not look at him as he passed. Prim was crying silently into her handkerchief, and there was a mist in my eyes that shut out vision. We could not speak of it to each other; it seemed too sacred. We had witnessed the worship of a soul. *Sue Chestnutwood.*

IN SILENCE.

To H. K. G.

I think of you in the silence,
Away from the busy throng;
And every dream is a blessing,
And every thought is a song.

And yet, when I move with others
Through the cares of a toilful day,
There's a sound in my heart of singing
That lightens the weary way.

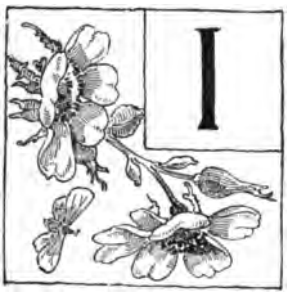
Oh, Love, that I love through the tumult,
Through tossing and surge and strife,
It is then that I hold you closely
Down in the deeps of life.

But, Love, that I love in the stillness,
When hearts are attuned to rest,
It is then that I love you only,
It is then that I love you best. *Grace H. Duffield.*

WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES. No. VII.



IN recent papers I have dwelt chiefly on the cooking of the cheaper parts of meat. Not that readers are expected to limit themselves to such fare, but because many women can cook first-class cuts of meat who know nothing about the cooking of those that are cheaper. And where such knowledge does not exist, instruction is easily found in the admirable cooking books now published.

For the same reason, in speaking of fish, I shall confine myself to the less expensive kinds.

In buying fish, the housekeeper will see, more than in any other kind of animal food, the fluctuations of the market, and find the advantage of being able to take advantage of it. The fish that is one week dear and scarce, may the next be a drug in the market, and the housekeeper by taking advantage of such occasions can often supply her table with the choicest fish, for the price of cod or skate. When such chances occur let her be thankful and accept them, but it is the fish that one can generally depend on as being low in price that we will consider.

Cod, from its excellent flavor, its solidity without dryness, and its freedom from bones, is one of the best of all fish for family use. This would be just as true of it if it were expensive instead of cheap. For there are several kinds of low-priced fish which are not worth buying.

Cod in this country is not often presented at refined tables, unless as a measure of economy; but in England, although it is so excessively cheap that it is considered the fish of the poor by economists, it makes its appearance at the best houses. "Cod's head and shoulders and oyster sauce" is a standard and fashionable dish, while a noble cod, boiled whole, is a traditionary beginning of a large Christmas or New Year's dinner.

But although cod is as good as it is cheap, this is not the case with all cheap fish. I am not now speaking of its freshness (because no fish could possibly be good if not fresh), but of its palatableness and food qualities. Ciscoes, for instance, ought to be very cheap, and all other fish very dear, to make it worth while to buy them. Among the best cheap fish may be mentioned haddock, porgies, fresh herrings, hake, and flounders. In saying cheap fish, I mean fish that are always comparatively cheap, and not those that are cheap for the day by reason of any sudden glut in the market.

But fish, however fine its quality, may be made coarse and strong in flavor by careless cooking. Porgies, than which there are no sweeter fish when properly boiled or fried quickly to a crisp brown, if slowly coddled in the frying-pan in a little fat, till the skin, instead of being crisp and brown, is greasy and sticky, and the whole tumbling to pieces, will have lost their sweet, delicate flavor, and taste only "fishy." The same with cod. Many consider cod a strong, coarse fish, and so it is if put on to boil long before it should be, in cold, hot, or lukewarm water, as the case may be, with or without salt just as it happens, and left soaking on the range until just before it is wanted, when, if it is not boiling, it is pulled forward and "galloped" till consid-

ered done. Serve the fish thus with a pasty sauce, called, by courtesy, drawn butter, and it will be the dish of boiled codfish set on average tables, but it will be very different from the same fish cooked quickly and carefully in any of the ways I shall direct.

Before going further, I may say that I am paying special attention to codfish on account of its food value, and because it is, of all fish, the one most suitable for children's eating. Halibut alone equals it perhaps, but is usually double the price. When speaking of it as an especially good fish for children, I am thinking of its solidity and lack of bones, and its freedom from the oiliness which makes many fish disagree with young stomachs, except in small quantities.

It is an economy for a family dinner to serve a good sauce with cod or any boiled fish, because it causes more potatoes to be eaten, although, for the expense, there is no better sauce for any of the dry, flaky fish, than fine butter oiled, with pepper and salt, or sometimes by way of change a little chopped parsley with it; but this is not an economical sauce, for to have it in plenty, as required, the butter would cost as much as the fish.

I will give three or four economical ways of cooking the fish; the readiest, and for some reasons most satisfactory to a busy woman, being

FRIED COD STEAKS.

The steaks should be about an inch thick, not over; wash, wipe, and then dip the slices into milk, let each one drain, then lay it in flour, shake off what is superfluous, and fry in *very hot fat.* Let one side brown, then turn and fry the other. It should be pale brown in six minutes.

Fish cooked thus is really sautéd, not fried, and I give the best way of doing it because, although frying in deep fat is more economical and quicker, I am aware that very many are not familiar enough with the process to believe this, and prefer the old way.

TO FRY COD STEAKS, NO. 2.

Prepare as directed. Have ready a pound of lard or fat that has been already used for frying, place it in a deep pan or kettle, and let it get so hot that a bit of crumb of bread dropped in will color in a few seconds. The fish will cool the fat, therefore do not put in more than two slices. They will be done in four minutes, a pale brown. If they take longer, the fat has not been hot enough. Before frying the remaining slices, let the fat heat up again. When all are done, sliced potatoes may be dropped into the fat, and they will not taste of the fish. Strain the fat, when somewhat cooled, through a cloth, and put it away for use. Hake, which is a sweet-flavored, excellent fish, may be cooked in exactly the same way, and so may haddock.

TO BROIL COD, HAKE, OR HADDOCK STEAKS.

Prepare by washing and drying, then brush each steak over with a little melted pork fat, or nice meat dripping, or butter, sprinkle with salt, and broil both sides till pale brown, spread a little melted butter over each steak, with pepper and salt, and serve very hot.

BOILED COD.

The time required will be according to the size and thickness of the piece, but much less time is required for fish than is usually given, and fish over-cooked is dry, tasteless and stringy.

Put the fish on the fire in cold water, with a tablespoonful of salt, and one of vinegar, to each half gallon; let it boil very gently, till a knife carefully inserted in the centre of the back, will tell you if the meat will leave the bone; in that case it is done. Three pounds of fish put on the fire in cold water, will not take more than twenty minutes, unless the weather is very cold. (Of course, frozen fish as well as frozen meat must be thawed before cooking.)

STEWED COD STEAKS.

Cut one large or two small onions in thin slices, fry them in a little butter or nice dripping, stirring them till they brown, but do not let them burn. Stir with them now a scant dessertspoonful of flour, then add a half pint of water or broth, a half teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of pepper, stirring till smooth, then put in two sprigs of marjoram, two of thyme, four of parsley (or of the dried leaves, half a teaspoonful of marjoram, half of thyme, and a whole one of chopped parsley), two cloves, and a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Lay the fish

in this sauce, baste it often, cook for twenty minutes, take up the slices of fish carefully without breaking, skim the sauce and pour it over. A wineglass of claret may replace the vinegar, and makes a very fine dish of what is otherwise excellent.

If you have several kinds of small fish, perhaps fresh-water fish, the spoils of the family fisherman, and not excellent in flavor, they will be very much improved by being cooked in this sauce.

All ways directed for cooking cod apply to haddock and hake.

Fresh herrings are a cheap, common, but very favorite fish with many. To fry them, with or without onions, is the usual mode of cooking, but they are decidedly better in other ways. Either of the following modes of cooking them destroys the small bones.

BAKED HERRINGS, STUFFED.

Wash and scale the fish, remove the heads, split them down the belly, and remove the back bones. Have ready some forcemeat made as follows: A cup of bread crumbs, half a teaspoonful of thyme leaves, a small teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a saltspoonful of salt, and a quarter one of pepper, and a third of a cupful of beef suet finely chopped, or of fat pork; mix well, cover the inside of each herring with a layer of the dressing, roll them up tail end first, and either tie them to keep them in place, or use a splinter of wood for the purpose. Lay the rolled fish close together in a deep dish, pour over them vinegar and water in equal proportions, enough to cover them, put to a quart a good teaspoonful of salt, a scant quarter one of pepper, and half a dozen allspice, with a couple of cloves and two bay leaves. Bake in a slow oven two to three hours, or until the liquid is reduced about half.

BAKED HERRINGS, NO. 2.

Cleanse the fish, cut off the heads, but do not split them, lay them in a baking dish and cover them with vinegar, water, and seasoning as in last recipe.

The excellence of both these dishes depends on slow baking; if they cook fast, the liquid will dry away too fast. After two hours' cooking there should be plenty to serve as sauce for the fish.

Flounders boned, crumbed and fried, figure on bills of fare as *filet de sole*, but a busy woman, cooking for a family, will be glad to know of another way which is almost as good.

Choose the firmest and thickest flounders you can get, cut off heads and trim fins. Cut the fish crosswise, making about five pieces (if it is large), that is to say, shoulder piece, two or three middle pieces, about two inches wide, and the tail piece. Dry each piece, make a thickish batter of a cup of flour, three parts of a cup of milk and a pinch of salt; an egg may be added, but is not necessary. Dip each piece of fish into this batter, let it drip a moment and drop it into deep, hot fat. The fat for frying fish should be hot enough to color a crumb of bread instantly; only a couple of pieces should be cooked at a time, they only take four minutes, and a large dish can be fried very quickly; while, as fish cools the fat so much, if four were done at a time, it would have to be brought back to the boiling point, and nothing gained.

Take them up, lay them on butchers' paper, and sift very fine salt over them. They must be a rich crisp brown.

Catherine Owen.

SOME CURIOUS EASTER DISHES.



THE festival of Easter has, since the time of the Emperor Constantine, been celebrated throughout the Christian world with much pomp and great signs of rejoicing. Aside from the religious features of the day, it is a period when every housewife puts forth her best efforts for the entertainment of her family and friends, seeking to indemnify them for the lengthy forty days of abstinence. Almost every country has a number of national dishes, considered appropriate to the religious holiday.

Eggs were a forbidden article of diet in the primitive church during Lent, and they consequently accumulated in such quantities that at Easter they were dis-

tributed among the children. Originally, they were only dyed red, in remembrance of the blood of our Saviour which was shed upon the cross, and also as emblematic of the scarlet cloaks of the cardinals. Eggs were also indicative of fecundity, and when offered as gifts to friends, were intended to be an expression of the best wishes of the giver for a long life and continued prosperity.

With the Egyptians, they were figurative of the survival of mankind after the deluge. To the Jews, they signified the emancipation of the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, and were partaken of in common with the paschal lamb at the feast of the Passover, which falls at the same time as Easter. The Romans considered the egg as the origin of all things, and they were in the habit of beginning their repasts by eating them. To the Christians they represented the resurrection of Christ, who arose from the tomb just as the tiny chick comes forth from the walls of its fragile prison.

Eggs formed a prominent dish at every Easter entertainment, for the superstitious imagined that they possessed the power of sanctifying the body after the long and tedious Lenten fast. Immense baskets filled with them were borne into the churches, where they were sprinkled with holy water and blessed by the priest. The servants then carried them to the different houses, where they were heaped in huge chargers and placed in the centre of the table and covered with a fine white damask napkin, over which was strewn a profusion of spring flowers. Twelve dishes of meat were ranged around the egg platters, which remained on the table during the whole of Easter week. Every visitor was invited to help himself to an egg, and it was considered a breach of etiquette to refuse.

At Queen's College, Oxford, a feast of eggs was provided for the scholars at Easter. The first dish which was brought on to the table was a red herring, seated astride of the rude effigy of a horse, riding over a field of corn salad. This was intended as a farewell to Lent. Ham and a gammon of bacon were numbered among Easter dainties, being intended to be eaten as a sign of abhorrence with which all good Christians regarded the Jews. A tansy cake was another dish which was partaken of in remembrance of the bitter herbs of the Jews.

At Twickenham, two enormous cakes were baked at the expense of the church, and divided amongst the young people of the parish. This time-honored custom was abolished by an act of parliament, being regarded as a relic of superstition. The money was afterward employed in the purchase of loaves of bread, which were flung down from the church steeple and scrambled for by the populace.

Pies shaped like coffins were apparently much relished. They were made to imitate the cratch or manger in which Christ was laid at his birth. These toothsome delicacies were in great demand among the lower orders.

Parties of youths and maidens also went pudding-pieing, as the pastime was called. They roamed in bands from one public house to another, devouring pudding-pies. These were small cakes, similar to cheese-cakes, which were filled with custard and the top sprinkled with currants. They were washed down with copious libations of currant wine.

At Easter, the church wardens in many districts brewed a strong beer, called church or Easter ale. They served this beverage to their parishioners, who drank it, eating the provisions they had brought to church with them. In return, they offered some small gratuity to the priest. This custom at last degenerated into regular drinking bouts, and became such a prolific source of scandal, it was discontinued, much to the regret of the people. Another seasonable beverage was called baggot, being a mixture of ale, sugar, and aromatic spices; it was a drink held in high repute.

In Ireland, the peasantry celebrated the Easter season with loud demonstrations of great joy. The good wife provided an enormous pot of boiling water, which was suspended over the glowing great fire. Into this she threw several fat chickens, a piece of bacon, and anything else that suited her taste. The family were gathered about the huge fireplace, anxiously watching the preparation of the seething mass. Woe betide the hungry wight who was tempted to taste of it before the hour of midnight. As the last sound of the striking clock died away upon the stillness of the night, a loud clapping of hands was heard, interspersed with peals of merry laughter. All the company repeated an Irish phrase which means "out with the Lent." Great dishes of steaming food were placed upon the long table, and the entire family gathered around to partake

of the appetizing viands. After supper they retired for a brief period, rising betimes to see the sun dance in honor of the Resurrection. To this day the peasantry firmly adhere to this superstitious belief in many parts of Ireland.

In Russia, immense quantities of a sort of cake filled with almonds and raisins were prepared and offered for sale at all the booths. One became very tired of this substitute for bread, as the bakeries were closed, and no fresh loaves could be procured for three days.

At the feast of the Passover, two dishes of the paschal lamb were placed upon the table. There were also two loaves of unleavened bread, some meal, two small fishes, and a hard-boiled egg. The meal was because of Behemoth, the fish because of the Leviathan, and the egg because of the bird Ziz. These three dishes were supposed to be the food of the blessed in a future existence.

The Poles have always been noted for their strict observance of the festivities of the church. Nowhere save in this country have the entertainments been preserved in their pristine glory, flavored with a touch of barbaric magnificence. The entire Easter season was dedicated to an endless round of feasting. The great banqueting rooms were thrown wide open in the castles of the nobility, and even strangers were bidden to the *fête*. The huge oaken table was wound with a snowy napery, an heirloom in the family and especially reserved for such occasions. In many opulent houses the revelry was kept up until Whitsun-Day, and some idea may be formed of the provisions consumed during the week, when we are told that in one place the board was spread for the accommodation of a hundred guests. Twelve massive silver platters were filled with salt pork, sucking pigs, spiced sausages, and pyramids of brilliant-hued eggs lettered with quaint devices. A group of figures represented a scene from a play, and Pilate was seen dexterously picking Mahomet's pocket of a huge sausage. An entire lamb was the *pièce de résistance*, and in the sockets of the eyes blazed two priceless diamonds as large as hazel nuts. The flagons and decanters were of silver gilt, and four enormous silver pitchers filled with foaming mead stood in the midst of a group of golden cups. In baskets of the same precious metal were piled heaps of luscious fruit, and in receptacles of Byzantine enamel reposed bottles of the choicest wines. The monster cake was four yards in circumference, the top of the structure being adorned with the figures of the twelve apostles. The Saviour stood erect in their midst, unfurling a silken banner. Over his head was suspended by an imperceptible wire the figure of an angel, directing his flight towards the heavenly realm. The walls of a miniature lake were formed by a cake called the Bath. In the placid waters sported swarms of gold and silver fish, and nymphs were bathing in the lake, while a fat little Cupid aimed his arrows at their sparkling eyes.

A traveller in Poland describes a feast in which he participated as exceeding in lavishness of display and wealth of decoration anything he had ever beheld. The walls of the dining-room were hung with trophies of the chase and the battered helmets and shields of a long line of ancestry. On the immaculate linen of the table were placed quantities of massive silver dishes holding the choicest viands, and supplemented by costly wines of the rarest vintages. A lofty tower of pastry or sugar decked with wreaths of glossy ivy rose majestically from the centre of the board. A roasted lamb, still clothed in its snowy fleece, performed the functions of warder. It was in the act of unfurling a crimson pennon, inscribed with the motto "Alleluia!" emblematic of the resurrection of the Lord. This was surrounded by a fortification of sweetmeats, sugar plums, and delicious fruits. Next came a pyramid of hard-boiled eggs, around which were coiled, like writhing serpents, links of sausage, representing the ordnance stores of the castle. A wall of saffron cake arose majestically, its battlements formed of sponge cake. These fortifications were traversed by avenues made of smoked tongue, pickled herrings, and other kinds of fish. A covered way was formed of roast joints, ham, fowls, and game. The bastions were made of solid gold and silver flagons, filled with foaming mead and ruby and amber wine. This terminated in a *glacis* of magurkas, a kind of sugary cake, on whose glassy surface were traced various mottoes appropriate to the season. The guests assembled around the hospitable board, awaiting impatiently the signal to storm the appetizing battlements. The priest raised his eyes towards heaven, pronouncing the solemn benediction, and sprinkling the table with holy water.

The host cut up a hard-boiled egg into

thin slices, which he presented to his guests, dividing a slice with each one in turn. Then the business of the day commenced in good earnest, and the ramparts soon presented a scene of ruin and disorder. Many people assert that the nobles only tasted of the good things on the table, giving the rest to the servants and tenantry. After dinner, the company repaired to the balconies to watch the peasants, who had assembled in their gay costumes. They had armed themselves with huge baskets of provisions which were blessed by the holy man, and they retired after having received presents of food or money from their masters.

In some remote provinces of France the priest goes from house to house, blessing the inmates, and in return is given donations of eggs, enough to last him for many weeks. In Italy the children have a feast, and the day is one of as great importance as Christmas is with us. In England and America it is celebrated by a plentiful dinner, in which no particular dishes play a prominent part, except the turkey, which everywhere in this country graces all the feasts as it also does in the old country.

Many generations of American children have indulged in the time-honored custom of egg-rolling in the grounds of the White House at Washington. On this day the grass-plots, which are already green in that mild climate, are alive with myriads of school girls and boys. Each one brings a basket which contains a lunch, supplemented with quantities of hard-boiled eggs. The fun begins when the little ones commence matching eggs. I believe the ones that withstand the greatest number of blows without being cracked are the winners. The grounds ring with peals of merry laughter, and all day long the sport continues. At set of sun the children separate leaving the debris of mountains of white egg shells and other relics of the luncheon strewn on the ordinarily well-kept gardens of the Presidential Mansion.

It is remarkable how wide-spread the custom of celebrating Easter is, and in any civilized land it is a day of rejoicing, feasting, and prayer.

Countess Annie de Montaigu.

SOUP-MAKING.

LIKE dish-washing and tea-brewing, soup-making is classed by self-sufficient ignorance among the things which are too easy to be learned. The slovenly or indifferent housewife underrates to contempt a dish without which a dinner is not a dinner. In her opinion, soup is, at the best and most savory, "wishy-washy stuff" that tantalizes a healthy appetite only to fill the gastronomic soul with worse than naught.

The Jersey farmer's criticism upon the blanc-mange smothered in whipped cream, sent to his sick-room by a neighbor, embodies the estimate set by our ignoramus upon broth, bouillon and clear consommé.

"It has no substance *into* it!" plained the bucolic invalid.

Much of the liquid that finds its way to better-advised people under the generic name of "Soup," deserves the stricture.

The average cook is usually imbued with the heresy stated in our opening paragraph. She sets little "store by soup." If the family insist upon having it occasionally, she makes it under verbal or dumb protest *with the grease on*. The oils she conceives to be "essential" to strength and nourishment, swim in flotillas of globules upon the muddy deeps within the tureen. The use of the strainer in the process is a refinement unknown or despised by her. If the twice-cooked bones and meat that yield up to the fast boil, material for "stock," fail to produce more than weak dish-water, our cook thickens lavishly with flour, rice or tapioca, salts and peppers as liberally, and gains converts to her disdainful judgment of the result from the unfortunates who feel that something, they know not what, is wanted to the disrelishful compound.

It is worth our while to ask why this seemly head and front of the chief meal of the day gets the cold shoulder in perhaps one-half of the homes of what may be called

middle-class families. Why it is almost unknown except as sick-room broth among the really poor.

"I am tired of *acephalous* dinners!" said a boarder while packing up for a return to the city from a snug and tidy farm-house. "There is a certain refinement in soup. The higher one rises in the social circle, the more nearly soup approximates the necessaries of life."

As I have elsewhere explained, the omission arises partly from disinclination to increase the cares of the servantless mistress by adding a course to the family dinner that involves the need of changing and cleaning an extra set of plates. But the main cause of the curious oversight of the claims of the tureen upon appetite and respect is ignorant want of skill in soup-making. He who is accustomed to begin his dinner six days in the week with a plate of hot, nourishing, savory potage, or purée, or consommé, or broth, misses the cheer and sustenance it supplies, if deprived of it on the seventh. There is an odd sense of unseemly familiarity in the abrupt entrance upon the heavier business of the hour, like shaking hands with a man to whom you have not been introduced.

Our summer boarder was more shrewd than fanciful in extolling the refining influence of the soup-kettle.

To make good soup one must have patience and judgment, and take the time required for the various processes of manufacture. The hit-or-miss school of cookery is more disastrous in this department than in what are known as "fancy dishes."

"There must have been the grain, the grinding,
There must have been the slice of bread,"

says Mrs. Whitney of a crumb. The under-the-average housewife pleads the pressure of other duties, the throng of must-be-dones that cannot be crowded out.

"Soups will do well enough for rich people!" sighs the room-renter. "What have such as we to do with such finical ways?"

Conviction that the neglected and much-abused article herein treated of is almost necessary in the every-day bill-of-fare; that it is wholesome, economical, and, when properly made, delicious, sent me in search of methods by which even the spinster (or bachelor) occupant of a single room, and the overwrought mother who "does her own work" may set a good, nutritious soup on the table daily without serious increase of expense and labor.

In the course of my explorations, I was directed by a friend who had tested their products, to the building occupied by the Franco-American Food Company, of New York.

I had seen some canning establishments; I had heard of others. I had promised my loathing inner self never to enter one again.

What I saw and learned of real soup-making—honest, clean and appetizing—I propose, still in the interest of American housewives, to relate as frankly as I would expose the iniquities of conventional "canning," did diaphragm and taste allow me to undertake the task.

Beginning with the raw material—I, an unexpected visitor, found in the larder huge shins of beef; chickens, dressed and whole, fair, plump and free from the suspicion of taint; calves' heads, white and firm; mutton and veal in prime order; barrels of healthy vegetables; parsley, celery and other soup-herbs; all the appliances needful for the manufacture of divers kinds of soups in a private family, but on a gigantic scale.

Next, we examined what the proprietor of the great kitchen aptly styles "the A. B. C. of soup-making"—the stock-pot.

This is *not*, let us observe parenthetically and emphatically, an *omnium gatherum* in any well-ordered establishment. One cookery-book gravely advises the frugal housekeeper to prepare stock for the week's soups, by setting a kettle with bones, cold meat, etc., at the side of the range, cover well with cold water, and, adding from meal to meal the scraps from dishes and plates, to "let all simmer slowly for three days!"

Another writer upon household economy, in the gilded-gingerbread style, now less popular than it was three years ago, builds up a pretty little story with soup-making for the plot and elegant frugality for *motif*, in which a baked apple, the scrapings of the porridge-kettle, a squeezed lemon and remnants of boiled salt cod go to make up a "rich, palatable and creamy soup for dinner."

In one of the six sixty-gallon caldrons of *pot-au-feu* in the upper story of the Franco-American Company's building we found meat cut into small pieces; cracked bones; peeled carrots, onions turnips, parsley, sweet herbs, a little salt,

all covered with water. For eight hours the contents of the big pot are kept at a gentle, bubbling boil, regulated by a thermometer. All the cooking is done by steam. The top of the kettle is propped open a little way to allow partial escape to the savory vapor. The eight-hour process obliges ingredients to give up all the good which is in them. The proprietor and his intelligent overlooker-son lay great stress upon the evils of fast boiling for soups. "Soup which has been boiled rapidly cannot be cleared," said the latter. "There should be no chance, no risk in such matters. Cookery can be reduced to an exact science. The effect of certain causes must be the same always. To suffer a hard boil—even for the minute when the cook's attention is diverted by other work—is to ruin a pot of soup."

The liquor drawn through a faucet from the *pot-au-feu* is clearer than much *consommé* I have seen ordered from expensive caterers and served at fashionable tables. The *débris* left in the caldron is strained and pressed into the liquor, then clarified.

For mock-turtle, the calves' heads are cleaned, soaked, blanched, and boiled. The tongue, palate-fringe, and brains are removed, with all darkened pieces; the bones go back into the caldron, the gelatinous, almost translucent parts that remain are cut *by hand* into neat, uniform dice, and, when the seasoned soup is ready for canning, are added to it.

Chicken broth is treated somewhat in the same manner. The bones and inferior portions are returned to the caldron, the best parts of the boiled cold fowls are cut into dice, mixed with boiled rice, and when the broth in which the chickens were boiled is ready, dice and rice are put with it into the can.

A plate of mutton broth was brought to us, hot and delicious, just as it was about to go into the cans. It is, like most French broths, unthickened by flour. To the meat and barley are added dice of vegetables—these cut by machinery.

Let me suggest to the housewife who prefers the thicker broth of the English *cuisine*, that a cup of milk in which a spoonful of corn-starch has been stirred, added to a can of this mutton broth, will give a white soup which she may prefer. This is a matter of taste. As it is, the broth is excellent.

The pea-soup put up by this firm is made from the best Cleveland split peas. After a night's soaking they are boiled in the stock to a pulp, rubbed through a sieve, returned to the caldron; more stock is added, a little butter and seasoning, a small quantity of flour to prevent separation of pulp and liquid, and a delightful *purée* is the result.

The clam broth made by the Franco-American Co. has a deservedly high reputation in hospital and sick-room. In albumen, it is far richer than meat. Little Neck clams are used. The soft clam is discarded as less nutritious.

Green turtle soup is made of the gelatinous portions close to upper and lower shells. The entrails, etc., of the turtle are thrown away as unfit for soup-making.

Bouillon, clam broth and all other soups are sealed in glass jars as well as in tin cans.

"Not," explains Mr. Biardot, the proprietor, "that there is danger from using our tin cans. But invalids and others who have a prejudice against 'canned goods' are quieted by the knowledge that their food comes to them in glass."

The bouillon, served hot to a member of the party who was faint from weariness, was exquisite in color and flavor, and brought back strength and vivacity to the sufferer with surprising quickness.

None of the soups manufactured here or elsewhere exceed in rich toothsomeness the terrapin. But comparative enumeration is invidious, had we time to enter upon a list that contains nothing indifferent.

Pass we to a lower story to learn why nobody need fear injury from partaking of soups and patés preserved in the Biardot tins.

The material used is what is known as "charcoal tin." Charcoal is employed in the manufacture instead of mineral coal, the gases from which enter into and permeate the fusing metal. "Charcoal tin" is exceedingly malleable, moreover, never cracking as cheaper qualities are apt to do, thereby suffering oxidation by exposure to air or acids. A breath upon the surface of the metal plate handed for our inspection, passed rapidly and entirely as from a polished mirror. A can was made under our eyes in a marvelously short time. The square plate was fashioned into a cylinder, fitted with top and bottom, and soldered in as few minutes as suffice me to tell of it. *All the soldering is on the outside* of the utensil. It is, perhaps, not generally known that "American canned goods" must be soldered on the outside only for

the foreign market. Solder, such as we often find inside of the can in which canned vegetables are preserved, contains absolutely poisonous matter. The circumstance challenges consideration even in a country where life is cheap and digestions are lightly esteemed.

After the cans are filled and soldered, they are steamed in a close caldron until the contents are again at boiling heat, a process that tests the integrity of cases and solder. Next, they are varnished to prevent rust on the outside; finally, labeled and wrapped in paper.

"'Care and cleanliness' should be the motto of the cook," says Mr. Biardot, modestly oracular.

Passing from room to room of his enlarged edition of a model kitchen, one sees everywhere the practical illustration of the adage. There are no evil odors, no dirty corners, no repulsive sights, no hint of uncanny devices for bringing plausible results out of equivocal materials. All is honest and legitimate, corresponding so exactly with the methods and materials intelligent housewives employ for similar ends as to rob "canning" of disgustful terrors.

I have only room here for a few of the valuable hints gathered from observation of the methods in operation in Mr. Biardot's realm.

Soup should not form the whole meal, or a substantial part of it, but is, as I have said, the introduction to the ceremony of dining—the overture to the stately opera. The French never omit it. Their preliminary course is soup, light, clear and varied in flavor and appearance. The lower classes of English know only broths or thick soups; eat these infrequently, and when they do, make a solid meal of them.

Many are ignorant of the value of *consommé*, or French bouillon, for daily consumption. Boiled gently from twenty to thirty minutes with macaroni, vermicelli, Italian paste, tapioca, sage, rice, barley, farina,—or left clear and poured upon neatly-poached eggs in the tureen, it is nutritious, stimulating and easily digested. The cook should be careful, however, not to make her soup into savory pudding by adding too much of the cereal. Let me add that the dexterity and neatness with which the excellent materials used in this establishment are handled, boned, cleaned, trimmed and cut up refutes the saying: "Better not look into the kitchen if you would relish cooked food."

The visit—repeated at length—was full of interest and enjoyment. It is well for over-tasked housekeepers to know that soups at moderate prices—good and nutritious—can be had without the trouble of making them; for invalids in boarding-houses to be able to get bouillon and broths of the best quality that have not a suspicion of the "medicated taste" so abhorrent to the sensitive senses.

For the country housekeeper—subject at all times to sudden irruptions of visitors, especially in the summer when the kitchen fire must burn low for part of the day, if workers in the room would live through the heated term, there should be infinite comfort in the knowledge that her store-room shelves may be made equal to the fiercest midsummer emergency.

To such THE HOME-MAKER commends the perusal of this article, written with the frank sincerity of one who lauds nothing through custom or courtesy, and seeks, whenever it can be done conscientiously, to bring together the housewife's demand and the manufacturer's supply.

Marion Harland.

CHOICE RECIPES.

INCOMPARABLE BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

AS there is nothing nicer than light, sweet buckwheat cakes, so also there is nothing poorer than those which are heavy and sour. I accidentally learned the recipe which I give, and it is such a delightful one that no housekeeper should be without it.

My cook was an old negro woman, and her buckwheat cakes had always been perfect until one morning, when they were not half as nice as usual. After breakfast I asked her what had been the matter with

them, and she told me that she had forgotten to put meal and flour in them the night before when she mixed them up. I inquired if meal and flour were always put in them, and she said "*always*," that she had asked "Aunt Elsie" to tell her just how she made them and she had told her three times over, and when she made them just as she was told they *never* failed.

"Aunt Elsie" had for twenty years been the cook in a wealthy family who "kept open house," and who were famous for certain dishes that were found there in greater perfection than anywhere else, amongst them buckwheat cakes. To get the secret of their construction was therefore very desirable, and here was my opportunity, and —here is the recipe!

To one pint of the best buckwheat flour allow two large tablespoonfuls of good yeast, two tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, and two of corn meal. With warm water mix this into a *very* stiff batter and set it in a warm place to rise. Mix it up about nine o'clock at night.

Next morning mix half of a level teaspoonful of soda in a cupful of fresh milk, and stir it into the batter, thinning it sufficiently to use—salt to taste. This quantity will make cakes enough for four persons' breakfast. Elsie said she always put soda in them, as otherwise they were never so light or perfectly sweet.

Nicer buckwheat cakes than hers were never made. The corn meal and wheat flour I have never seen given in any cookbook recipe for them, but if you use them once you will never make them without them again.

To Try Out Butter.

The Germans have a way of cooking, or trying out butter, which makes it keep perfectly sweet for months. In the early fall when butter is cheap, buy as much as you need, or can afford, put it in a preserving kettle, and set it on the back of the range where it can cook *very slowly* until every atom of the milk and water has been cooked out of it. It should be stirred constantly, stirred up from the very bottom of the kettle.

If it is a large quantity of butter it should be cooked for six or seven hours.

When done it will be a pale yellow color, and at the bottom of the kettle there will be a brown sediment. Pour off the butter carefully from this sediment into stone jars, which must be fastened up closely to exclude the air, and set in a cool, *dry* place.

Meat, game, etc., cooked with this butter will have a delicious flavor. Indifferent, or even rancid butter cooked in this way is rendered fit for use when you could do nothing with it otherwise. But it is not well to attempt to keep such butter any length of time.

Remember that butter must be cooked *very* slowly, and stirred incessantly. If it is scorched it will not be fit to use.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

A "Fool" for Breakfast.

3 eggs.
1 pint of sweet milk.
2 dessertspoonfuls of sugar.
½ teaspoonful of salt.

Put the milk, with the sugar in it, on to scald. Beat the eggs very light, but do not separate the whites and yolks. When the milk is almost boiling, whisk the eggs in quickly and stir half a minute. Let it boil up two minutes, when the eggs will become thick and custard-like. Add the salt as you remove from the fire. Serve in a heated, covered dish, either alone or on slices of buttered toast. This recipe makes enough for three persons.

Turkey Dressing Croquettes.

Beat up well the cold dressing left from the turkey, and mix in one well-beaten egg, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a pinch of salt and pepper and a dash of celery salt. If there are any ragged bits of the meat, white or brown, left on the bones that cannot be used in slices, chop it finely and add to the mixture. Make it into small balls or cakes and fry brown in a deep kettle of fat, or *sauté* them in the frying-pan. This is an excellent way of serving dressing with cold sliced turkey, or even with other meats.

Snickerdoodles.

2 eggs.
½ cup of butter.
2 cups of sugar. } All even full.
1 cup of milk. }
3 cups of flour. }
2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar.
1 teaspoonful soda.
½ teaspoonful of salt.

Cream the butter and sugar together, add the beaten whites of the eggs, then the yolks. Dissolve the soda in the milk and stir into the mixture, and then add the flour in which the cream tartar and salt have been mixed. Bake in flat biscuit tins about twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Sift cinnamon and sugar over the cake before putting to bake. Cut into squares when cold. Easy to make when hurried.

Cold Water Cake.

1 cup of butter.
2 cups of sugar.
3½ cups of flour.
1 cup of cold water.
2 cups of chopped and seeded raisins.
1 teaspoonful of cloves.
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon.
1 teaspoonful of grated nutmeg.
2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.
3 eggs.
½ teaspoonful of salt.

Cream the butter and sugar together, add the beaten whites of the eggs, then the yolks, and next, the cold water. Mix all the other ingredients, except the raisins, into the flour and stir it into the batter. Lastly, add the raisins, slightly floured. Beat well and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. This recipe makes two loaves.

Méringues.

Whites of four eggs.

Nine heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar.

Beat the whites of the eggs *very* stiff and stir in the sugar gently. Have ready a clean board (*not* pine) spread with foolscap paper. Put the mixture on this by the tablespoonful, allowing space enough between each to prevent their running together. Bake in a slow, steady oven to a delicate brown. Place two together with whipped cream between them.

Mayonnaise Sandwiches.

Cut white or brown bread very thin, buttering it on the loaf before cutting it. It will make neater slices if it is at least twelve hours old. Have ready half a cupful of boiled ham, chopped very fine. Mix this to a soft paste with Durkee's salad dressing, and spread the mixture between two slices of the buttered bread. Cut into small sandwiches.

These may be varied by using minced sardines, tongue, chicken, or lobster in place of the ham.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Schenectady, N. Y.

DEAR HOME-MAKER: I so deeply sympathize with the correspondent who asks for a remedy for a troublesome kitchen sink, that I wish to tell of my battle with and victory over the same household enemy. I, too, had all the trouble of slowly-clogging waste pipes, grease sticking to the sides and bottom of the sink most persistently, and every few weeks nothing would answer but to call in the plumber to overhaul the pipes, pay his bill, and have a short interval of peace. At last, following a suggestion from an unusually sensible plumber, I procured from my druggist two pounds of potash, which I dissolved in about a gallon of water, and poured slowly down the waste-pipe, taking care to thoroughly shower every part of the iron sides and bottom of the sink as the liquid escaped from the pitcher. I used an old bed-room pitcher whose bowl had been broken, as the strong solution would eat into a pail of wood or tin.

It proved a perfect cure. Every two or three weeks I repeat the dose, and for over two years I have had no trouble with my kitchen sink.

The potash cuts and takes up all the

grease which accumulates and hardens in pipe and trap, and keeps them clear and clean. An occasional cleansing of pipes in my bath-room and wash-stands all over the house, keeps them also in good condition, and makes the care of house and home easier, to at least one

Constant Reader..

More Flat Experiences.

LAST winter it was our fortune or misfortune to live in a flat. Reading "Flat Notes" made me think of some of our contrivances.

We used a sugar barrel in moving to pack the crockery in, and as we wished to keep it for the same purpose when we returned to the country in the spring, and as there was no room for anything useless in our limited quarters, by means of a three-cornered board and a little cretonne we transformed it into a dainty dressing-table.

That's where we put the newspapers. Each week as the pile grew large, I put them into the barrel, and by the time we left it was full, and we used them to pack with.

A large packing-case, prettily draped, formed another dressing-table, and some boards made to slip into the case as shelves held the household linen.

A cot, used as a bed at night, was by means of a cover of cretonne and a roll pillow at either end, of the same material, made to do duty in the daytime as a lounge.

We had the same trouble as the writer of "Flat Notes" with regard to the onions, and unfortunately our neighbors were exceedingly fond of them. But that was more easily endured than the noise when the people above allowed the children to play tag up and down the bare hall. I felt like sending them a pair of slippers for their Christmas, with the request that they would wear them in the house.

Now that we are back in our country house again, we can laugh at our queer experiences, but we were all glad that it was not necessary to repeat them this winter.

J. G. S.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

BOYS VERSUS SENTIMENTALISM.

IT would sometimes seem as though boys were destitute not only of sentimentality, but of all genuine sentiment. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett once related of her three-year-old Vivian, that he was very fond of playing with fire. She had said nearly everything to him that she could think of, in order to cure him of this dangerous proclivity, but without effect.

"I will tell him an awful story," she said to herself. "It shall make him crawl all over."

She accordingly related to him the terrible fate of a naughty child, who had meddled with matches, whose clothes caught fire and who was burned to a crisp.

Little Vivian listened with intense interest, and welcomed the denouement with not even a sigh of horror. On the contrary, he seemed rather pleased.

"And now, mamma," he said, with enjoying appreciativeness, "please tell me some more stories about bad little *girls* who were burned to a *crips*."

Upon another occasion the children had been playing so roughly with her before dressing in the morning, that she told them they had given her a pain in her heart. "That means heart-disease," she tried to explain to them. "If you play so hard and don't mind me about it, your poor mamma will die."

As she entered the breakfast-room little Vivian was balancing a spoonful of cracked wheat in his hand.

"Yes," she said, "if you do not learn to be more gentle, I shall be dead before you know it."

But, after the fashion of such youth, Master Vivian was determined not to be impressed.

"I'll bet you," he said, holding on to his spoonful of wheat with the air of giving a manly challenge, "I'll bet you I can eat up this wheat before you can begin to die!"

An older boy, on the contrary, often unconsciously revealed a wealth of real sentiment in his soul. One night, when he was about five years old, he fell asleep in his mother's arms. When she put him into his bed she kissed him again, and again, and called him pet names. He was so sleepy that he could not kiss her in return, but he murmured drowsily, as if to comfort her for his seeming indifference: "Mamma,—my—heart—is—listening—to—you."

"Mamma," said a little boy of six, in a tone very different from his usual one—which was cold and unsentimental—"which do you like best—the bright, new flags, or the old ragged flags which have been in the battle?"

It was a gala day, and the child with his mother, was just passing a public building, gaily decorated with bunting. Directly over the door of this great edifice, showing pathetically among the unstained banners which had seen no service, hung a cluster of the old battle-flags.

The mother perceived that the sight of them had struck deep into the child's heart. She answered his question by asking another.

"Which do you like best yourself?" she said.

"Oh," he replied, with a quivering lip, "I like best the old ragged flags that have been in the battle—oh, a great deal!—don't you?"

The mother had not realized before what a true and deep imagination and heart might lie beneath an exterior which a child often tries to make as impassive as possible. She determined to drive a wedge in where the battle-flags had entered.

A brother of this child, as in the case of the other brothers who have been mentioned, was from his babyhood very tender-hearted. One day, his Uncle Tom, who had been very kind to him, placed a little twig in the child's hat just before bidding him good-bye for a long absence. The next morning, in preparing him for his daily drive, the mother saw the withered twig and started to pull it out. The child, who was thirty months old at the time, seized it with an exclamation of distress.

"Don' oo take 'e leaves out 'e baby's hat!" he cried earnestly. "Unc' Tom did 'tick 'em in 'e baby's hat."

That child had sentiment in abundance.

It is probable that the endowment of natural sentiment in the human heart varies, as the amount of brains in his head does. There is all the more reason, therefore, that a mother should gauge as early as possible her children's capacity in this direction, and should be always ready to cultivate with the greatest care whatever tiny plant of it she may find in one little nature; while, at the same time, she religiously prunes and keeps back the too-luxuriant emotional development which may confront her in another. Girls should be scrupulously limited in this direction. There is seldom any danger that a feminine nature will lack sentiment. Ten to one it is mawkish. Boys, on the contrary, are likely to despise even legitimate displays of emotion. No one is more jealously afraid of over-stepping the delicate boundary-line between sentiment and sentimentality than your genuine boy. This is well, but teach him, as clearly as in you lies, just where that boundary-line may be found.

"A man of sentiment," says some old writer, "is your only true gentleman." A distinguished man, not long ago, in describing a public character to a friend, said extenuatingly: "You would scarcely think it from the crowd he goes with, but he is really a man of some sentiment."

Like any other choice product of the soul, the quality of just feeling must be nursed in loneliness. "History shows," says a great German writer, "that the majority of men who have done anything

great have passed their youth in seclusion." It is well to urge your shy boy to go more into society, to talk more, to make friends with people, but do not grieve too much over his love for sitting alone with his books, and for strolling off by himself into the woods. Thought does not grow in crowds. "Thought is unseen nature—as nature is unseen thought." They belong together.

Many a mother has learned from her boy a great deal in this matter of sentiment. A mother's heart is always overflowing with love for her child. She longs to kiss him, to embrace him. If, as the poet tells us, it is love which gives every human being his worth, mothers are surely the most valuable atoms in the human system. But her boy is not always ready for this emotional demonstration. A little boy of nine, who was just beginning to get about after an illness, was sitting on a lounge looking over his playthings, when his mother entered.

"Oh, my darling!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around him in a passionate embrace, "I am so happy to see you getting well."

The child straightened himself with dignity.

"Don't you know, mamma," he said with some sternness, "people must have air in them, or else they can't breathe? Now you will squeeze all the air out of me if you hug me so tight. Besides, I'm busy now."

The mother felt as though she were amply reproved, and, after she could command her voice again, and wipe away the tears of laughter which her son's didactic and dignified carriage had provoked, she told him that she would in future endeavor to choose more appropriate methods and occasions for showing her delight in his recovery. There is, indeed, a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.

The families in which kisses and caresses are too common, must grow up with a wrong basis of sentiment.

The famous editor of *The Springfield Republican* once said to a young reporter who had been portraying in the most exaggerated language a public man of slight consequence: "My dear fellow, you have no words left with which to describe Jesus Christ."

The kiss and the caress lavished too freely leave us no language in which to express the deepest emotions. A certain sacredness should attach to all such demonstrations,—but in some families they are as common, and possess as little significance, as the earth beneath our feet.

Comparatively few people laugh or cry in the right places. Very few are angry at the right things. Thus their whole philosophy—the vague, dim system which the majority of men, consciously or unconsciously cherish—becomes, year by year, more awry. If we can teach our children to respond aright to the sentiments which are uttered in their presence, we shall have done a great deal toward starting them in the way to become men or women of proper sentiment, instead of people who are forever feeling glad or sorry at the wrong times. "A capacity for indignation," says Mr. Lowell, "forms a part of the outfit of every honest man." Yet how few of us cherish this capacity in our children, or teach them to discriminate regarding its exercise?

"You can't do it," some people aver. "You can't love and hate, and rejoice and mourn by rule. If the child has it in him, he will develop a right sentiment. If he hasn't, he won't."

This is not true. The boys of whom examples have been given varied greatly in natural sentiment, but any mother who has worked over her children in this matter will testify that she has noted marked changes in those whom she has been most concerned about. Like brain-power or muscle-power, right exercise and sun and diet—figuratively speaking—will do wonders for your cold and unresponsive child. If we treat him aright, and read and talk, and do the right things to him, he will expand in a way to gladden your soul. The wilderness will blossom as the rose.

The love of good poetry, for instance, is the surest thing to develop sentiment. "Poets," says Mrs. Browning, "are the only truth-tellers left to God." But not all so-called poets *are* poets, and these modern days have seen a class of clever word-jugglers arise, whose object is to eliminate all sentiment from their verses, and to create only admiration for their dainty word-work. This is as destitute of soul, or soul-stirring power, as are the productions of our cleverest contemporary novelists. They will do your children no good, except as studies in literary expression; but the old ballads, —the ringing voices of the older lyrists, with strong extracts from Shakspeare and Milton thrown in as the child can bear

them—in short, any verses which have lived long enough to prove their right to life, and which a young mind can take in, —these will strengthen and straighten sentiment.

It is a source of stumbling, in a land like ours, that the voice of the majority is accepted almost as the voice of God,—and that the voice of the majority is so likely to be on the wrong side. It cannot be too early impressed upon our boys that, as in Lot's time, it is the "saving remnant," which rescues the city. The smoking, drinking, "striking" crowds who rule our great towns—the hypocrisy and covert craft which govern in our high places—these perplex and disturb the minds of our boys. It is never too early to begin to make these matters plain. Talk freely with your children. They will never tell you the little mysteries—great mysteries to them—which lurk in their childish brains, but be constantly explaining everything which you fancy may puzzle them. Make as explicit as possible the difference between cant and true religion—not in long, preachy sermons—but in brief, plain sentences, well illustrated by impersonal instances. Show them as carefully as you can, in as many ways as you can, the distinction between honest, high literature and mere well-expressed platitudes: between living for the approval of the multitude and living for the approval of God. If we can make our boys understand these things, and passionately long to cleave to the true and the honest, we may feel that we have done our best to help them to become what should be a snfficient goal for a mother's ambition—men of true sentiment. Above all things, teach them never to despise the generous impulses with which their own young intuitions, or your patient teaching may have inspired their babyhood. "Be true," said the noble Schiller, "to the dream of thy youth," and Heine prayed: "Oh, ye gods! I do not beseech ye to spare me my youth, but to leave me the virtues of youth—disinterested wrath—disinterested tears!"

Kate Upson Clark.

CARE OF THE TOILET.

SOONER or later there comes a time in the life of the average girl when she realizes that she is not beautiful. This paper is written with the desire to convince that composite young lady that by a little daily care, and a good deal of patience, she may "achieve" a portion of that beauty to which she has not been "born." Without going so far as one of Cable's Creoles, who asserts that "it is a crime for a woman to look ugly," I think all womanly women will agree that a girl who does not make the most of her natural graces and attractions makes a serious mistake.

I can point out no new and royal road to beauty, but I shall suggest as concisely as possible some simple, practical aids to improvement within the reach of the average girl.

Generally speaking, I believe a clear, pure complexion is one of the most noticeable attractions of girl or woman. One may have fine features, and yet a complexion so poor that to the casual observer there is no hint of beauty in the face; while a good complexion, with its inevitable suggestion of health and purity, lends a charm to the plainest features. One cannot hope to secure or retain a brilliant complexion without scrupulous personal neatness. "Cleanliness" is next to many desirable things beside "Godliness."

The Order of the Bath should be more popular. Does this seem superfluous? A certain incident has taught me that ideas of neatness differ. A well-dressed, well-connected girl at a summer resort confided to several casual acquaintances that she always rejoiced when spring came, so she could bathe again. The look of surprise which met this remark was followed by her earnest assertion: "Indeed, I *am!*—I'm always sorry when the 1st of December comes, and I know I can't take a bath until May.

Some persons may not mind it—but I am *so* neat."

Now there is no reason for incessant cold bathing in season and out of season. I know a girl who religiously shivered and shuddered through a cold bath, in a cold room, day after day, the only perceptible effect being that she was reduced to a constant state of blue chilliness.

If one can take a sponge bath every morning, using soft water with a little Household Ammonia, it should have a beneficial effect on health, spirits, and complexion. Before breakfast is the best time for such a bath. It should be taken briskly, in a warm room, and be followed by rubbing, till thoroughly dry, with a large Turkish towel, if possible. The rubbing, which brings a delightful glow to some skins, is simply torture to others. Use a little common sense, and find what suits you best. Remember three things:—avoid a chill; dry the skin thoroughly, and don't be too long about it. Five minutes is amply sufficient.

A course of Turkish baths will sometimes do much in the way of clearing the complexion, but this is not always available. A warm plunge bath two or three times a week, with a cold *douche* by way of finish, is desirable. Many like friction with bran during the bath.

Out-door exercise, plenty of simple, nourishing food, regular bathing and sleep should insure a good complexion under ordinary circumstances.

A pale, sallow girl should be careful to maintain all bodily functions in good order. She should eat fruits and salads, and avoid sweetmeats, pastry, tea, and coffee; plenty of sleep, at regular hours, and all the milk she likes—warm or cold. A glass of hot milk at bed-time, with a pinch of salt, or a tiny pinch of Cayenne pepper, will be good for her.

In the spring, water-cresses and dandelions will aid in clearing the skin. Raspberry or strawberry-leaf tea, taken daily as a supper-time beverage, is highly recommended by Dr. Kingsford. (The dried leaves can be had of the druggist.) As an outward application let her try this inexpensive and delightful lotion:

Milk of Roses.

Drop by drop, add 1 oz. *simple* Tincture Benzoin to 1 qt. rose-water—shaking all the time to avoid lumping. Then, one drop at a time, add 20 or 30 drops Tinct. Myrrh. Mix well, bottle, cork, and bathe the face and neck with it once or twice a day.

Diet and care of general health are just as important in case of undue redness of the skin. A girl troubled by excessive color should eat freely of oranges every morning, and drink unsweetened lemonade—pure lemon juice is too acid, and injurious to teeth and stomach. She should take great care not to wear any tight clothing—shoes, corset, gown, or even gloves. Of course she wears hose supporters instead of the old-fashioned elastic band. A diet of fish sometimes lowers the color, and a daily bowl of carrot-soup will produce a decided effect within a month. Instead of soap for face and neck, she should use slices of carefully-pared cucumber. For freckles, moisten the finger tip, and dip into finely-powdered nitre, touching each freckle. If anything will remove them, this will, though, unlike beauty, they are more than "skin-deep."

Don't sit near a hot fire. Don't bathe the face just before or just after exposure to out-door air. Find some one soap that suits you, and keep to it. Frequent changes are injurious. The use of sulphur soap tarnishes and blackens any jewelry you may wear. Whatever soap is used should be carefully rinsed off with fair water.

Teeth.

Care of the teeth should begin as soon as there are any teeth to care for. Unfortunately, most parents do not realize that on the care of the milk-teeth depends to a great extent the kind of teeth that are to come after. As early as possible, a child should be taught to cleanse its teeth after each meal. First take a silk or linen thread (dental floss is best) between every two teeth; then wash with cool water (once a day using some simple dentifrice). The brush should not be stiff enough to irritate the gums. A few drops of Tinct. Myrrh in water is a pleasant mouth wash. Prepared chalk and orris-root make a simple tooth-powder. Always brush the teeth at night.

If your teeth are not in good condition let me advise you to go at once to a good dentist and have them put in order. For the future, go once in three months for his inspection. Most of the Englishwomen I

have known have had simply indescribable teeth, pretty hair, good complexions; white hands they may have, but no American girl of my acquaintance would calmly accept such teeth. One of these Trans-Atlantic visitors actually said she considered it "vulgar" to pay so much attention to the teeth as Americans do! "Really, an American girl will have artificial teeth put in if hers are not good," she said, with an air of disgust. Certainly, the idea of "artificials" is anything but delightful, but were I compelled to choose, I should infinitely prefer them to the ghastly specimens she claimed as "all her own."

Don't eat or drink anything very hot nor very cold—very sweet, nor very acid. Ethan Allen may have cracked tenpenny nails and black walnuts with his teeth, but don't emulate his example. Don't bite off threads. A prominent dentist once told me that many teeth are ruined by that habit. I know one lady who split a tooth completely in two by this apparently insignificant action.

A fragrant breath is another charm which is not cultivated as it should be. Unpleasant breath sometimes comes from the teeth, sometimes from the stomach. In the first place consult the dentist; in the second, the physician. In case of trifling and temporary disturbance, try a bit of orris-root, or let a little licorice dissolve slowly in the mouth. Let me beg of you—don't use the "licorice lozenges" commonly sold for coughs—the odor is very disagreeable to many, and I have known some persons affected almost to fainting by the proximity of some one enjoying this delicacy. Licorice alone has no perceptible odor.

H. P. D.

OUR GROWING GIRL.

DEAR HOME-MAKER:

I would like to enter through the pages of your magazine a plea for the growing girls of the household; girls from nine to fifteen, who are past the age of babyhood, and have not yet arrived at the dignity of young ladies.

One scarcely ever opens a periodical now-a-days that does not contain its "Mother's Corner" devoted to the interests of the darling of the family. Equally as often do we find chapter and article on the training of our boys, and for the benefit of our grown or nearly-grown daughter; while, as far as I am able to discover, the class of girls in the "between" age is left out in the cold. What shall we do with them—how train them—how care for them during this formative period, that they may grow up in health, moral and physical, to be "the polished corners of the Temple?"

Many a mother who thinks nothing too much trouble, no sacrifice too great to be made for baby's sake, who will spend hours of labor on pretty garments for baby's sister still in the nursery, considers her duty well done when she sees that her child of ten or twelve is comfortably clad and goes regularly to day and Sunday school. It is the teacher's business to attend to the rest. There is another, and I think larger class of mothers who would be glad of instruction from older, wiser heads as to the best methods of home teaching and home training for the growing girl. The mother who feels that she ought to do something, yet does not know exactly what the "something" is, whose time is limited by other duties, yet who is not willing to see her daughter grow away from her side and influence, and who hugs baby closer to her heart while it is still her own. It may be said that school-girls have little time to spare for home, and while this is true in a measure, it does not cover all cases. I have in my mind's eye a girl of eleven who is out of school half the time on account of poor health. If allowed to follow her own inclination she would read from dawn of day till late at night.

Nothing comes amiss, from history to fairy tales. Lessons she almost hates, and sewing she detests. Work she will not unless compelled. If told to do a thing she does it—with a mental protest. She is always tired and seldom well. Her reading is limited to so much each day, and when the weather is suitable she is made to live

out of doors, and in the summer matters go in tolerably smooth grooves, but with the snow and sleet of winter trouble begins. As far as knowledge goes, the mother of this girl does the best she can, but the problem is still unsolved. What shall I do that my child may grow into the woman I want her to be?

I have never had my sympathies more excited than for a mother of my acquaintance whose little girl of eleven was taken from her by a "dispensation of Providence." She was a bright, intelligent child, ambitious for herself, and her parents for her; so when she proposed to try for an examination, that if passed successfully would take her six months in advance of her companions, she was encouraged in the idea.

The mother, occupied in the nursery, had no time to see if the studies were beyond the capacity of the student. That was the teacher's business. A week before the examination Amy came home with a severe headache. The next day she was worse, and a little later white crêpe floated from the door-knob. "A dispensation of Providence," said one and another. A want of proper care and knowledge, said Common Sense.

I do not need to cite other instances; we have but to open our eyes to see many of them. Then is not this period of a girl's age, when mind and body are being trained and molded, equally as important as that of infancy; and do not mothers, even more than daughters, need counsel as to what they shall do—what leave undone?

N. H. C.



EDITED BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

THE ANTIQUITY OF NEEDLEWORK.—COMBINATIONS OF EMBROIDERY AND PAINTING.—LAMP SHADES.—SCREENS.—TRAVELING RUGS.—COFFEE-POT HOLDERS.



SHE wore out her woes with her needle."—*Lady Jacqueline.*

"Between the whiles, she knitted, knitted."

"Her Majesty gave great encouragement to needle-workers."—*Annals of Queen Anne.*

"The royal prisoner found in the employment of her needle great amelioration of the trials of captivity."—*Miss Strickland.*

THE ANTIQUITY OF NEEDLEWORK.

EVER since the Mother of us all experimented in sewing leaves together for raiment in her garden home, women have practiced, and more or less enjoyed, needlework. Embroidery, although a modernized art, is undeniably one of great antiquity, dating probably as far back as any of the decorative arts.

In a beautiful reception-room in a show residence in England, is a white cloth portière, embroidered with gold stripes, the design for which was copied from a vestment found in a royal tomb three thousand years old. Antique designs in embroidery

are now very much affected, but many of them are so familiar that we do not think of tracing their origin to times more remote than our own.

Combinations of Embroidery and Painting.

THE worker who has skill enough with her brush to introduce painting into her embroidered designs is very fortunate, for some beautiful and artistic results follow the combination when skilfully done. Even when without knowledge of painting herself, the embroiderer can call in an artist's aid, as in case of the large figures upon hangings or tall screens, where the robes are worked in floss silks and the arms and faces painted. The well-known picture of the Queen Louisa with the doves circling about her as she descends the stairs, has been in this fashion embroidered and painted on a large canvas panel to hang in a hall.

Lamp Shades.

SOME French shades that are very shadowy and beautiful are made of seven widths of watered ribbon and seven strips of bolting cloth. The ribbons are left the full width, which is about two inches at the top and bottom. The bolting cloth, which is the same width, narrows to nothing at the top, and the ribbons are made into upright loops at the top, while an elastic is run in two inches below to draw the shade to the right size and shape. Upon each piece of bolting cloth is an upright floral pattern, alike in each one, done in oil colors. One that was shown me was an arrangement of rich purple pansies; another red Japanese quince blossoms and leaves. Still another had a decoration of buttercups. The lower part of the shade was trimmed with white lace edging three inches wide, gathered very full.

There seems to be an exhaustless demand for lamp shades, and any woman who is ingenious enough to invent one of original style may think herself fortunate. It is by no means a very modern craze, for, as one of the art journals mentions, the Princess de Trivulce had in 1758 a lamp shade of Saxony porcelain, mounted in branched work in ormolu with flowers in porcelain.

Screens.

ENTIRELY different from any other screen known of by the writer, is a home-made one in the parlor of a family who live in a pretty parsonage in Maine. The head of the family, being expert at amateur cabinet work, constructed the frame very creditably, in very much the same style in which single panelled screens are usually made. The originality was shown in the panel, which was of thin wood beautifully covered on both sides with sheets of birch bark. Across one side, about two-thirds of the distance from the top, was secured a branch of pear wood, which, it may be remembered, is very irregular and full of short knobby twigs. Perched upon various woody projections were fully a dozen life-like stuffed sparrows, whose natural positions suggested their engrossment in the absorbing gossip which always seems to employ them when in life. Below the branch some light arrangement of twigs and mosses helped to give a perspective. On the other side of the panel was a moss-covered branch of oak with a small but very alert owl perched upon it. On the upper part was drawn a half-moon and some of the long grayish lines which indicate the evening sky on Japanese fans.

Traveling Rugs.

THE season for journeys of more or less length is now so near that suitable conveniences for travelers may well be considered. A friend about to cross the ocean can take no more useful reminder of the giver who is left behind than a steamer rug. Englishwomen are fond of making these rugs for their gentlemen friends, and some specimens of their work in this line are very elaborate, being made of heavy cloth with profuse decorations of embroidery or appliqué, with a reverse of astrachan fur or cloth. It is hardly wise to spend much time in decorating rugs, as their exposure to salt spray and rain is detrimental to almost any form of ornament which can be added to them.

The most satisfactory rugs are made of sealskin plush, lined with the same or with a fancy plush. The sides are run together and turned, and the owner's initials appliquéd in leather upon the middle of one side. The letters (or a monogram may be

used) are cut from four to six inches long, from yellow or russet leather, and firmly attached to the plush by a buttonhole stitch on their edges, done with gold-colored silk. On each corner of the rug may be applied in the same way a small fan-shaped piece of leather, which may be first ornamented with any fancy stitches in embroidery. Or instead of fan-shapes the leather may be cut in leaf form, with the veining worked in on their stitch.

Lighter rugs, that are useful on railway journeys, are made of one thickness of lady's cloth and finished on the edge with a two-inch-wide band of the same cloth in a lighter shade. A monogram in long, narrow letters, worked in one corner, with the shade of the edge, is the only ornamentation required.

Coffee-pot Holder.

A FRIEND of The Home-Maker sends with some other valuable rules, a method for making a coffee-pot holder which she says is very pretty. It imitates an ear of corn.

Wind an ounce of corn-colored single zephyr wool into two balls, and with quite fine steel needles cast on sixty-three stitches. Knit plain garter stitch back and forth for five rows.

6th row:—Tie in the other ball (without breaking off the first one) and knit seven stitches, then with the first thread knit seven. Knit across seven stitches with each thread alternately, drawing the wool tight at the beginning of each seven.

7th row:—Draw back thread tight, knit seven, throw this thread in front, and with the other thread out knit seven alternate in this way across.

8th row :—Same as sixth.

Repeat these rows until there are thirty-three ridges on right side, bind off. With strong thread draw the ends up tight and sew a tassel made of olive zephyr at each end. With a light shade of olive zephyr crochet along each side in treble crochet, then with a shade darker make a second row and still a third row with a still darker shade, breaking off the thread each time. With the darkest shade crochet a row of scallops round the four sides.

These make pretty articles for Fairs, and sell readily. *M. C. Hungerfora.*

ADVICE COLUMN.

I HOPE the friends who write to this department will acquit its editor of negligence in answering. Naturally when a question is asked an answer is desired immediately, but as a monthly magazine is made up eight or ten weeks before it reaches the eye of the public, necessarily a long wait ensues for the questioner. In many cases letters bearing inquiries which seemed to need very speedy answers, have been answered by mail, but that demands too much time to be feasible in every instance.

Mrs. Grotious.—Your commendation is very gratifying. As to painting your house I should say that three colors would be a little overpowering upon such a small building. Another on the fence would be still farther objectionable. Why not color the fence like one of the shades of the house, or, better still, remove it altogether and keep the lawn in good order. Your fellow townspeople will then be in your debt for contributing to the general beauty of the village.

Mrs. R. C. Morton.—In the "answers" contained in a recent number you will find hints for an umbrella-stand. In the Oriental hangings you speak of the stripes are perpendicular. Please accept thanks for kind words.

S. B. S.—For your reception-hall of oak, the prettiest wall would be a rough-finished plaster, glazed and tinted a pronounced blue-gray above a very high oak wainscoting. With Spanish cedar fittings in the parlor, terra cotta in a light shade with a wide frieze of pale old blue paper with Japanese chrysanthemums in gold would be very charming, and you might have sash curtains of India silk suggesting the frieze, and one or two pieces of furniture which repeat the color of either wall or frieze, with the most imposing objects, say sofa and easy chair, upholstered with rugs. If your windows are adapted for them, window seats, which may be cushioned with velvet or tapestry, would be a great addition. If you want to combine cosiness and refinement in your room, include some handsome lamps and a writing, desk among your furnishing.

Mrs. B.—Gobelin tapestry paper is probably what you mean. It has the effect of cloth material with embroidery of

worsted, and makes a beautiful wall covering in large rooms.

YOUNG WIFE.—It is not necessary to leave your hall floor bare if your husband dislikes it, even if it is hard wood. If your rugs are needed in your rooms lay a "tracker" all the length of the hall. It may be of genuine Turkish or the Smyrna imitation.





DANDELIONS

"WHY, Susie, he is the 'flower of the flock,'" said Grandpa, peeping under the little white dimity sun bonnet that shaded our baby brother's face.

Grandpa had just returned from a sea voyage, and this was the first time he had seen our new baby, and though we all conducted ourselves with a view to gaining Grandpa's approbation and were duly jealous of it, not a pang was felt at his words. We knew it was so and accepted it without a single mental reservation..

With spring came a new joy to our baby boy. The young green of the lawn, that lay in the brooding shadow of mighty willow trees, was suddenly alive with great, glowing dandelions! Here was largesse! Here he would wander the whole day long, picking bunches, making chains, or, in the deeper shade of the willow, stumble through the lush grass and pick the long-stemmed ones to blow through, making a direful, doleful sound, and, when broken too much to be available for musical purposes, they were split and rolled up to be shaken out into curls. Every vase within reach was filled with them, greatly to the disgust of the "hired girl," who turned up her nose and called them "messes" and "litter," at which his pink cheeks took on a brighter hue, and, not deigning words, his great hazel eyes, darkling, would flash contempt for her hopeless prejudice.

"Go see where your little brother is, dear."

"Oh, mama, you know where he is," I would reply, loth to leave my book, but going slowly, finishing my sentence as I walked along.

Except that seen through the clear eyes of a little child, there is no such vivid, fresh green now as grew under the shade of those great willows. We have outgrown those crystal lenses. At the further slope of the lawn he would be found, his little head just showing above the grass, shining like a great dandelion itself, while around him

were a million, bravely opened to the sun, waiting to be picked.

"Here is a chain for you, sisser Nannie," and the little, chubby white arms would hold up to their extreme limit a dandelion chain that still trailed on the grass.

"Oh, my! All for me? Isn't it a beauty?" and I knelt down while he carefully put it over my head.

"Now don't go away from here, will you, pet?"

"No, no!" he would say, surprised at the injunction, and with a sigh of content at his surroundings would proceed to pick still more of the flowers and smear his hands and face with the golden dust.

At supper he would come in tired and happy, and after his bath would climb in mama's lap for his evening song and rock-a-bye, his little white hands all covered with tiny brown ring stains from the stems of the dandelions

"What dreadfully dirty hands mama's little boy has!"

"N-o-oo!" he would say, sitting upright and looking with astonishment, "that isn't dirt, it's dannylions!"

When he was five years old came the new delight of going to school, and there was no punishment like that of absence from his lessons, his teacher, and his little chum Hattie. She was a tiny brunette, with big brown eyes, and as quick as a firefly. Together they went to and from school and studied from one book the abstruse alphabet and words of one syllable, and soon were both promoted.

So he grew in generosity and nobility, with a heart and a face as of sunlight, loved by all and loving.

One winter came a scourge of scarlet fever and seized on the children of the little village. These epidemics were looked for, and the mother who could nurse a family of children through the infantile diseases, chicken pox, whooping cough, measles, scarlatina and scarlet fever (which it was regarded as necessary to have to fit them for a life of usefulness on this earth as it was to cut their second teeth), without losing them, was indeed blessed. When the fever came parents bowed their heads before an "overruling Providence;" wan and wasted they worked and prayed day and night. One child after another gave up with bright, languid eyes and flushed faces to the awful disease that poisoned life at its source. In a few weeks scarce a day passed that a tiny grave was not opened on the now bleak hillside, and a tiny coffin carried out from a darkened home.

It seemed that all of loveliness and promise in the little village was to be taken. The school had long since been broken up, and the devoted teacher went among her little ones, but few knew her. We children fell ill one after the other, and my memory grows dim, but when I came weakly back to life I could hear my little brother moan in delirium. All his troubles were recollections of his school; he would call Hattie and talk to her, then someone, a larger boy notorious for mischief, had his slate, then his book or pencil, and he could not be comforted, though our mother, wan and white, hushed him on her arm.

One day they whispered to the rest of us cautiously that dear little Hattie was dead, but we must be very careful and not let little brother know it until he was strong and well again, he would grieve so. Hope still lived with us, though we could not look in each other's eyes as we talked.

The fever turned at last. The hard-worked physician did not leave our baby's side. Like a white rose leaf dropped from the rose in the hush of the summer wind, he seemed sinking down—down—

Then the doctor said, brokenly:

"God knows I have done my best, but his vitality was used up—there was nothing to build on."

And he left us for other homes where he might still be of use. In the bleak March wind they carried baby out from us, and when spring and sunshine came again the soft, golden stars that he loved so much covered the grave of

"The sweetest innocent that e'er did lift up eye."

This is why in the busy city when spring comes, and in some little square of lawn a few of these bright flowers are seen scattered like the first stars of evening, here and yon in a pale sky, that far-away home is before me again. I see the long stretch of undulating grass with the brave dandelions breast-high in that green sea, and in the shade of the mighty willows, see again the little golden head, and weep to think I could ever have deemed it a task to guide and follow the little feet that have passed away forever.

This to his memory.

W. B. Cossitt.

A BABY IN THE HOUSE.



IT would seem that a growing prejudice against babies exists in more minds than those of landlords.

The responsibilities of motherhood and fatherhood are not over-estimated. They cannot be dwelt upon too much or too strongly. It is, however, less the dread of this responsibility than it is the shrinking from the wear and tear of the physical care of the baby, that fosters the prejudice in many minds against him.

Let us see if this wear and tear is not unnecessarily great in many cases. There can be little question that it takes more effort and a longer time for ignorance to do a thing ill, than for knowledge to do it well. Nowhere is this truer than in caring for children. Very much of the distraction in the home that is charged to baby is due to the fact that those having him in charge do not know how to take care of him properly; it is not an inevitable consequence of the presence of a child in the family.

It is not possible to formulate a system warranted to bring up children in the way they should go, out of hand. It is neither sensible nor humane to want all babies to be alike, any more than it is to want all people to be alike. The various temperaments of little as well as of big people must be taken into account.

It was a wise man who said, that the treatment of many ills should have been begun with the grandfather of the patient. Mothers are often to blame for the cross, nervous, peevish, sleepless babies, and the blame not infrequently dates back of the birth of the child. Surely, the least that can be done when the little lives come into the world thus handicapped, is to use rational means to weed out the wrong tendencies. Sometimes the uncomfortable dispositions seem to develop spontaneously, but whatever the cause or provocation, the remedy is in rational, not in irrational treatment.

Because calm baby Ben drops off to sleep in the midst of talking, piano practice, or any other noise whenever he is nursed for a few moments, it is no reason for calling nervous baby Sue hard names because she cannot follow suit.

What is not laid to the charge of the baby who "doesn't sleep?" Yet how many such children get at all the right sort of care? How many grown people could ever get to sleep if treated the way many children are, think you? And should we think it a charitable thing to be laid under a ban, because each one of us could not adjust himself to an iron-clad theory of action.

Whatever the theory may be concerning the correct mode of infant life, the practice must be varied to suit the varied children. If half the effort were used in adapting the care to the child that is used in trying to make the child adopt one's theories, the care of a baby would soon cease to be a bugbear.

Habits, good as well as bad, are learned very easily by surprisingly young children. Sue may not be cajoled into going to sleep as Ben does, but she can, by patient effort, be taught to go to sleep just as regularly as he does.

The remedy for sleepless babies is simplicity itself. *At the same hour daily* take the child into a darkened room of comfortable temperature, take off his boots, see that the little feet are warm; loosen his clothing, and let the natural organic functions of the body be attended to. Lay the child on a comfortable bed; give him his food. If there is to be a lullaby let it be a veritable one, and not loud enough to wake the seven sleepers. The child may not go to sleep the first day, but do not despair; go through exactly the same performance the second day, and the third, and so on, always *patiently*. The mother's or nurse's mood, as much as anything, is a matter of moment. The quiet, the darkened room, the soothing voice, the perfect comfort of the body, will tell upon the rebellious little spirit before many trials have been made. The battle once won is easily held.

In warm weather it is best to undress a child for his nap.

Whatever the number of naps taken, they should evenly divide the waking hours so far as possible. For example; if there are two, let one be in the middle of the

forenoon, and one in the middle of the afternoon; if there is but one, it should come about noon.

The unmanageableness of children at the table is easily prevented, by giving them their meals by themselves. How many older people could stand being tantalized, by being set in full view of food and dishes that everybody but themselves could have?

Crying children are oftener than not taught to cry. How many times one hears: "No, you cannot have that!" and then, after the baby has set up a prolonged howl: "Well, take it then, and stop your noise! What *is* a body to do with such a child?" How often we should all cry if we got whatever we wanted by doing so. It is not an easy matter to break the crying habit once it is well established, but it can be done and should be done. Stop putting the premium on the crying. If the child can have what he wants, give it to him before he cries, not afterwards. A child does not have to be very old to learn whether he rules or is ruled.

Not all children can be taught in the same way. Firmness and good judgment are desirable attributes for the teacher, whether it be father, mother, or nurse, but sympathy is also important.

If the rational treatment of children were only for their good alone, it were surely worth while, but it means immunity from much wear and tear for the mother, and honestly-purchased peace and sunshine for the home as well.

Dinah Sturgis.

Light in Dark Places.

Mamma: What are you going to do, Johnny, when you get to be a man?

Johnny: Be a street-car driver, I am.

Mamma: And you, Ned?

Ned: I'm going to be a Professor of a school.

Mamma: Bess, it's your turn. Do you know what you are going to be?

Bess: Yes, mamma. I'm going to be a music teacher, you know.

Mamma: And Esther (at mamma's elbow), little Esther, what is she going to do when she gets to be a big girl?

Esther: I'm going to be a duster and a wash-disher, and a keep-houser, and stay with *you* and help *you!* (with a look of—"I'll show you how to do," at the rest).

Ned (*the irrepressible*): But suppose mamma should—shouldn't be here always! Suppose mamma should—die! Then what would you do? Then where would you go?

Esther: Go? Where would I go? (with a look of offended propriety). Why! *go to the funeral, of course!*

Nell has a pet butcher bird, that has just about half made up his mind to civilization. He lives in the box she has fitted up for him half of the time, and balances on the fence, the shed roof, and the neighbors' clothes line the other half. After a noisy and perilous chase Nellie has him again, and all is well. Another dash at the salt-box arouses apprehensions. "Why Nell," says auntie, as she sees a shower of salt descending in Billy's uneasy nest, "isn't Billy caught?" "Yes, auntie, but I want him to *stay caught!*"

L. M. F.

Joseph's Pants.

My little two-year-old has added something new to the story of Joseph and his brethren. I told him the Bible version of the story, and he seemed much interested in Joseph's coat of many colors. When I had finished he said: "Papa, tell me about his *pants.*"

J. C. S.

HOUSEHOLD HEALTH

EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

PHYSICAL BACKBONE.



E would call the attention of our readers to Dr. M. T. Bissell's able and interesting paper on "*Physical Culture at Home.*" It is an important subject, especially for the consideration of girls. There is nothing which adds more to personal beauty than an upright, graceful carriage. It can be acquired by perseverance and attention. Fanny Kemble in her autobiography tells of the military officer whose mission it was to train the aristocratic daughters of England so that they would walk and stand properly. It was under his tuition that she attained this accomplishment.

One of the famous teachers of a fashionable select school instructed her young ladies never to go through a door without observing that the perpendicular of their bodies was as straight as that of the door.

Who does not know some dear old lady who in her teens, fifty or more years ago, learned the art of upright carriage and so stiffened her backbone that through all the pilgrimage of life it has remained firm as iron. Such a back scorns the support of a chair when reading or sewing. We do not think it fair to intimate that this generation is a whit behind that of any preceding in mental or moral backbone, but that stiff, upright, seemingly non-articulated portion of the bony structure has since our grandmothers' time apparently lost much of its unyielding nature, and is much less under the all-powerful control of its owner.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AT HOME.

THE present widespread interest in physical training, and the erection of costly gymnasia in many localities of the country devoted to this purpose must be hailed with satisfaction by all who are concerned with the development of American youth.

But it would seem that there is danger lest, in this awakened enthusiasm for school training, we should forget that physical culture, like charity, should begin at home.

All intelligent parents are accustomed to direct carefully the diet, sleep, and dress of their children, and to some extent their exercise; but we venture the assertion that few parents are doing this with any definite idea of the results of their system upon the bodies of their children, or, indeed, with much definite knowledge as to the actual present condition of that development.

Infants and very young children are, as a rule, subjected to a daily inspection of their bodies by either nurse or mother, and in their case abnormalities or peculiar physical conditions are readily recognized; but after the child is old enough to bathe herself, this inspection is generally dispensed with.

That the omission is attended with unfortunate results, the dress-maker and physician alike can testify. The former is too often the first to discover that the growing girl has a protuberant hip, or a low shoulder, or some other negligence or defect of carriage which, upon examination, is shown to be the result of unsymmetrical development, greater or less spinal curvatures, undeveloped muscles, or other physical fault.

The condition is often remediable, but,

unfortunately, it is not always so when discovered; and it is not a comforting consideration that, with a more intimate knowledge of the physical growth of the child, it might have been prevented.

The causes of these conditions often lie in the familiar facts and habits of home life.

The constant carrying of school books in the right hand, or the weight of a heavy school-bag, suspended over the right shoulder, will tend to lower that side, pulling down one shoulder and leaving the other apparently raised. If these weights be unusually heavy, the spinal column is sometimes bent a trifle to bring the centre of gravity where it can sustain the burden.

Prolonged piano-practice in the case of children whose muscles are not strong may result in such faulty positions on the part of the tired player as to leave a permanent impress upon the figure. The wearing of coats or garments which are even but a trifle too tight across the chest will prove to be a constant, though mild restraint to the full development of this bony structure, and the consequent limitation to expansion of the lungs.

In fact, the instances and possibilities in this direction are familiar to every thoughtful mother, as their results are to every practitioner.

The careful and periodical inspection of the bodies of growing children, by the family physician as well as by the mother, would be the first step to the prevention of many physical deformities, and the basis for intelligent care and physical training. Such an inspection should be made in the case of growing children as often as twice yearly, and any tendencies to faulty poses, stooping, one-sided development, or other imperfection, be noted. The causes for such condition should then be inquired into and removed; and intelligent direction as to certain sports, plays, or, with older children, systematic exercises could take the place of hap-hazard method. Once a year such children should be carefully measured to ascertain their chest-girth, arm and leg development, their weight as compared with height, and other data, which would prove not only of present interest, but the means of comparing them with the standard of development, and directing their home and school training accordingly.

The application of such methods to the daily routine of home and school life is easily apparent. It is evident that a young girl who has an incipient spinal curvature will not be improved by two hours of consecutive piano practice, where the weakened spinal muscles are called upon to support the spinal column in an erect position which they are in no condition to do. Failing to support it, such positions long maintained must tend to perpetuate the difficulty, and encourage the deforming curves.

The importance of ascertaining this affection in its incipiency is readily appreciated, when we see the deformities that result from the undiagnosed cases, and realize that, if left to themselves, their tendency is almost invariably to progress.

It is only by the careful inspection of the bodies of children that such conditions are ever recognized in their early stages, and combined with some system of accurate measurements of growth and development of the child, these examinations cannot fail to contribute to its physical improvement, and afford a rational basis for physical training.

Many practical points may be ascertained in this way. Small waists generally point to undeveloped muscles in the lumbar region—the "small of the back"—which is often a weak portion of a woman's anatomy, and the development of which brings strength and comfort in its train.

Small arms, especially small upper arms, are generally associated with an undeveloped chest. It is a recognized fact that exercises which are given to enlarge the chest are largely performed by the arms.

Disproportion in the strength of muscles is also ascertained by these examinations, and if once the conditions are recognized, the remedy is generally within the reach of all. Little children can be drilled at home by means of plays and games which call for the requisite physical exertion, and yet do not tire the child in their accomplishment, while the older ones can practice the necessary movements, with or without apparatus, in a systematic manner.

Especially should correct habits in standing and walking be encouraged at home, and although this may require much ingenuity and tact, if accomplished without too much stress, we believe that most mothers are equal to this task, if they appreciate its importance. The possibility of inculcating an erect pose by daily drill in walking is demonstrated every day in the military schools for boys, where example and precept, and a certain *esprit du*

corps combine to metamorphose many a lounging, stooping figure into the familiar military attitude. And, while this especial pose is not, perhaps, the end to be attained in the training of girls, the straight back and advanced chest that it cultivates would prove a great beautifier to most of our American girls.

It is the writer's practice to have such children as require special training in this direction drill before a pier mirror, where the eye assists the oral instruction and makes the meaning of the lesson plain.

An important adjuvant to physical training at home is the provision of suitable chairs for children, as well as tables or desks at which they sit for study or play.

Infants and very young children are generally provided for in this respect, but after the age of five or six years we commonly find little regard paid to the differing lengths of legs and backs in the growing children of a household, and the result is that the children are obliged to adopt awkward and unhealthful positions in order to obtain any real support to the spine or to rest the legs.

The seats of chairs intended for children should not be too deep from before backward, because a child's thigh is commonly short, nor should the chair ever be so high that his feet cannot reach easily to the floor. The back should curve in somewhat, to fit the spine at the waist line or small of the back, and should reach about to the shoulders in height.

It is a not uncommon sight to see a child at home or in school painfully adjusting his body to the shape of chairs intended for adults, with his feet twisted in the front rounds of the chair for support, and his hips and spine so little supported by the seat and back of the chair as to recall the old whimsicality that Americans have found a use for the small of the back, for they sit on it. Such arrangements are little less than barbaric, for they cause a species of torture no less real than the Chinese shoe, and quite as far-reaching in its effects, for in no case can rest or comfort for tired muscles be gotten from these ill-adjusted supports.

The relation of the height of chairs to the dining or the library-table should also be remembered in striving to adjust home conditions to the greatest physical good of the family. Here again tiny children are always provided for, but the others will generally be found supporting their arms on the table in such a way as to give a high-shouldered appearance which suggests discomfort and bad position.

It will not always be possible to provide a separate chair for every different age in the household, nor would it be necessary, but a certain wise over-sight in these matters would undoubtedly make more provision for the physical needs and diversities in the family than is commonly given.

Hassocks can be provided for the children to rest their feet upon if the chairs are too high, and cushions can be arranged to raise the chair seats about the table to a comfortable height.

Trivial as these details may appear, they are by no means unimportant in the long list of the constant influences which go to train and develop the pliable bodies of children, and, when intelligent examination of their physical condition is made, the results of wise supervision in these and innumerable other respects are often as happily evident to the mother as their omission is often unfortunately so to the physician.

Mary Taylor Bissell, M. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Constipation in the Young.

M. H. M. B. writes for "an effectual remedy for constipation in babies." The manner of putting the question plainly shows the state of mind which obtains in the mother whose infant is thus afflicted. In the first place she regards it truly as an affliction, and in the next place she is laboring under the delusion that there can be *one* "effectual remedy." She is undoubtedly right in her feelings of anxiety for the child, but she misapprehends the condition of the child in thinking that what has produced the trouble in the one case is one and the same which renders all other children constipated. There are a variety of underlying causes which produce constipation in young infants. There may be need of surgical interference, for an obstruction may exist which was congenital, or a growth may have come which blocks the intestinal canal. We know of an instance in an extremely young child, whose mother carried her to a noted specialist in rectal diseases. He refused to prescribe

without making first an examination under ether. The family physician strongly advised against such a course, and intimated that he could cure the constipation without recourse to any such radical procedure. Several months after the child, who had not improved, was brought to the noted specialist a second time, the examination was consented to, and a large growth was found which had very nearly closed the passage. Of course there are symptoms sufficiently pronounced for a competent physician to tell the probability of the existence of such obstruction.

Lack of tonicity of the bowels is another cause for constipation. We have been told by the resident physician of one of the large infant asylums of New York that great success has been obtained in these cases by massage of the bowels. Night and morning, as the child is dressed or undressed, it is very easy for the mother or nurse to knead and manipulate the abdomen for five minutes or more. Electricity in the hands of a physician often proves a most excellent remedy.

The food of the infant is frequently a source of constipation. It may be too starchy, or if the infant is still in milk diet, there may be too much casein and too little sugar. An excellent authority speaks of the latter and recommends giving, when such a cause is suspected, a lump of sugar dissolved in warm water before each nursing. Dr. J. Lewis Smith recommends apple, scraped or baked, or apple sauce, which may be given to quite young children.

A liberal use of water sometimes has a beneficial effect. Many forget to give the baby a drink of water, not remembering that that beverage is a necessity to the infant as well as to the adult.

Dr. R. Jacobi very justly remarks in his monograph on "Intestinal Disorders of Children:" "Very little medicine should be given in all forms of constipation in infants or children. The best, after all, may be magnesia, as there is frequently too much acid in the intestinal tract of the young. Spiced rhubarb with a small pinch of soda is an excellent remedy for temporary as well as chronic constipation."

Dr. Jacobi thinks that the prejudice against rectal injections is unfounded, and he recommends them even if they have to be given every day for a long time. He remarks that they should be given not too hot and not too cold, and may contain a small quantity of salt, a half teaspoonful to the pint of water.

Fortunately chronic constipation in the infant and young child is not very common. It may be prevented by educating the children to regular habits in paying attention to their bowels, accustoming them to move at a certain time in the day.

Temporary constipation is quite easily relieved by placing in the rectum a smooth plug made of castile soap.

SOME HOMELY REMEDIES.

POULTICES.

All poultices should be spread between two pieces of old, soft linen, and covered over with a layer of oiled silk. Never let the substance of the poultice come in contact with the skin, or allow it to get cold or hard.

LINSEED POULTICE.

½ cup of linseed meal.
1 teaspoonful well-prepared mutton tallow.
Mix with hot water to a smooth paste.

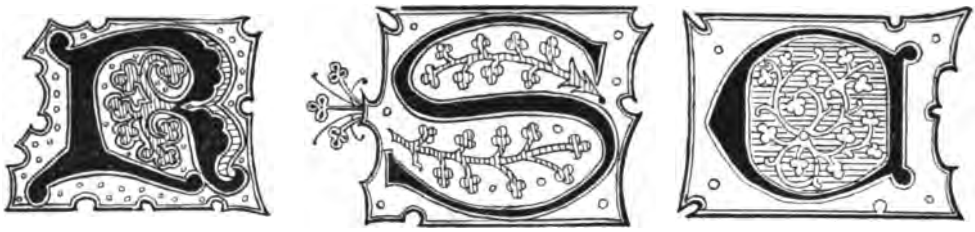
ONION POULTICE.

Cook onions until a straw will pierce them. Mix with linseed or corn-meal to a smooth paste, using the water in which the onions were boiled.

MUSTARD POULTICE.

3 teaspoonfuls linseed meal.
1 heaping teaspoonful ground mustard.
Mix with hot water.

The roasted core of an onion will sometimes act like magic in an aching ear.



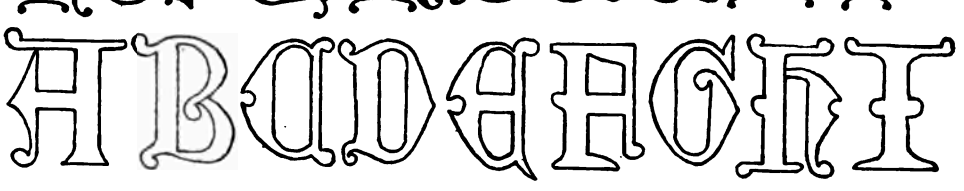


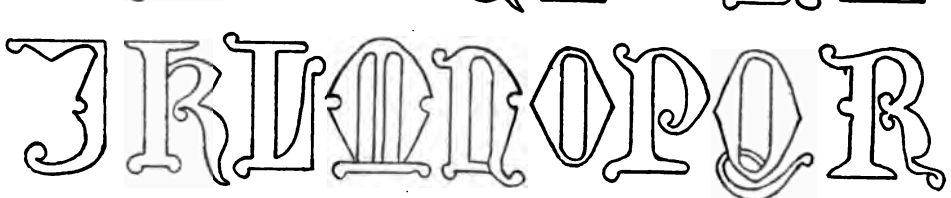


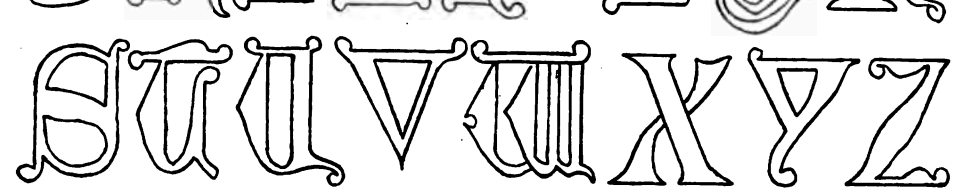


abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz. &c.







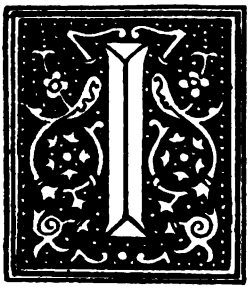


THE HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

Letters for Illumination. By Walter Pelham.

HOW TO ILLUMINATE IN GOLD AND COLORS. PART I.

INTRODUCTION.



LLUMINATING or Missal Painting (the ornamenting of manuscripts and books) is a most refining and delightful art which dates back as far as the beginning of the fourth century.

From that period until about a hundred years after the invention of printing, in 1450, Illuminating had developed—chiefly in the hands of the pious monks and their indefatigable scribes—until such a degree of artistic excellence had been attained as to make the examples which remain, by their delicacy of treatment and minute but faultless execution, the wonder, delight, and envy of succeeding generations.

Many interesting and exquisite examples of the various styles of Illumination, produced between the fourth and seventeenth centuries, enrich the public and private libraries of Europe, and, thanks to the princely munificence of the donors, some of the chief public libraries of our own country now contain a few rare and original ensamples of almost priceless value.

Reproductions, by chromo-lithography, of some of the more notable of these medieval marvels may be also found in our chief public libraries. Truly, such reproductions give but a faint idea of the richness, beauty, and details of the original works; nevertheless, a careful examination of them will prove a rich feast of color and design to the wondering eyes of the student, and afford ample compensation for whatever time he may so employ.

Many of these elaborate compilations are magnificent specimens of art printing, and highly valuable for purposes of reference to the advanced student, but fail utterly in being of assistance to the beginner. Such works are lacking not only in a thorough practical interpretation of the methods needful to be employed, but the necessary simple examples of design; and, by their very elaboration often deter those unacquainted with the subject in hand from making an effort to understand, practice, and master the art it was the compilers' intention to introduce and foster.

We do not attempt the teaching of the higher branches of the art of Illuminating; the space at our disposal being limited and the means of illustration at our command inefficient for such purpose. Nevertheless, we can whet the appetites of those of our readers who desire to learn practically somewhat of the methods employed, and by supplying a few well-chosen examples, we hope to induce them to study and by practicing obtain a knowledge of one of the most prominent and delightful arts of the earlier and middle ages.

Some people very ignorantly condemn the revival of Illumination as needless, now that such perfection has been attained by the various processes of printing; but they may rest assured that its practice is—especially for young people—most disciplinary and delightful, and tends, even as an accomplishment, to strengthen those qualities of patience, thoughtfulness, and delicacy, which shed so salutary an influence upon our daily life. The schoolboy and girl might very profitably and pleasantly acquire their first knowledge in free-hand drawing and coloring by heading their copy-book pages with an occasional simple capital at first to relieve the tedium of the repeated text or small hand.

As the student progresses he must necessarily consult works and examples of a more pretentious character than those it is our privilege to offer within the pages of THE HOME-MAKER.

With such advantages as surround the modern student, and by due energy, he should be able to produce results, in a comparatively short time, that will not only bear favorable comparison with the works of the earlier illuminators—but prove to him a never-ending source of delight.

We will now turn our attention to practical Illumination, and if our suggestions and instructions be carefully followed, a satisfactory result will be most surely obtained.

BEGINNER'S OUTFIT.

1. Small drawing board.—2. Cheap box of mathematical instruments.—3. Small T square.—4. Two or three small brushes.—5. H. pencil and a lithographic pen.—6. Cardboard.—7. India rubber.—8. Shell gold or gold paint.—9. Cheap box of ordinary water colors.—10. Half a dozen drawing pins.—11. Tracing paper.—12. Bottle Chinese white.—13. Gilder's whiting and size.

The cost of the forementioned articles is about $1.25, but the chief of them are included in the ordinary school outfit.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

1.—Patience, cleanliness and earnestness of purpose are essentials to Illuminating.

2.—Immediately upon discovering all unsatisfactory results, efface them.

3.—Keep each color separate, and clean perfectly the brushes before using them.

4.—Be careful to protect with paper or otherwise all portions of the Illumination not being worked upon.

5.—The student will soon be able to discover the various styles or characters of the lettering and ornamentation. He should never mix the styles of work. Let, for instance, Twelfth Century Letters be ornamented only by the colors and forms peculiar to that period.

6.—When using the ruling-pen keep it upright with the head of the screw outwards. Always clean it as soon as done with.

7.—When ruling, in color, thick or thin lines, be careful that the pen or instrument is charged with no more color than is necessary, otherwise when it comes in contact with the surface (paper or vellum) the fluid will flow too rapidly and possibly blot the work.

8.—Do not attempt to work on vellum until some proficiency has been attained, although vellum, if properly prepared, will be found to be a delightful surface both for drawing and painting.

9.—Bear in mind that it is not so much the superior quality of the colors employed as their harmonious and contrastive distribution that causes the casual observer to express delight at the chromatic result. Therefore, a box of Illuminating Colors, though of course not to be despised, is a most unnecessary luxury. A cheap box of ordinary water colors is all that is necessary for beginners.

10.—If small dots are required on the letters, ornaments, or paper, they can be easily made with the aid of a ruling pen. Be careful not to overload the pen with color, and make an experiment or two upon a waste sheet of paper before dotting the work in progress.

11.—Before ruling lines by aid of the T square or parallels, place a slip of thick cardboard underneath such instrument; otherwise the edge of the square or parallel being in contact with the paper, the color is apt to spread, the line becomes "blurred" and the work damaged.

12.—Beginners, unless skilled in the use of the pencil (H and H B are best for general purposes), should select such ornamental subjects as admit of the assistance of the ruling pen and compasses.

13.—When drawing from natural objects, such as leaves or flowers, never allow the characteristics of such to be departed from. If a leaf have five lobes never make more nor less than the proper number.

Walter Pelham.

(*To be continued.*)

IN October last THE HOME-MAKER Art-Class began the series of studies which has been continued regularly until now. With the first subject, "The Seasons and the Months," one of three studies for a triple-paneled screen, was issued an offer of a prize for the best copy of the three designs.

The Art-Director announces with pleasure that after careful examination of the copies submitted to the Committee, the prize has been awarded to *Miss Nellie McKee, 3438 Chestnut St., St. Louis.* Miss McKee's work is excellent in drawing, coloring and finish, and gives promise of still better things should the artist choose to pursue a profession in which she has shown both talent and skill. Signed

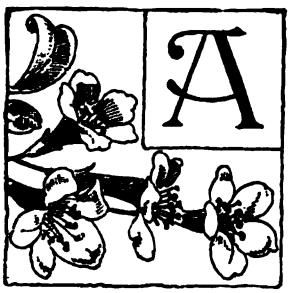
GEORGE R. HALM, *Art-Director.*

Committee:

THOMAS MORAN, FRANK GREGORY, CHAS. VOLKMAR, H. PRUETT SHARE AND GEORGE R. HALM.



TWILIGHT COMFORTS.



AS many of the dear people who have reached the twilight land with but indifferent health need especial care and tending, a few suggestions found valuable in caring for the dearest of mothers may not come amiss. Old people chill very quickly, even more quickly than infants. A workman's tin coffee flask of the size costing eight or ten cents, with screw top, filled with hot water and enclosed in a bag of pretty cretonne or stamped canton flannel is a great comfort to the *madre*. Alternately held in her hand or between her feet it soon quickens the flagging circulation.

It is well to have also one of the Japanese hand warmers, sold at the Chinese stores for a trifle, with packages of fuse ready for filling. A single stick about three inches long will burn for two or three hours and is most convenient on a drive or journey, when hot water is not always attainable.

If the *madre* comes in from a drive fatigued and a little chilly, give her a glass of milk—not scalded—but made boiling hot, and if you are wise you will put therein a single teaspoonful of the best brandy or whisky. The effect is wonderfully reviving. The same hot milk taken at bedtime often secures comfortable sleep for a nervous person, while, for an early waker it is a pledge of an extra two or three hours doze if administered before she has been long awake.

When she is being made ready for her airing, do encase her feet in the delightful felt-boots, which come now in all sizes. The thick felt sole makes it impossible for the chill of the pavement to reach her feet, and if the ground is damp the lightest of rubber sandals, sold with the boots, will prevent all danger from damp.

Mary Curtis Sawyer.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

I HAVE in mind an elderly lady—as you do not know her, you might say—an *old* lady, of eighty-two winters. She has been the mother of thirteen children, has borne griefs and separations, and assumed cares and anxieties outside of her own home, and been prominent in more than one unpopular reform.

Now, with friends, children, and a rich endowment of this world's goods, she rests after the "burden and heat of the day." But with her

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is but fitting oneself for one's sphere."

Her sphere, now, is bounded by diminished endurance and necessary thought of her health and comfort. This does not mean inaction. Her nimble fingers still form the tiny knitted squares of fanciful design which, combined, make handsome bed-spreads, much admired. One of these white creations travelled many miles to the New Orleans Exhibition, and thence came back home bearing a premium card.

This lady has, within a year, taken her first lessons in water-colors (or any kind of painting) and delights to spend her mornings in a sunny room, copying from nature.

She has a very large conservatory connected with the house, managed by a florist, so she has no care but to watch the growth and development of rare cacti, to see the night-blooming cereus gradually unfold its ugly buds, which suddenly burst into wax-like beauty, shedding perfume all

around. She can fill her vases with roses and carnations, and share their beauty with visitors.

She finds her interest in writing and reading of public affairs unabated, though she may not do what she would.

On Monday evenings of last winter, she assembled in her library a number of young ladies, and together they read and studied the poets.

Sometimes she invites a traveller to read a paper in her parlor, or a distinguished lady to visit her, and gathers her friends about her to listen to them.

This year "The Women's League" of our town meets with her weekly, and at certain times she is able to sit on the platform and conduct state meetings of the "W. S. A."

Amusements are not out of her element. "Logomachy," "Anagrams," and "Grambo" are favorites, and checkers are not out of order.

The subject of my thought is, of course, able to govern her own time, but perhaps there are many women in this great world of ours who also have opportunities to do and enjoy some of these same things, and have not thought of them as suited to their age.

Old and young people *can* meet on common ground.

Anna Earle.

Grandmothers.—Good and Bad.

WITHIN a mile from my home there are twelve or fifteen grandmothers, and several of them have attained the title of *great*-grandma.

Among so many there must surely be a great difference in disposition, habits, etc.

Here is one who is always finding fault. Nothing goes right from sunrise to sunset; it is either too wet or too dry; too hot, or too cold; "the butter won't come," and "the bread won't rise." John comes too early to his dinner, or else he waits until everything is "stone cold" and not fit to eat.

In pleasing contrast to this grandma is one who is ever cheerful and kind. She is always ready to hold baby, or to help the tired mother with her multitude of daily duties, and many a busy day has been wonderfully shortened by grandma's helping hand.

Still another grandma lives solitary and alone, and spends most of her time in caring for her plants. Of these she has an almost endless variety.

Old Grandmother M. believes in witches, and all sorts of foolish ideas.

Grandma C. knits from morning until night when she isn't spinning, or doubling and twisting; for this old lady "raises" her own yarn. The sheep are sheared, and the wool is carried to mill, where it is carded into rolls; then Grandma C. spins it herself.

Some of these grandmothers denounce all fancy work, and everything that is not made for use alone; and they really seem to forget that they were once young themselves and enjoyed attending "apple parings," "husking and quilting bees," just as much as we enjoy going to a party or an entertainment. And as for fancy work, I have some darned lace that my grandmother made which is much finer and nicer than any that the girls make now.

Gretta Anderson.



EARLY in the season though it is, the counters of the dry-goods shops are already piled high with fabrics intended for summer wear. The "forehanded" woman is busy making her purchases and contemplates devoting a goodly share of the spare time granted her by the enforced quiet of Lent to getting ahead with her spring sewing, that she may not be hampered by dressmaking during the gayeties that come with the Easter-tide.

Never has there been a prettier display of

wash goods than this spring. A glance over the department set aside for ginghams is a revelation to those with whom the name of this material has heretofore evoked only thoughts of the sober browns and blues of aprons and working-dresses. Can these delicate-hued, dainty textures be even of the same family as the ginghams we knew a decade ago?

Closer examination only increases the admiration that was awakened by the first glance at the rainbow-tinted heaps of goods. These are Scotch ginghams, all of them, but the patterns are so artistic, the colors so skillfully grouped that one suspects a French designer. There is a wide variety from which to choose. There are stripes wide and stripes narrow; plain stripes and brocaded stripes, and a few plaids. A novelty is a lace stripe, that gives the stuff almost the look of a grenadine. Delicate hair lines are much seen in these patterns. They are of gay colors, usually upon a neutral ground. One of the prettiest of the ginghams shown is of a soft yellow, brocaded all over in white. It has a sheen upon its surface that gives it the effect of the pineapple silks so popular some years since.

Naturally, these newest fashions do not sell for a song. The price seems a little high at the first blush, but then one must pay for novelties. The economically disposed may take their choice from a large assortment of designs and colors that are pretty and serviceable, albeit less striking than these latest products of the loom.

Of heavier texture are the "Outing cloths." These come in gingham colors and patterns, but are of wool instead of cotton. They make charming morning costumes for seaside or mountain wear. For use at the same resorts are shown flannels; flannels that differ as much from the fabric we used to know by that name as do the ginghams of to-day from those worn by the mothers of the present generation.

One of these new flannels is of gray with flowered stripes, separated from each other by fine black lines. Another, for yachting wear, displays red anchors on a navy-blue ground. A novelty for wrappers is "Cotton flannelette." This is stamped on the right side with tasteful designs, the palm leaf predominating, while the wrong side is finished like the soft side of canton flannel.

But the India silks are enough to charm the eye of any lover of color. In every shade and almost every design, the shimmering breadths tempt even the most prudent to buy. Here is one of a pale apricot shade strewn with green sprays. Another has delicate pink and grass green stripes alternating. Others are printed in Persian and Cashmere effects. And for those of quieter tastes, there are white with graceful conventional designs in soft colors, and sober greens, blues, and browns relieved by white figures.

For Easter costumes there are offered Henrietta cloths, cashmeres, camel's-hairs and camel's-hair serges. These are in every shade of fawn, gray, blue, red, reseda, heliotrope, and dark green. Many of them are accompanied by trimming, the amount furnished varying from a yard and a quarter to two yards and a half with each dress. A reseda green Henrietta cloth is accompanied by a broad band worked in silvery shades. A beautiful gray cashmere is embroidered with Marguerites. Part of this material is cut into points, and beneath these is a deep lace ruffle. There is only a yard and a half of this garniture, but it is quite enough to make the gown very handsome. On some of the camel's-hairs and serges the designs for trimming are embroidered, while on others they are merely stamped.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR, Broadway and 20th Street.





THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER-GARDEN.

SOME HINTS ABOUT HOW TO MAKE IT, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF IT.



CANTERBURY BELLS.

I TAKE it for granted that most of the girls and boys who read the Young People's department love flowers. And if they love flowers, they ought to have a flower-garden.

"Ah, but we don't know how to make a garden," some one says. "I'd have one if I knew what to do."

Well, you can learn, can't you? The object of this paper is to tell you what to do, and if you read it carefully, and follow the instructions I shall give you, you can have a garden that you will take a great deal of pleasure in, and be proud of. I assure you that there is nothing that will give you more pleasure, and you can learn a great deal in it every day. If you study your plants, and watch them grow, you will be learning out of the great Book of Nature, and few books are pleasanter reading for the boy and girl who keep their eyes open.

In selecting a location for your garden, choose one that is sunny and well drained. Plants like a great deal of sunshine and a soil that does not retain water about the roots.

As early as possible in the spring, dig it up well. Take a spade and turn up the soil to the depth of at least a foot. Don't try to make it fine and mellow at first, but let the chunks of earth that you throw up lie for a few days to dry out. If you do this, you will find that they can be easily crumbled apart with a hoe, and there will be little trouble in reducing the soil to the proper degree of mellowness.

If the soil is not rich, add some fine, well-rotted manure from the barnyard. Throw it over the bed, and work it into the original soil thoroughly. You can not work the soil too much.

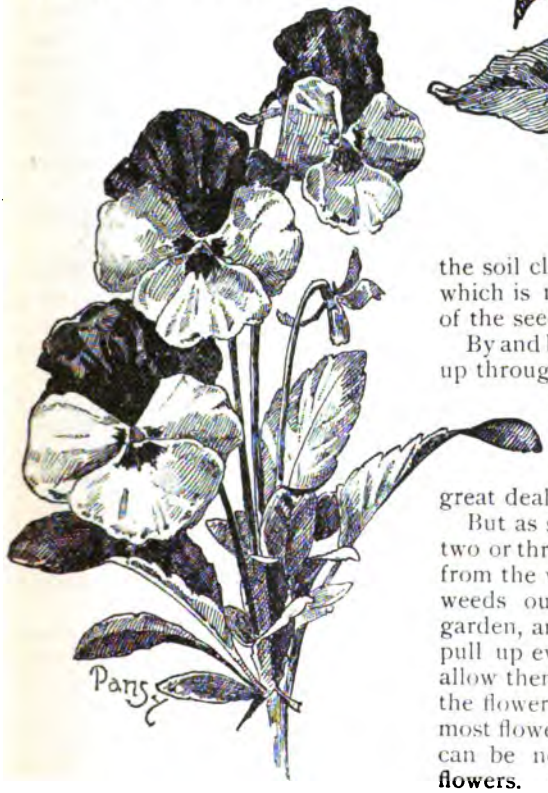
I would not advise you to attempt anything very elaborate in the way of beds. That is, don't try to copy the beds you see in parks and the grounds of wealthy people where a gardener is employed. Artistic bedding is all well enough in its way, but what you want is flowers for their own sake, and not a display in which the characteristic traits of the flowers are lost in an attempt to show what can be done with them by a skillful professional gardener.

Do not be in too great a hurry to sow the seed you have selected. Wait until the weather has become warm before you do that. Some persons are in such a hurry to have a garden growing that they sow seed before the water has drained out of the

ground, and before really warm weather has come, and in nine cases out of ten the seed fails to come up. It will rot before germinating in a wet, cold soil. The old saying of "haste makes waste" applies here very forcibly.

When the ground is in a proper condition to receive the seed, go over the surface of the bed with a fine-toothed iron rake, and make it as light as possible. Then scatter the seed very carefully on it. After you have done this, cover it lightly. Be sure to not cover it so deeply that small seed can not send the delicate sprouts it will put forth up through it. The best plan in covering seed after it has been scattered on the beds is to take an old sieve and sift earth over them. If you do this, you will not be likely to cover the seed too deeply. Next, take a smooth board and press it over the surface of the bed. This makes





the soil close, and helps to retain the moisture which is necessary to the successful germination of the seed.

By and by you will see little green points pricking up through the soil. These may be from the seed you have sown, and they may be from weeds. It is not safe to do anything at weeding till you know which is which, for at first most kinds of plants look a great deal alike.

But as soon as the young plants have put forth two or three sets of leaves, you can tell the flowers from the weeds. Then go to work at pulling the weeds out. Make it a rule if you want a good garden, and of course you want nothing else, to pull up every weed as soon as you see it. If you allow them to grow, they will soon get the start of the flowers, for weeds are vigorous things, while most flowers are somewhat delicate at first. There can be no compromising between weeds and flowers. If weeds are allowed to grow, they will

insist on having it all their own way. If they didn't interfere very much with the growth of your flowers you wouldn't want to let them grow, for nothing looks worse than a weedy flower-garden.

In some places you will find that the young plants stand too thick. Thin them out. Do not let them crowd each other. About the first of June, go over them again and pull out all but one in a foot. This will be quite close enough for them to stand. But do not throw away the plants that you pull up.

It is a good plan to have a bed somewhere at the back of the house to put extra plants into. These you can cut from for bouquets, and this will allow you to leave the flowers on the beds in front to be admired.

In dry weather it will be necessary to water your flowers frequently. Do this at night. If you were to do it at morning, the sun would soon cause the moisture to evaporate so rapidly that the plants would receive but little benefit. Never apply water with a sprinkler, as that wets the surface of the soil and makes it *look* as if you had given enough to supply the wants of the plants, while the fact is that the surface is merely moistened. Give enough water from the spout of a watering-pot to penetrate the soil about the roots. Be as thorough in this as it is to be hoped you will be in your weeding.

Never allow the surface of the soil to become hard. Some of you may think that it is not a good plan to stir the soil if the weather is dry. But such is not the case. A soil crusted over on the surface prevents the dew from penetrating it. It prevents the water you apply from going dowr where the roots are. If it is kept open, it absorbs all the moisture there is in the atmosphere, and drinks in all that you give it readily.

By the last of June your beds will be bright with flowers if you have taken good care of them. If you want them to furnish flowers all through the season, you must make it a rule to cut off all blossoms as soon as they have faded. If you allow them to form seed, your plants will give you but few flowers after the first crop. It is the mission of a plant to produce seed by which it can be perpetuated. If you prevent it from doing this by cutting off the seed vessels as soon as they form, it will make another effort to produce seed, and in order to do this it must first bear flowers. Keeping it from forming and ripening seed, keeps it making efforts in that direction, and thus you get flowers all through the season.

If you follow the above directions carefully, there is no reason why you should not have a good flower-garden.

One thing more: Don't attempt more than you can carry out. Young persons—like a great many older ones—often begin gardening operations with a great deal more enthusiasm than they can keep up through the season. Don't do this. Undertake only as much as you feel sure you can attend to well. It is always much more satisfactory to grow a dozen plants *well* than to have a whole garden full of inferior ones.

Eben E. Rexford.





Proverbs of The Talmud.

The Talmud contains these among other pungent proverbs: "Vinegar, the son of Wine," describes the unpopular son of a popular father; "A box full of books," suggests a learned man, from whose learning the world derived no advantage; "Grapes with grape sauce," is a discourse where the matter is neither much nor to the point; "He scalds himself with lukewarm water," describes a man who made a muddle of the simplest matter intrusted to his management; "He loses what he has and what he has not," was said of an unfortunate man: "He puts his money on the horns of a deer," of an imprudent one: and "His cheeks grow grass," of a cunning and impudent fellow. Exaggeration, for which the Medians seem to have been notorious, was referred to as "making camels dance in a half-pint pot," and plausible dexterity of argument as "drawing a column through the eye of a needle."

Keeping up appearances! That is, starving six weeks in order to afford one "company dinner." Carrying the bread-and-butter of six months upon one's back when she is "got up" for exhibition to people who do not give the famished tortoise a second look or thought. The poor *ought* to be proud! too proud to stoop to the meanness of trying to dissemble, ostrich fashion, by hiding a little bit of the truth in the sand, while the bulky, uncomely body is exposed the more by the shallow trick. Be honest, through and through. Comfort is better than glitter.

"Male gossips love scandal as dearly as female gossips do, and they bring to it the stronger relish and energies of their sex."

Baby at The Window.

Behind the purple islands
The sun had sunk to rest,
But floods of gold and crimson
Still glorified the west.
And at the western window,
With Baby on my knee,
I sat to watch the splendor,
And let dear Baby see.

His soft hand clasped my finger,
He sat erect and still;
A strange, sweet awe and wonder
His spirit seemed to fill.
As if he heard God speaking,
From out the glowing skies,
And all the soul was listening
In his blue, shining eyes.

I've often seen men hearken
To God's great words of grace,
With far less serious feeling
Than lit the Baby's face.
What solemn sense of grandeur
Within the small mind wrought,
How did the wondrous beauty
Impress the baby thought?

No word of mine could reach him,
He faced that light alone,
As if before him glistened
The steps of God's white throne.
And in that infant presence
My thoughts with reverence trod,
I saw his angel looking
Upon the Face of God.

Ah, Lord, who lovest children,
Thou talkest with the child!
From out thy glorious heavens
Thy face on him hath smiled.
O, let its brightness never
Be hidden from his eyes!
Thy tender love illumine
His pathway to the skies!

Mary E. Atkinson.

"Kicked and thwacked, and prodded, and overladen, we patiently cling to our lives."



The following notices were crowded out of the March number by press of other matter. Books received since then will be mentioned next month.

(*The Young Idea*, by Caroline Le Row, author of "*English As She Is Taught.*" Published by Cassell & Co., New York.)

There would be a dozen hearty laughs on every page of this little work, did not the author vouch for the authenticity of every absurdity she has written down. The unpretending book, so small and simply bound we can hardly call it a "volume," is a thoughtful and able treatise upon the deficiencies of our present system of education, or as Miss Le Row calls it in the subtitle—"Common School Culture." Taking as her motto Plato's dictum: "Truth is afraid of nothing but concealment," she deals unsparingly with the faults of what many intelligent as well as illiterate people are too apt to accept as a model of its kind.

A few extracts will give some idea of her style and purpose:

"Of all the 'fine-rules for reading,' the one devised by some well-meaning idiot is the most destructive to common sense—'Always keep the voice up at a comma, and drop it at a period.' Uncounted hours of hard work are spent by faithful teachers—firm in the belief that the antiquity of this rule proves its value—in forcing upon pupils this punctuation paralysis. 'Oh, the pity of it, Iago!' the pity of it! that innocent little children should be made to believe that pause and inflection depend not upon sense, but upon grammatical construction!"

"What is the reason for the existence of so many trade schools, art schools, and business colleges all over the country, if it is not because of the failure of the common schools to prepare our young men and women for the practical work of life waiting to be done, and which they are obliged to do in self-defence? No one denies the need of thorough education for the brain: but the head cannot truly say to the hand, 'I have no need of thee!'"

"Does our critic think that the schools exist only for the purpose of teaching children what they already know, or that we can wait until they are ready to receive what we can give them? He forgets what an enormous load of learning we are obliged to pile upon them, and how short a time is allowed for the piling. Pope says that 'half our knowledge we must snatch, not take,' and was not Pope a wise man?"

After describing the process by which "a knowledge of English literature" is offered to the "young idea," she adds:

"These ingredients must be judiciously mixed, thoroughly stirred, and administered with a ladle, as the use of a tea-spoon would waste altogether too much time. Thus shall our pupils be educated in American Literature."

As specimen-results of the ladling she gives some pages of convulsively funny "compositions," written in good faith, and certified as true copies by teachers with whom the teacher-author is in correspondence. The half-dozen we have room to quote may well move parents to thought and tears, rather than mirth.

"Moore has beautifully pictured in verse how Jeovah and his people escaped from the army of Ferro by crossing a sea. He says thus sound the loud tymbal Jeovah has escaped from the army of Ferro by crossing the sea, thus separating themselves from Ferro and his army by the sea; both men and horses and chariots of Ferro went down. When the tempest sounded over the sea the people cried Jeovah is free."

"The representative men of the 18th Century were Mrs. Shelly, Matthew Gregory Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe."

"Byron wrote Pilgrims Progress a prose theological article."

"Smith was quite sarcastical and sneering in many of his pieces like Gulliver and the Tale of a Tub and Hudibras and many others of that style."

"Addison was a pretty writer. He was that is, a very genteel in his ways of writing."

"Bacon was not much of a humorous writer. He wrote some on government and how to take care of your garden."

"Sir Thomas Moore called Martyr Moore was noted for being quite a martyr. He wrote about a place he went to that never existed only for very good people. They were no such place."

(*Steadfast; The Story of a Saint and a Sinner*, by Rose Terry Cooke. Ticknor & Co., Boston.)

Whatever Mrs. Cooke writes is eagerly accepted by her public, which is large and intelligent. Her stories of New-England life are the best in the language, none excepted. Her publishers wisely compiled the choicest of these, some years ago, in a volume called "*Somebody's Neighbors.*" "*Steadfast,*" her first novel, is the successor in regular order of this delightful book. The scene is laid in a hill township in a commonwealth which may be Massachusetts or Connecticut. The date—"in the last century"—gives wide margin to speculation as to the identity of Rev. Philemon Hall and his persecutors of the Consociation. Curiosity is whetted by the preface, which asserts:

"Everything I have recorded relating to the acts of the Consociation of Congregational churches of "Newport" county is strictly historical fact. As far as his experience with that Consociation goes, Philemon Hall was a living man."

The studies of New-England character and manners of a hundred and fifty years ago are able and conscientious. The title of her story recurs to the reader with a different application when the true essence of holy living, "pure religion before God and the Father," is under discussion. The devout orthodoxy which has withstood the blast of infidel opposition and the blight of agnosticism is tempered by catholicity so tender and wide-reaching, that admiration warms into affection for the steadfast, sweet-natured woman who leads us from chapter to chapter.

Indisputably the finest part of the book is the episode—it is hardly more—of Rachel Mather's love and sufferings. Her marriage, her long martyrdom and her beautiful mission to husband and parish are depicted with equal strength and delicacy. Esther, passion-driven, undisciplined, and tossed between alternate sinnings and repentings, is an artistic contrast. What may be called the second-class characters are, as usual, in Mrs. Cooke's hands, inimitable. She has "done" nothing better than Deacon Amnii and Miss Tempy. Of the latter's opinion of the sex—the various types of which are presented in Mr. Hall, Philip Kent, and the Deacon, we will let the crisp helpmeet speak:

"I've always said that 'twas queer to call menfolks the strongest sect, when they're forever an' always holdin' on to some woman the fust minute trouble teches them. I make no doubt but what when Scriptur talks about Aaron and Hur holdin' up Moses's hands, 'twas a mistake in the printin' that Hur wasn't spelt with an *e*. Why, there's Deacon Hopkins, take him days when everything goes right, and he's as pompious, and capable, and self-sufficient as an ol' turkey gobbler; he's the top o' the heap, and crowin' on it too. But let him get a touch o' rheumatiz, say, or a crick in the back. Or, come a spell of rain in hayin', or a dry time for growin' corn, and mercy me, he ketches holt of my apernstring, so to speak, jist as though I was Goliath o' Gath. It's the way they're made from the beginnin'; but most of 'em acts as though the Lord had said, 'I will make a hindrance for him,' instead of a helpmeet for him. After all, when you sift it down, the Lord's ways most gene'lly come to pass spite o' man."

(*The Reliques of the Christ*, by Denis Wortman, D. D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

An exquisite Easter offering from the pen of a distinguished divine of the Reformed Church in America. Scholar, Christian and poet meet and speak in verse which is at once tender and majestic.

The *motif* of the poem is best given in two of the earlier stanzas:

'What reverent soul loves not to tread
The soil of Palestine,
And breathe the air, and kiss the sod
Where His warm feet have been?
Kneel in the mountains where He prayed,
Traverse the storm-calmed sea,
Weep in the garden, bear some cross
To sacred Calvary?

"But O my soul, as I thy good
And evil ways explore,
I seem to see the Christ in thee,
His earthly life live o'er,
Thou art another Holy Land,
(Ah! holy might'st thou be!)
The older joys and griefs of Christ
Repeat themselves in thee."

The quaint sweetness, the bound and ring of certain immortal hymns of the Church, such as "Oh, Mother Dear, Jerusalem!" and the "Stabat Mater," are in the concluding numbers, for example, this:

"Blow slow, blow fast, thou maddened blast!
Thou shalt but Christ-songs bring
To trusting minds. Blow, Winter winds,
Blow hard! ye speed the Spring.
Wild hurricanes, the tender strains
Of love-faith makes you blow,
As though the angels, strong and strange
Hosannas flung below."

(*Lastchance Junction*, by the author of "*Cape Cod Folks.*" Cupples & Hurd, Boston.)

The writer of this book does well when she refers to the title of her first published work as the standard of her reputation. Nothing she has ever written since can compare with "*Cape Cod Folks.*" Those who laughed and cried over the cleverly-sketched characters and incidents in that delightful volume, looked eagerly for further work from her pen. But when "*Towhead*" appeared, great was the disappointment that followed its perusal. The fresh vivacity of the first book was lacking; the naturalness that had made household names of her pen and paper personages was absent. Nor since then has her hand regained its former cunning.

The characters depicted in "*Lastchance Junction*" are cast in the same mould as those in "*Towhead.*" Here and there are one or two touches of pathos and a certain power, but her men and women are unnatural, the scenes and events through which they move are hackneyed, and the plot is of the slightest. The whole book lacks a *raison d'être*, and the entire movement could have been readily enclosed within the compass of an ordinary magazine article.

(*His Two Wives*, by Mary Clemmer. Ticknor & Co.)

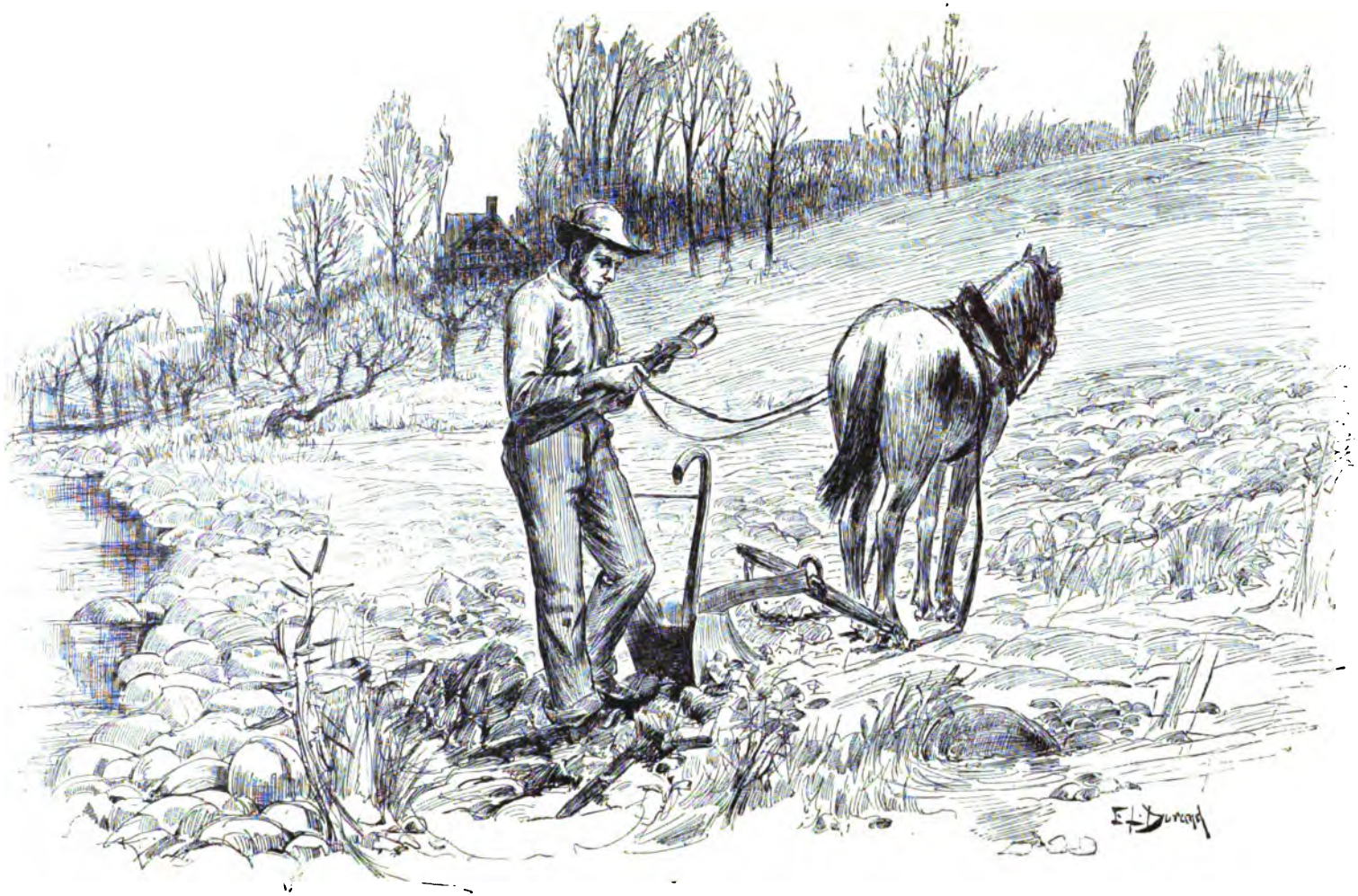
A finely-printed volume of nearly six hundred pages, issued as one of Ticknor's Paper Series. It deals in rather an original method with some phases of the divorce question, introducing the timeworn characters of a brilliant husband married to a mediocre wife. Life in Washington society, just after the war, is treated in a tolerably interesting fashion, but the effect of the whole book is to weary one. The *dénouement* is unexpected, to say the least, and by no means satisfactory.

Of making many birthday books there is no end. The latest is a pretty little volume with selections from the prose and poetry of Julia Ward Howe. These are collected and arranged by her daughter, Mrs. Richards, and give a fair idea of the scope of Mrs. Howe's writings.

Published by Lee & Shepard.

Cocoa and Chocolate; A Short History of their Production and Use, is published by the well-known chocolate manufacturers, Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass. Half of the book is given up to descriptions of the growth and treatment of cocoa and of its value as food. Extracts from the works of noted gastronomic writers are given in this portion of the book. The second part is devoted to recipes for the preparation of chocolate as a beverage, in cakes, custards, puddings, etc. The little book is prettily printed and bound, and is an attractive and useful addition to the household library.

From Lee & Shepard is also received "*The Reading Club*," a collection of selections for reading and recitations, edited by George M. Baker.



"WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT."

"An Old New Jersey Homestead," page 108.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. II. MAY, 1889. No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

PARASITES OF SPEECH.



N what is, perhaps the best book written by a man who wrote no poor ones, we read this passage:

"Only last week one of our best authors told me how he was annoyed by certain words which, in writing, he strove in vain to be rid of. They insisted upon coming to the tip of his pen in almost every line. Each writer has the parasitical words peculiar to himself. As a rose has its own *aphidæ*. * * * I rid my manuscripts of them as well as I can, I revise what I have written, over again in proof, and yet the first thing I see when the volume comes to me from the press, is that every page swarms with them still."

What the author of "*Blessed Saint Certainty*" says of written thought, applies with triple force to speech. It is said of one of America's greatest orators that, before entering upon the preparation of a speech, he studied Webster's dictionary for days together, in order to enrich his vocabulary. As each edition of the great lexicon contains from four to five thousand new words, it is clear that our statesman was in no danger of exhausting the "well of English undefiled." The duty each of us owes to his mother tongue should constrain him, in humble imitation of this illustrious example, to seek diligently after the best ways of clothing ideas. If there is a better fashion of speech than our own, we should not be content until it is ours. Slovenly language is more disgraceful than slovenliness of apparel. The great and grievous error in home and school education is that children are allowed to speak as they like. The house-mother who wages continual war with flies; barricades her windows against mosquitoes; and would go into hysterics at the suggestion of the red Bedouin of the sleeping-room, allows her children to double negatives, contract provincialisms, and enwrap their daily talk in slang as with a garment.

She was a wise woman who insisted that her children should give neat and definite expression to what they had in their minds to say. If they began a sentence it must be finished.

"What you think, you can say," was her rule. "The sooner you learn to say it well, the better."

It goes without saying that as men and women, they were admirable talkers, never

taking refuge in "What-you-may-call-'ems;" and "I don't-know-whats;" "you-knows;" and "it seems-to-mes."

Mrs. Skewton's inimitable quotation,—"There is no What's-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-call-it is his prophet," is hardly a burlesque to the auditor of the chit-chat which passes with many for conversation. Chit-chat so be-bitten and encumbered with parasites, that just taste revolts in the hearing. One who is curious—perhaps critical in such matters, took notes of an interesting story of adventure related by a college-bred lawyer—a dashing young fellow—to a group of earnest listeners, the unsuspected "chiel amang" them seeming to make purposeless scribbling on the margin of a newspaper. The narrator said, "You may bet your life," ten times; "it seems to me," twenty; "well," as a preamble to a sentence, thirty-two; "I guess," nine; and "you know," *sixty-four* times in half-an-hour, not to mention scattering bits of slang, such as ingenious and vivacious youths summon to their aid when the legitimate vocabulary that lessens, instead of growing with their growth, fails them.

The pains given to the cultivation of the parasitical gibberish we call "slang," if rightly bestowed, would make charming talkers of our boys and girls. There is as little wit as euphony in willful mispronunciation of words, nor does the substitution of cabalistic phrases for intelligible English add piquancy to sentence or paragraph. If the truth were known, few slang-venders are on sufficiently intimate terms with their mother-tongue to take liberties with her.

Who *makes* slang? As vainly as when Thomson calls upon the vagrant winds to confess "in what far region of the sky sleep ye when calm?" do we ask for the vile nest in which are hatched these pests of society and home. New broods are upon us each season; the dialect of the gamin is imported into the drawing-room; bristles in editorial head-lines and demands applause in popular song. When a wealthy "Honorable," a university graduate, "brings down the house" by assuring the large and intelligent assembly, that "there are no flies upon our candidate," and an eligible *parti*, in faultless evening-dress and manners, confidentially commends his betrothed to the respectful consideration of his best friend in the same terms,—the lovers of decency and order in speech may well fear for the future of our vernacular.

Less offensive, and yet pestilent in their way, are the tricks of speech to which our brilliant legal raconteur most heavily inclined. Who that has hearkened to club or prayer-meeting debate, but has sickened at the senseless reiteration of "it seems to me?" So constant and incurable is the altogether unimportant formula, that we are tempted to regard it as a humor in the debater's blood, and pray for some medicine to purge it thence. "You know" is as chronic and inveterate as Fort Lincoln mosquitoes in the dog-days. A cousin-german that brings no relief to the pained ear is "don't you see?" The Southern "look yere!" and "You hear?" correspond with the Northern "Well," and "I want to know!" as tropical sand-flies to Adirondack midges. One and all, they defile and deplete that which should be clean and strong, and belong to the gutter rather than the home.

THE RIGHT WOMAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

The appointment of Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster to the editorial chair of *Harper's Bazar*, left vacant by the death of Miss Mary Louise Booth, is one upon which the publishers of that superb weekly and the public generally are to be congratulated. Mrs. Sangster's long and faithful service for the great house in Franklin Square as professional reader and postmistress of *Harper's Young People*, has given abundant evidence of her ability to fill the responsible position in the gift of the firm. Her wider fame as a writer of clear, vigorous

prose and of exquisite verse, guarantees satisfaction on the part of the many thousands to whom the *Bazar* is a hebdomadal visitor.

Mrs. Sangster has peculiar fitness by natural gifts and much practice for the editor's chair. She was, for some years, one of the editors of "*Hearth and Home*," and is still associate editor of "*The Christian Intelligencer*," besides doing an immense amount of editorial writing for prominent periodicals, to much of which her name is not appended.

The readers of THE HOME-MAKER are especially interested in an event that affects materially the present and future of a favorite contributor, one whose loyal woman's heart is always in full sympathy with the house-mother and those for whom she toils and lives.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF SYDNEY SMITH.



IF I can possibly avoid it," says Sydney Smith, "I will never be unhappy!"

Dear reader, have you a recipe against the blues? I have, and I can assure you that it is a valuable possession. When I am inclined to be doleful, I fly to the dear old friend just quoted, —Sydney Smith. I come away from the interview with a heart refreshed by his cheery common-sense, his wholesome geniality, and my face wreathed with smiles by the recollection of the good things thrown in. I read but a little at a time. I dare not finish my copy of his Life and Letters, as in that case when I am again threatened with the blue-devils, I know not what would become of me. As St. Dunstan —was it St. Dunstan? I hope so,—attacked the demon with the tongs and routed him, I, in a like conflict, brandish my favorite volume, and find it a potent weapon of defence.

"Never give way to melancholy," writes Sydney Smith, "resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another, to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob." How I wish I had his complete list! But, failing that, I have armed myself by inventing it; adding as many items as my brain will furnish. One I have already given you. It is, read Sydney Smith. Here are a few. Sit in a sunshiny apartment; have thrifty, blooming plants in the window; seek cheerful society and bring to it a pleasant countenance; have some congenial occupation and pursue it with zeal; spend a great deal of time out-of-doors; find pleasure in little things, and cultivate a grateful spirit.

The life of Sydney Smith was remarkably happy. This was, no doubt, greatly owing to his natural temperament, which was lively, social and elastic. But much of his time was necessarily spent in the retirement of a country home; and to him—the wit, diner-out, and popular preacher, born to shine in company—nothing was so irk-

some as a life of seclusion. However, it was his determination to make the best of everything. He occupied himself incessantly for the good of others, although he was naturally of an indolent disposition.

How he hates to get up in the morning! So much so that he has to resort to the invention of maxims to encourage him to rise betimes, such as — "first, *Optimum eligite et consuetudo faciet jucundissimum;* second, I must get up at last; it will be as difficult then as now; third, By getting up I gain health, knowledge, temper, and animal spirits." Again, he thus admonishes himself in his diary: "Rise early in the morning, not only to avoid self-reproach, but to make the most of the little life that remains; not only to save the hours lost in sleep, but to avoid that languor which is spread over mind and body for the whole of that day in which you have lain late in bed."

Again he writes: "Jan. 19, 18—. I passed this day very unhappily, from an unpleasant state of body produced by indolence."

"May 31, 18—. The difficulty of getting up! and I parley with the fault; the only method is, to obey the rule instantly, and without a moment's reflection."

Once up and dressed, we find him the life of the family, and entering on a day of usefulness, kindness to others, and buoyant enjoyment. He comes down to breakfast at his country-house, Combe Florey, in a long, low room, surrounded on three sides by books, and ending in a bay-window, opening into the garden. The books, you must understand, are by no means brown, dull, dingy-looking volumes, but all as gay and bright as the visage of their master. "Nothing," he was wont to say, "furnishes a room as books do, even if one never opens them;" and he took pains to purchase only the most cheerful bindings.

"Thank God for Combe Florey!" throwing himself into his red arm-chair and looking around; "I feel like a bride-groom in the honey-moon." And, in truth, I doubt if ever bride-groom felt so joyous, or at least made others feel so joyous, as he did on these occasions.

"Ring the bell, Saba;" the usual refrain, by the bye, in every pause, for he contrived to keep everybody busy around him, and nobody ever objected to be so employed. "Ring the bell, Saba." Enter the servant.

"Glorify the room."

This meant that the three Venetian windows of the bay were to be flung open, displaying the garden on every side, and letting in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. D— glorifies the room with the utmost gravity and departs.

"You would not believe it," he would say, turning to his guests, "to look at him now, but D— is a reformed Quaker. Yes, he quaked, or did quake; his brother quakes still; but D— is now thoroughly orthodox. He is to be one of my vergers at St. Paul's some day. Lady B. calls them my virgins. She asked me the other day: 'Pray, Mr. Smith, is it true that you walk down St. Paul's with three virgins holding silver pokers before you?' I shook my head and looked very grave, and bade her come and see. Some enemy of the Church, some Dissenter, had clearly been misleading her.'

"There, now," he would go on, sitting down to breakfast, "take a lesson in economy. You never breakfasted in a parsonage before, did you? There, you see my china is all white, so if broken it can always be renewed. Then my plates at dinner—did you observe my plates? Every one a different pattern, some of them *sweet articles;* it was a pleasure to dine upon such a plate as I had last night. My plan is to go into a china shop and bid them show me every plate they have which does not cost more than half-a-crown. You see the result."

He was full of ingenious contrivances for the comfort of his most original home. "I make it a rule," he says, "to endure no evil that can be remedied. My friend D. laughs at me for my inventions and contrivances; but what is the consequence of his indolence? I go to his house and find him sitting in his arm-chair, waging war against human existence, and a prey to blue-devils; and all because his pens won't write, his ink won't mark, his sealing-wax won't melt, his fires won't burn, his blinds won't pull up or down, and his doors won't open or shut, —evils which a nail, a drop of water, or five minutes' exertion would have remedied."

He puts up scratching-posts for the benefit of his live-stock. When he takes his evening stroll, each cow and calf, each horse and pig are in turn visited, fed and patted, and all seem to welcome him.

"I am all for cheap luxuries," he would say, "even for animals. Now, all animals have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down your gates and

palings to effect this. Look! There is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn. You have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."

Time would fail me to tell of his oxen, Tug and Lug, Haul and Crawl, and how Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal volatile, and Haul and Crawl would lie down in the mud. Or of the ancient green chariot discovered in the back regions of a York coach-maker, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind, which the village tailor had lined and the village blacksmith repaired. How "each year added to its charms; it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring; I christened it the Immortal; it was known all over the neighborhood; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it, but '*Faber meæ fortunæ*' was my motto, and we had no false shame."

Indeed he was utterly without pretension. Writing one morning in his favorite bay-window, a pompous little man in rusty-black was ushered in.

"May I ask what procures me the honor of this visit?" says Sydney.

"Oh," says the little man, "I am compounding a history of the distinguished families of Somersetshire, and have called to obtain the Smith arms."

"I regret, sir, not to be able to contribute to so valuable a work, but the Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs."

If you are not too familiar with the subject it will richly repay you to read of the illustrious young donkey, Betty, that would walk up and down stairs, pick pockets, and follow the children about like a dog. Or of the faithful Bunch and Annie Kay, maids-of-all-work. Or of the poor little plate-boy who electrified a country dinner-party at which Smith was present by rushing in between the courses, and demanding of the host, "Please, sir, has Betty any right to leather I?"

Or, of the donkeys to whose heads antlers were fastened that they might give his lawn a park-like effect; or, of the evergreens in front of the house which Bunch decorates with oranges in honor of the Christmas-tide.

I can think of no keener pleasure than a day in his garden with the delightful old man. There grew the marvellous colchicum, so potent in its qualities that he declares, "If I feel a little gout coming on, I go into the garden, and hold out my toe to that plant, and it gets well directly. O, when I have the gout I feel as if I were walking on my eye-balls!"

I should like to have seen his apothecary shop, with its queer inventions, its "patent armor" of tin to be filled with hot water for rheumatism; his wonderful medicaments christened fantastically, such as the Heart's Delight, the Gentle Jog, the Bull-dog and the Dead Stop. "You can't die here!" he would say.

Then to take a drive in the Immortal, stopping a moment at the Screaming-gate to consider whether we had left anything behind. Or think of meeting Sydney Smith in a stage coach, and riding all day with him tête-a-tête! To have been one of the bouncing Scotch lassies who got into a coach with him in the dark near Carlisle!

"It is very disagreeable getting into a coach in the dark," exclaims one, after arranging her band-boxes; "one cannot see one's company."

"Very true, ma'am, and you have a great loss in not seeing me, for I am a remarkably handsome man."

"No, sir! are you really?" said both.

"Yes, and in the flower of my youth!" He was about fifty.

"What a pity!" said they.

Passing a lamp-post, they both dart forward to get a look at him.

"La! sir, you seem very stout."

"O no, not at all, ma'am, it's only my greatcoat."

"Where are you going, sir?"

"To Brougham Hall."

"Why you must be a very remarkable man to be going to Brougham Hall."

"I am a very remarkable man, ma'am."

Although naturally a *bon vivant*, Sydney Smith was a very temperate man. He seldom drank anything but water, and he attributed much of his animal spirits to this abstinence.

"Now," he would say, "I mean not to drink one drop of wine to-day, and I shall be mad with spirits. I always am when I drink no wine."

Again in a letter to his constant friend, Lady Holland, he writes. "Let me state some of the goods arising from abstaining from all fermented liquors: First, sweet sleep; having never known what sweet

sleep was, I sleep like a baby or a plough-boy. If I wake, no needless terrors; no black visions of life; but pleasing hopes, and pleasing recollections; Holland House, past and to come! If I dream, it is not of lions and tigers, but of Easter-dues and tithes. Secondly, I can take longer walks, and make greater exertions, without fatigue. My understanding is improved and I comprehend Political Economy. I see better without wine and spectacles than when I used both. Only one evil ensues from it; I am in such extravagant spirits that I must lose blood or look out for some one who will bore or depress me. Pray, leave off wine; the stomach quite at rest; no heart-burn, no pain, no distension."

"If you wish to keep mind clear and body healthy," he writes again, "abstain from all fermented liquors."

His salient characteristics are kindliness, wit, and an uncommon degree of common-sense. He was no ascetic; believing that as God has given us all things richly to enjoy, so we may richly enjoy all His gifts. He never speaks disparagingly of the power of wealth and natural advantages. "Want of money is a great evil," he declares frankly, although he bore his early poverty so cheerfully, "every guinea I have gained I have been the happier," and he added that one of his chief reasons for enjoyment in the possession of wealth was that it enabled him to provide a carriage and other comforts for his wife in her old age.

He has no patience with pessimism. "Some very excellent people," he tells us, "say that they dare not hope. Why do they dare not hope? To me it seems much more impious to dare to despair."

Then he writes of a Methodistical family whom he visited in 1816. "I endeavor in vain to give them more cheerful ideas of religion; to teach them that God is not a jealous, childish, merciless tyrant; that he is best served by a regular tenor of good actions—not by bad singing, ill-composed prayers, and eternal apprehensions. But the luxury of false religion is to be unhappy."

Until he was over seventy he was a poor man, then he became rich through the death of a younger brother who had accumulated a fortune in India. Much of his life he was harassed by debt and condemned to an uncongenial retirement. But his good humor never fails. He writes in 1841, shortly before his good fortune, "I am living, lively and young as I am, in the most profound solitude. I saw a crow yesterday, and had a distant view of a rabbit to-day. I have ceased to trouble myself about company. If anybody thinks it worth while to turn aside to the Valley of Flowers, I am most happy to see him; but I have ceased to lay plots and to toil for visitors. I save myself by this much disappointment." Again, in 1814, when he was comparatively young, he writes to Francis Jeffrey from Foston: "My situation is one of great solitude, but I preserve myself in a state of cheerfulness and tolerable content, and have a propensity to amuse myself with trifles . . . . The haunts of happiness are varied, and rather unaccountable, but I have more often seen her among little children, and home fire-sides, and in country-houses, than anywhere else—at least I think so."

Much to the same purpose is what he says to another friend, some years later: "You are quite right about happiness. I would always lay a wager in favor of its being found among persons who spend their time dully rather than in gayety. Gayety—English gayety, is seldom come at lawfully; friendship, or propriety, or principle are sacrificed to obtain it; we cannot produce it without more effort than it is worth."

"I thank God," he used to say in the days of his poverty, "who has made me poor, that he has made me merry. I think it a better gift than much wheat and beanland, with a doubtful heart."

"If you cannot be happy in one way," he advises, "be happy in another. Many in this world run after felicity like an absent man hunting for his hat, while all the time it is on his head or in his hand. . . One must look downwards as well as upwards in human life. Though many have passed you in the race, there are many you have left behind. Better a dinner of herbs and a pure conscience, than the stalled ox and infamy, is my version."

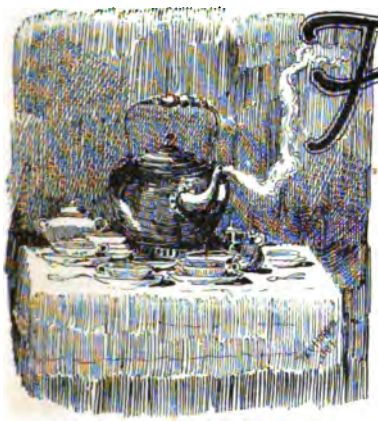
Love of making friends was a marked characteristic. He said that the one earthly good worth struggling for was the love and esteem of many good and great men. "Avoid sloth," he admonishes himself, "and make as many friends as possible." It was said of him that no one was too humble for him to endeavor to put into a good humor with himself by a cheery word of praise. Probably one reason of his unfailing cheerfulness was the reaction of his

splendid rule never to let a day pass without some kind act performed to shed brightness into the lives of others. Says old Jeremy Taylor quaintly, "never any man did a good turn to his brother, but, one time or another, himself did eat the fruit of it. The good man in the Greek epigram that found a dead man's skull, in kindness digging a grave for it, opened the enclosures of a treasure."

Such was the kindly philosophy of Sydney Smith. Dear readers, you will see that I am a jealous admirer of my subject, and that I would like to convert you, if you need conversion, into a like enthusiasm. I enjoy and find profit in all his sayings and doings, even in his common-places. I take the latter as a sign of greatness; great men can afford the common-place, it is the little minds that strive after effect, and try to outdo nature. What is more wholesome than common-place? We need to be continually reminded of our common-place duties, and our common-place loves and pleasures make up the sunny portion of our lives. Says Johnson, "the truly strong and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally things great and small."

Invest, dear reader, invest by all means, in a copy of the Life and letters of Sydney Smith, and keep it for your blackest hours.

Danske Dandridge.



A Bachelor Tea

A while ago when I was not too old to remember that I have a birthday shivering amidst the swirling leaves of mid-November, a charming woman whose reputation as a good liver, in the best sense of that expression, is known from Tacoma to Tallahassee, made a dinner-party for me. It was a dinner that warmed the cockles of my bachelor heart, an idyl in gastronomics that would have driven Savarin to suicide from envy and have drawn a sigh of satisfaction from Epicurus himself. And all done in the house too, and under the direct supervision of Madame herself, Madame who later sat at the head of her table, radiant in satin and point lace, and made the dressing of the salad by her own thoroughbred fingers a feature in the entertainment that would linger long in the mind of any lover of dainty picturesqueness.

Madame had remembered my favorite flower, and the dinner was a very chrysanthemum show, the great, pungent, ragged, Bohemian blossoms were massed through the centre of the table, and waited appreciation in generous groups beside each place.

Some fellow has said: "A fig for your bill of fare, show me your bill of company." All very pretty, but I warrant you that fellow had already dined well when he said it. Better, say I, a bill of fare and a bill of company in perfect accord. Clever people satisfied by clever cookery are twice their clever selves, and the brightest things at a dinner are always said after it becomes evident that the wheels of management are to move smoothly.

So much for an entertainment that was not a bachelor affair, except in so much as it had an all unworthy bachelor for its motive; so much that I may show you the difference, and say: "Look you on that picture, then on this!"

One of the most regretful things in a bachelor's life is the continual reception of courtesies at the hands of householders and home-owners, the enjoyment of which

leaves us hopelessly, ignominiously, irretrievably in debt, for what can a poor bachelor do in return for all the pleasant things that are done for him? He can give a dinner at "Del's," of course, but that is commonplace; or a theatre-party, but so can anyone else.

From out of every difficulty there must be a way; no lane is continually without turn, and so the bachelor stranded upon the social shore sees afar the glimmer of a light, and struggling towards it, finds his salvation in a five o'clock tea. Here is something indeed that the bachelor *can* do, something that, done by a bachelor, is a bit out of the usual line.

A man with pretty rooms has but to get some jolly matron to do propriety, and straightway he can ask his friends to do him honor.

My friend Fidus is a bachelor after my own heart, young enough not to be *passé*, and old enough to have gained that pleasing *savoir faire* which comes, alas, only with experience. Fidus lives at the "Saint Anthony" in rooms that delight the artistic eye, rooms well filled with all that ministers to creature comfort and strikes terror to the feminine soul with the thought of dusting. In these pretty rooms Fidus gathers the friends whom he delights to honor, and makes them a cup of tea that, served as it is, in the daintiest of Dresden cups, and aided and abetted by cakes and the prettiest trifles in confections, is a pleasant thing to remember.



Fidus, clever man, has a little book in which under various headings he has classed his friends as "beauties," "lions," "artists," "clever people," and a longer list of "just nice people." From this, as a *chef* from a cookery book, he combines one beauty, one lion, two clever people, two artists (previously tested) and nice people to taste, into a social *soufflé* that is altogether charming.

As the spring days come Fidus would fain do something as slight acknowledgement of many attentions showered upon him during the season, and so, after consultation with Madame La Veuve, he takes down his book, and soon a well-planned "Tea" is arranged.

Fidus is most fortunate in having for a chaperone for such occasions his sister, dainty, winsome Madame La Veuve, whose graceful ways and happy manner do much to make a Fidus Tea a success.

With Madame La Veuve comes this day "the little country girl," a pretty maid with a fresh sweetness about her, like a breeze across a field of clover, "the little country girl" who, under the chaperonage of Madame La Veuve, has turned the heads and won the hearts of half the men in Madame's set.

The shades are drawn and the lamps lighted. And such a lot of lamps as there are; quaint hanging lamps, burning perfumed oils, old iron lamps, and pretty modern lamps, all with shades of softening colors.

Small tables stand all about, loaded with pretty and artistic trifles, each table happy in holding a jar or bowl of old-fashioned sweet-smelling flowers. The open fireplace is filled with palm leaves, and either side a jar of lilies suggests the Easter time.

Into this pretty, odorous den, Madame La Veuve welcomes Fidus' friends.

Over in one corner stands a pretty tea-table with an alcohol lamp, a dainty tea-cloth, and pretty china galore. Down at this table sits Fidus to pour the tea, with a satisfied air that argues no mad desire to change his state.



In fact, Fidus has said that he has never married because as yet he has found no woman who harmonizes with his rooms.

The guests drop in with delightful informality, Madame La Critique with the journalist; a clever young actor with his "stammer and his hammer;" Miss Blossom, who is the beauty of the day, and who is thrice blessed, in that she is witty and wise as well as beautiful; young Methuselah, whose pink and white complexion and bright eyes belie his assumption of years; the Chippendale young man whose art-work is the talk of the town; the young theologue, who is busy doing up his worldliness before he goes into orders next year; these and a lot of bright girls and clever men, who drop in to "sit and chat as well as eat."

Fidus sends about the tea on pretty trays, and people gather in groups or *tête à tête* and every one is happy, for at Fidus' teas there are no discordant elements.

Bits of conversation float up from all quarters, and many a clever thing is said across the cups o' tea.

In one corner Fidus is chatting with young Jack Esculapius, an M. D., whose Harvard honors still sit somewhat loosely upon him. Jack, in the fullness of his heart, is pouring into willing ears rhapsodical praises of a lovely girl he has recently met. Fidus listens, his teaspoon carefully balanced athwart his fingers, and presently says:

"Jack, old chap, I'm not going to chaff you about the business—if it is only an 'affair,' it will enlarge your experience and do you no harm, but, for heaven's sake, be sure before you commit yourself, whether it is an affair or the genuine thing."

"But, Fidus," murmurs Jack, in mild protest, "this girl is so different from any I have known."

"I dare say," says Fidus, "but a girl may be very delightful at a 'crush,' but it's going to be quite a girl that will stand the test of possession. Isn't it Story who says:

'For a whim to last a month or so, your future life you blast,
Take my advice, drain nothing to the lees.
Only just-tasted pleasures long can please.
What we desire is grateful while desired, possessed, 'tis worthless;
Ah! we soon grow tired with the continuous every-day, of what once seemed so charming when we had it not.'"

"Ah, Madame La Critique, let me get you a cup of tea," and Fidus turns to that charmingest of women, smiling as he pours the tea, and says:

"Madame, you are a living refutation of the brutal fling that marriage is a failure."

And truly if avoirdupois counts for anything, she is justly that, for Madame La Critique represents exactly one hundred and seventy pounds of kindly wit and clever wisdom, dashed with a *sauce piquante* of wickedness that makes her irresistible, a woman beloved of all men and one woman; a woman who waxes most witty over a cup of tea, and who has that happy faculty of drawing from others their conversational best. And now the men are allowed to smoke, and as "he who smokes thinks like a philosopher," so brighter grows the witty converse, and through the clouds of fragrant smoke bright voices and merry laughter ripple in waves of pleasant sound. Dr. Esculapius over his cigar waxes confidential, and tells to the "blond young man" the story of his love. The journalist, who is the other half of Madame La Critique, tells a funny story about a "pi" and a "form" and a "devil." Young



Methuselah tells how they did it when he was a boy; and the "blond young man" braces up and assures every one that he *could* say something, but he won't; and so on, and so on, everyone saying something, and no one saying anything dull, for at teas in Bachelorland, while the guests are not "all brains and no style," they are equally not "all style and no brains."

Presently Madame La Critique says it is time to go home and gathers in the journalist from a corner *tête à tête* with "the little country girl," and the clever actor goes away assuring Fidus that it is "the pleasantest tea he ever met." And so the guests drop away one or two at a time, taking with them pleasant memories of bachelor hospitality, and bearing about them the scent of the cup that cheers but not inebriates.

Frank Chaffee.

ORIENTAL DECORATION.

PART II.



N ornament essentially Oriental is the hanger or banner. This is a long and narrow piece of paper, cloth, or silk, which is hung on a door or wall. The commonest kind is of tinted or gold-speckled paper, on which is written some quotation from the poets. There is hardly a famous line in English literature but has its equivalent in that of the East. How close to Shakespeare is the motto:

"May health and good digestion
wait on your appetite,"

which hangs in a thousand Chinese dining-rooms.

Equally Elizabethan in tone is the line

"Love makes a Spring of all the year."

or another

"Thrice welcome, all who enter here."

Grave as well as gay sayings appear upon these banners. A certain owl-like disposition is patent in such citations as

"May your feet ne'er stumble nor your
thews grow weak."

"Death chases no fool because the fool
chases Death."

"The dragons fight for righteousness."

"The best possession is courtesy, and it costs nothing."

"Gentle manners are the pearl of all price."

"Who gives a penny with a willing heart builds a temple unto God."

More expensive are the larger hangers on which are painted or printed religious or mythologic pictures. Of these the most popular is the one representing Quong He Say Gong, the divine spirit. He is invariably depicted as sitting on a throne and attended by two lesser powers. The divinity is a handsome, massive man with huge mustache and a rather kindly expression. One attendant, symbolizing the destructive tendencies of the universe, is a fierce warrior, bearded like a pard and armed to the teeth. The other, typifying the constructive tendencies of life, is a beautiful woman carrying in her arms a bag of gold. The entire effect is brilliant but funny. More grotesque and curious is a picture embodying filial virtue, in which a great-grandfather, grandfather, father, mother, and three children are crowded together until they seem to be a seven-headed *lusus naturæ*.

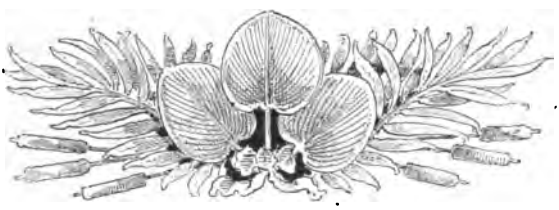
Very different and sometimes very pretty are the designs which illustrate the fairy-tales of the East. These vary but little from those found in the Arabian Nights, and in Grimm's notable collection. The wicked wizard who carries off the beautiful princess, and who is finally foiled by the good fairy; the miraculous cat who makes his boy-owner a prince; the dragon who ravages the land until he is slain by the magic of the prince; these and a score of other old friends are the leading subjects illustrated.

Crude and conventional is the workmanship. Perspective is unknown, light, shade and shadow are conspicuously absent, composition is inverted. Yet, on the other hand, there is always displayed a deep love and knowledge of color. Chromatic experiments are successfully tried that would cause the Western painter to start in amazement. The line-work at times is admirable and seldom incorrect.

In passing from this class of hangers to those which are made of embroidered silk, a new world is reached. Here is needlework finer than anything Europe can produce—in some cases as fine as the famous laces of the past. A black silk banner, imported by the Wo Kee Company, of New York, contained a group of three peacocks, each not more than six inches in height. Not only was the reproduction of line and color perfect to the unaided eye, but also under the magnifying-glass. Examined by the latter means, each feather, even the tufts on the head, proved to have been worked out one by one. The tree or boughs on which the birds sat had been made with equal fidelity to nature. The importer stated that the hanger had taken two years in making, and that the needlewoman was a famous artist. The article was not for sale. So highly is this work appreciated in the Orient that prices are asked and paid commensurate with those demanded by our greatest painters.

Fortunately the dead walls and sepulchral rooms of the past generation have been driven out of our cities into the country. Decoration is now universal. There is a danger of running to the opposite extreme, and making our salons gaudy and over-dressed. The American home-maker can learn a valuable lesson from the East. The brief suggestions made in this sketch cannot begin to disclose the vast wealth of artistic work accumulated by long centuries of civilization. They are intended only to call attention to the fact and incite the reader to study and utilize the productions of China and Japan.

William E. S. Fales.





AN OLD NEW JERSEY HOMESTEAD.

THE SCHUYLER HOUSE, POMPTON.

SIX hundred feet above the sea level; screened by two mountain ranges from sea fogs and shore rawness; watered as the garden of the Lord by brooks, brown and brisk, racing down from the hills—Pompton is the bonniest nook in New Jersey.

Henry Ward Beecher said of the State, that the trailing arbutus, fabled to spring from the blood of heroes, grows more luxuriantly within her bounds than anywhere else. Were the fantasy aught but a fable, Pompton and its environs should be overrun with the brave daintiness of the patriot's flower.

Situated on the King's Highway, between New York and Morristown, the tide of war ebbed and flowed over it many times during the fateful years of the Revolution. In a small, yellow house, equi-distant from the Pompton station of the Montclair and Greenwood Lake Railway, and that of the New York, Susquehanna and Western, Washington had his headquarters during his progresses to and from Morristown. I have talked with old people who remembered seeing him stand in the rude porch reviewing the dusty lines of troops as they filed by. Hooks that once supported muskets are in the ceiling of the "stoop," and the floor of the largest room is indented by much "grounding" of arms.

The beetling brow of the loftiest of the line of hills interlocking the cup-like valley, was the observatory of the Commander-in-Chief on several occasions, and bears, in memory of the majestic presence of the New World Moses, the name of "Federal Rock."

In Lord Sterling's forge, the foundations of which are yet stanch in the adjacent Wanaqué Valley, was welded the mighty chain stretched by Washington across the Hudson to prevent the passage of the Brit-

ish ships, some links of which are still to be seen on the parade-ground at West Point.

Upon another of the heights forming the amphitheatre in which nestle the village of Pompton and Ramapo Lake, several companies of Federal soldiers mutinied in the winter of 1778–9. They had had no pay for months; the weather was severe; rations were poor in quality and scanty, and their hearts were wrung by tidings of almost starving families in their distant homes. It was resolved to desert the bleak fastness, disband and return to their wives and children. News of the revolt was sent to Washington, at Morristown. He dispatched the American General Howe, with a body of troops to quell it. The insurgents were surprised and surrounded, and yielded without bloodshed to the superior force. A court-martial was held—"*standing on the snow*," says the chronicle with unconscious pathos—and two of the ringleaders were sentenced to be shot by their comrades and fellow-offenders. The squad detailed for the purpose vainly protested with tears against the cruel office. The blindfolded leaders were buried where they fell. Their graves are pointed out to the visitor who climbs to the site of the forest-camp. Cellars lined with stone, shelving rocks blackened and seamed on the under side by smoke and fire, and the outlines of huts built up with loose stones, are vestiges of that bitter winter, and the tragic culmination of the woes of the desperate soldiery.

Another encampment was in Pompton township, within sight of that on the mountain-side, and so much more kindly planned as to convenience and comfort, that the contrast may have augmented the discontent of the mutinous band. For two winters, part of a regiment of American troops occupied a gentle slope, with a southern exposure, on the bank of the Ramapo River. A virgin forest kept off north and east winds, and the camp was within less than half a mile of the main road. Soon after peace was declared, a great rock in the middle of the river was used as a foundation for a dam that widened the stream into a lake. A fall of thirty feet supplies a picturesque feature to the landscape, and valuable water-power for the Pompton Steel and Iron Works at the foot of the hill. Sunnybank, the summer cottage of Rev. Dr. Terhune, is built upon the pleasant camping-ground aforesaid. In clearing the wooded slope, remains of stockaded huts were unearthed, with bullets, flints, gunlocks, and, in a bed of charcoal left by a camp-fire, a sword of British workmanship, in perfect preservation. The royal arms of England are etched upon the blade; on the hilt, scratched rudely, as with a nail, or knife-point, the initials "E. L." The steel is encrusted with rust-gouts that will not out. Who, of the miserably-equipped rebel soldiery could afford to lose from his *living* hand, a weapon so good and true?

There were skirmishes, many and bloody, upon these beautiful hills. An encounter on the Morristown Road on Pompton Plains attained the dignity of a battle, and the slain were buried in the graveyard of the wayside church. In the garden behind Washington's headquarters, was dug up, some years ago, a solid silver spur that may have clamped the august heel of the Nation's Hero. The flat at the left of the Sunnybank orchard was paved with thousands of flat stones, for the convenience of taking horses and wagons to the water's edge. These were removed last year. Among the matted roots beneath them was found, at one spot, a bed of partially-fashioned arrow-heads, and, nearer the woods, a grave, with roughly hewn stones at head and foot —perhaps of a sachem of the once pow-



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

erful tribe of Pompiton Indians, — perhaps of "E. L." Who knows?

Both the camping-grounds I have mentioned, and five thousand, five hundred acres besides of mountain and plain, were deeded by royal letters of patent to Arent Schuyler in 1695. The homestead founded by him stands diagonally across the lake from Sunnybank, in full sight, although three-quarters of a mile away. A rampart of mountains defends it from the blasts which rush down the northern gorge, through which, from a neighboring eminence, the naked eye can trace, on a clear day, the outline of Old Cro' Nest, opposite West Point.

Philip Petersen Schuyler, the founder of the large and influential family in America bearing the name, emigrated from Amsterdam, Holland, in 1650, and settled in Albany (then Beverwyck).

This is his entry in his family Bible, of an event which occurred the same year.

"In the year of our Lord 1650, the 12 december, Have I, Philip Peterse Schuyler from Amsterdam, old about 2 (*illegible*) years married for my wife Margritta van Slichtenhorst, born at Nykerck old 22 years may the good god grant us a long and peaceful life to our salvation Amen."

His life was neither long nor peaceful. His decease, noted down in the same Bible by the hand of his wife, took place when he was less than sixty years old. The services rendered city, State and church in his thirty years' residence in the land of his adoption, his courage, steadfastness and energy, make his a marked name in those early annals. He bore the title of "Captain" at his death, and is mentioned in contemporary documents as "Commissioner of Justice in Albany."

From the eight children who survived him, sprang such noble branches as the Van Cortlandts, Van Rensselaers, Verplancks, and Livingstons. His eldest son, Peter, was the first Mayor of Albany, and in 1689, Commandant of Fort Orange in that city.

Johannes—another son—we learn from a family MS. embrowned and blotched by time—"was Captain at 22, and in 1690 led a Company of 29 Christians and 120 Savages, as far as La Praise, in Canada, near Montreal, where he took 19 Prisoners and destroyed for the enemies 150 head of cattle, and subsequently, after an absence of 17 days, returned in safety to Albany. He is said to have had great influence with the Indians and was the Grandfather of Gen. Philip Schuyler, one of the noted Chieftains of the Revolution."

The birth of Arent Schuyler is duly entered in the Bible thus:

"1662, the 25 June is born our fourth son named Arent van Schuyler may the Lord God let him grow up in virtues to his salvation Amen."

The father interpolated the "van" in the names of his children until 1666. Philip, Johannes and Margritta are written down simply "Schuyler."

The wife of the first Philip, and for twenty-eight years his loyal relict, was one of the famous women of the day. She had sole control of her husband's large estate, and managed it ably.

An amusing bit of testimony to her maternal devotion, is given in a letter written by the obnoxious Leisler to the three commissioners sent by him to Albany to assume control of municipal and colonial affairs there. Peter Schuyler was then Mayor. The usurper of the Lieutenant-Governorship writes to his agents of a tale "that ye Widow Schuyler beat Capt. Milborne, and that you all three were forced to fly out of ye towne and were gone to Esopus and Peter Schuyler was in ye fort."



"It was mere rumor," comments a family record, "but it proved she was a woman of spirit and resolution, more, that her influence was a power which her enemies feared."

This was in 1690. Six years earlier, her son Arent, (signifying "eagle") bought a house from his thrift-loving mother, to be paid for in peltry, in two instalments of a hundred beavers each, hung a live eagle in a cage on the outer wall in lieu of a door-plate, married, and went to housekeeping with Jenneke Teller.

In emulation of the will made by Philip and Margritta Schuyler, the provisions of

which were conscientionsly carried out by the widow, Arent and his wife, soon after their marriage, united in a testament which left the survivor sole legatee of "all the estate and personal property * * * * * * all and everything which they now possess or may hereafter possess (may he or she remarry or not) without being held to pay over to the parents or friends or anybody else, even a stiver's worth."

In 1690, Arent Schuyler joined a party sent under Captain Abraham Schuyler to watch the French near Crown Point. While on this duty, Arent volunteered to lead into Canada a company of eight Indian scouts, himself being the only white man. The expedition returned in safety, having made thorough reconnoissances, killed two French pickets and captured one. The enterprise gained for him much credit and a captaincy. His familiarity with Indian dialects caused him to be chosen as ambassador, on divers occasions, to hostile and friendly tribes. His proven courage and his diplomacy were not more notable than the detailed exactness of his monetary accounts with the government. Not an item of horse-hire, or Holland shirts furnished to chiefs; of crackers, peas and ferriage, was omitted from the bills rendered by shrewd Widow Schuyler's fourth son.

Arent Schuyler removed to what one kinsman biographer calls "the wilds of New Jersey," between 1701 and 1706. The joint will of himself and bride was, of course, a reciprocal affair, with equal risks on both sides, but the innings remained with the always-lucky husband. He fell heir to every stiver and stitch of Jenneke Teller's share of the property in 1700, and married Swantie Dyckhuyse in 1702. In 1710, he bought a plantation on the Passaic River, near Newark. Just as he was beginning to fear that the lands were unproductive, and meditate a speedy sale, a negro slave discovered a copper mine, which established his master's fortune beyond the reach of a turn of fate.

Philip, the eldest son of Arent the Lucky, was left upon the patrimonial acres at Pompton when his father transferred his residence to Belleville, New Jersey. He was, a man of note among his neighbors, possessing much of the thrift and industry belonging to the blood. He represented Passaic County in the Legislature for several years.

His son, Arent (2) added to the estate the farm bought in 1739 from Hendrick



COLFAX HOUSE.

Garritse Van Wagenen, on which the homestead stands. This Arent, with his son Adoniah, occupied it during the Revolution, and in a peaceful old age related many and strange tales of that troublous era.

A French soldier, ill with fever, was brought to Mr. Schuyler's hospitable door from the camp across the river, taken in and nursed by the family and servants. His disease proved to be small-pox, of which he died. A low mound in the orchard shows where he was buried. The family influence with the Indians, of whom there were many in the nearest mountains, was transmitted from generation to generation. Adoniah, when a boy, talked with them in their own language, employed, when grown, Indian men on the farm, and squaws in the house. Indian boys and girls played freely about the doors with the children of the second Arent.

While the conflicting armies were surging back and forth over the Debatable Ground of the Ramapo Valley, Arent Schuyler called in cattle and horses every night, and sent them into the friendly mountains at the rear of his house, under the care of trustworthy laborers. Provisions were secreted ingeniously, and crops put into the ground with agonizing misgivings as to who would reap and consume them.

The dwelling has been twice remodeled in this century. It is a substantial stone structure with outlying barns larger than itself. The walls are very thick, an air of restful comfort pervades the premises. Peacocks strut, and guinea-fowls clack noisily where Indian children played with Philip Schuyler's grandsons. Plough and hoe still bring up arrow-heads in the long-cultivated fields. The ground would seem to have been sown with them as with grain.

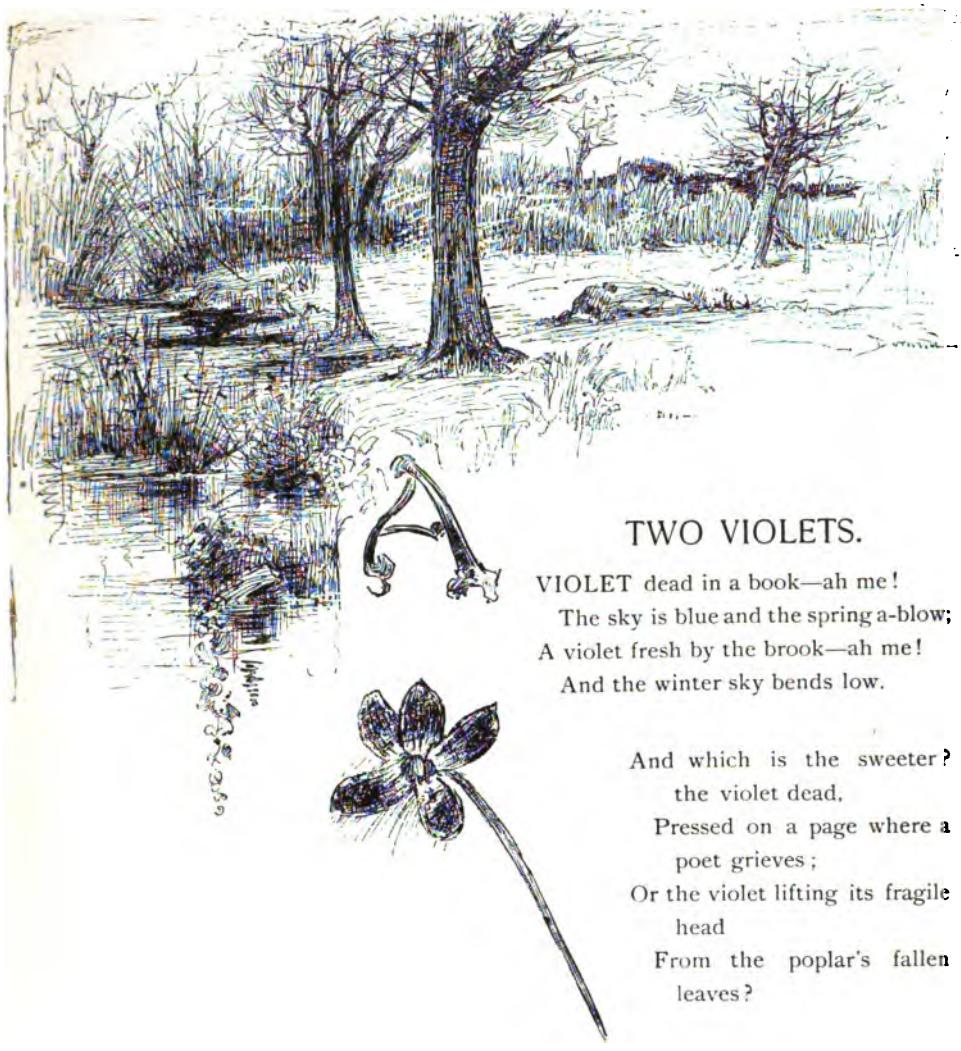
Mr. Cornelius Schuyler, an honored citizen of Pompton, and the last in the direct male line represented by Arent (1) Philip, Arent (2) and Adoniah, died Sept. 14, 1868, in his 75th year. Mrs. Williams, his married daughter; her husband, Dr. Williams and Miss Harriet Schuyler dwell in the quiet spaciousness of the old house.

Of the many thousand Pompton acres owned by the race that knew so well how to fight and to traffic—only the extensive home-tract remains to those of the blood and name. Of the homes inherited by, and made for themselves by the nine children of the second Philip Schuyler, all but this have passed into other hands.

The twelfth child and youngest son, Casparus, had but one child, Hesther, who married William Colfax of Pompton, afterward Captain of Washington's Life Guard. The house in which he lived and died has undergone little alteration since the birth of his son, the father of Schuyler Colfax. While Vice-President of the United States, the popular statesman visited the venerable houses of the honorable families whose united names he bore, and listened to the story of a worthy ancestry.

Captain, afterward General William Colfax, was interred near the Colfax homestead. *Marion Harland.*





TWO VIOLETS.

A VIOLET dead in a book—ah me!
The sky is blue and the spring a-blow;
A violet fresh by the brook—ah me!
And the winter sky bends low.

And which is the sweeter? the violet dead,
Pressed on a page where a poet grieves;
Or the violet lifting its fragile head
From the poplar's fallen leaves?

A dear dead hope in my heart—ah me!
Its wings are furled, but I love it so;
A new hope eager to start—ah me!
And I bless it and bid it go.

And which is the sweeter? Ah, who can tell!
So I say to my heart, "In the poet's book
Is a violet dead in its own sweet smell,
And another in bloom by the brook."

Charles Washington Coleman.

HOPE HARDING.

CHAPTER III.



MATEUR entertainments which have for their direct purpose the elevation of "the people" are not, as a rule, peculiarly inspiriting, the performers alone it appears to me having any real satisfaction. And this "Penny Reading," as Hope called it, was no exception. The people of Hurstley were well-mannered, well-meaning, innocent country folk,in no need—so Miss Harding thought—of being "elevated" and "refined," by means of this social and musical relaxation. They would infinitely have preferred their own firesides and friendly gossip to Mr. Seaton's funny songs or Lady Alicia's mild ballads in a minor key, —but since the "gentry" had devised this means of entertaining and refining them, it behooved one and all at least to sit it out. Such, at all events, was the impression which the audience gave to Hope Harding, and she aroused Palfrey from a queer fit of abstraction to say as much.

He turned toward her, smiling.

"Is'nt it funny? And think of the days of preparation, and the philanthropy they are all so proud of," he half-whispered.

"I think Hurstley manners are admirable" she answered, "could anything be more polite than their— "

"Resignation? nothing—and there are fine types among them," said Palfrey.

His glance wandered from Hope's grey eyes and the cool soft cheek near him to the crowded part of the auditorium, where the country people sat, patiently awaiting the first number of the programme. Hurstley lies in the heart of a country noted for fine, life-giving air, moorland breezes, strong oxygenized atmosphere, with a distant whiff of salt now and then in it, and as a consequence, there is a sturdiness of limb—a breadth of shoulder, and a clear red and white coloring, noticeable in the people who live there all the year round and earn their bread as Adam was made to do. Rosy cheeks and bright eyes were as frequent in the audience as gay ribbons. The few exceptions to this bloom and redundant sort of vitality were the more noticeable, and scanning a group of fine-looking young people, Palfrey's eye was caught by a pale face and a listless or drooping figure,—a girl's;—she could not have been more than eighteen, although there was no touch of girlish or youthful charm about her. She seemed thoroughly out of place and conscious that she was so. Her companions—an elderly man and woman of robust physique and very jovial manners—made no attempt,it would appear, to draw her into their conversation, when, during pauses between the numbers they freely commented on the performance. The woman turned while Palfrey was looking at them, to give the girl's shawl a jerk up around her shoulders, but it was done mechanically, and apparently from a sense of duty instead of interest. The girl's eyes, worn and haggard-looking, suddenly fastened themselves upon Palfrey's face, while a mass of color rushed across her own. Her eyes brightened ; she turned, whispered something to the woman at her side, and walked quickly away, and out of the concert hall. There was no mistaking the fact that the girl's change of expression and departure were the result of her glance at Palfrey, and he turned to ask Hope if she had observed it.

"Certainly,"—the girl spoke in a curious tone of voice—"what do you suppose it means. Do you know her?"

"Not a bit—but she evidently knows me. It looked as if seeing me, frightened her out of the building. Not very pleasant."

They both laughed, yet Palfrey was not well impressed by the little incident, and during Lady Alicia's next performance, Hope observed him constantly watching for the girl to reappear. But she did not return. A few moments later the intermission was announced, and while Mrs. De Mostyn was getting her various wraps together and preparing to make a "gracious" exit, bowing to "the people" as she went, Palfrey contrived to arrange matters with young Mr. Seaton and to secure Hope to himself.

Lady Alicia, meanwhile, had been a

quiet but very attentive on-looker. She was a woman of perhaps thirty-five; handsome in a striking but not especially pleasing way. A woman who had held her own, in a certain fashion, among upper-class people for years, yet all the time mystifying her circle as to how she did it. For, in the cause of excitement, adventure or novelty, Lady Alicia would do almost anything, still with a certain tact and *finesse* which generally saved her from public opinion at the last moment. Five years ago, when Lady Alicia and Hope Harding met for the first time, the elder woman instantly understood that Hope was repelled by her; that the clear, pure vision of the girl's mind penetrated the flimsy disguises of hers; that, without being able to understand the precedents or motives of such a nature as Lady Alicia's,—the false ring was apparent. As a result, Hope calmly withdrew as far as possible from her cousin's friend, and Lady Alicia registered a vow to make this beautiful, charming and high-minded girl suffer for her unspoken criticism. Possibly, she would have done much to win Hope's respect, but Hope had never seemed to take this into consideration as a possibility. It was not in the nature of the girl to be unkind or thoughtless of another's feelings, so that Lady Alicia was never openly offended or slighted. Yet, the sting remained. Hope Harding's clear eyes seemed always to be judging her. Lady Alicia felt herself perpetually at a disadvantage in the girl's presence.

Steven Palfrey's sentiments towards Hope were clear as daylight to the woman of the world. She had studied him for years well knowing there was a mystery in his life; determined to discover just what it was and to come to a definite conclusion on two subjects, *i.e.*, his invulnerability so far as the fair sex was concerned, and his very quiet but well managed withdrawal from all social advances she made towards him.

Lady Alicia's *ménage* was exquisitely conducted. Her "little house," as she called a charming mansion in Belgravia, was perfect in its appointments and its generous hospitality. Old Mr. Pakerton was a rich city man, thoroughly satisfied with having married an earl's daughter, who, to do her justice, was all gentleness and kindness towards her vulgar, hypochondriac, old husband. This was characteristic of the woman. Life was a fair game of 'give and take' to her, and she genuinely appreciated the fact that Mr. Pakerton had married her when her father's fortunes were at a very low ebb—that he had settled a generous sum upon her, and that when the world was inclined to gossip about her, he always came to the rescue with at least an appearance of sincere belief in her. Under other circumstances—other "up-bringing"—Alicia Pakerton might have been a fine character. As it was, she knew from childhood the faults of her parents; she had seen through all their devices for keeping up appearances; and while she had absorbed a great deal of their worldliness and love of show, in her secret heart she despised it all, and day after day wondered how she might throw off some of her worldly trammels,—some of her associations which she knew were eating into the fibre of what was good in her heart and mind, and in her soul,—which occasionally she mentioned as existing—although she generally remarked with defiant cynicism, that she could not understand why so inferior a being as herself had been given such a thing.

Had Hope Harding but known it, no more dangerous element could have been thrown into her life at that moment than this restless, dissatisfied woman. Just as the hardest judge of Christianity is the man most conscious himself of blinking truth and stifling regret, so a woman like Lady Alicia Pakerton, who knows what high standards really are, is the most dangerous of associates for a girl like Hope Harding. The absolute purity and integrity of the latter had become an aggravation to Lady Alicia which she could not subdue.

"Miss Harding has not seen the Priory ruins?"

Lady Alicia, leaning composedly against the arm of a chair near the first bench, asked this question of Palfrey, smiling rather superciliously as she spoke.

"I believe not," was the answer, as Palfrey turned his gaze very decidedly upon Hope. "But I am sure Miss Harding will enjoy them. They are well worth seeing on a moonlight night—like Melrose."

"Exactly; and, I suppose," continued Lady Alicia, as they began to make their way down the aisle, "that we ought to try and get our sentiments into proper accord with so much picturesque and romantic effect."

"Would you like me to quote poetry?"

rejoined Palfrey; "It's rather a difficult matter with me, but I could try."

Hope's eyes, gleaming with fun, were raised to his.

"What shall you attempt?" she said, in a half-confidential way—the tone that involuntarily came into her voice when talking to Palfrey. "Begin on the *Original Poems* by the Taylor Sisters; wouldn't they suit mediæval ruins and moonlight?"

They were at the door as she spoke. The last words died suddenly on her lips, for the girl who had changed color and left the building as her eyes met Palfrey's, was standing watchful and eager just near the entrance of the place. Her face and figure in shadow became suddenly revealed—a certain ivory whiteness about her brow and cheeks. She put out an ungloved trembling hand upon Palfrey's arm.

"Mr. Palfrey," she said anxiously, "please come here. I must speak to you."

Chapter IV.

"Now, there is one thing very peculiar about Steven Palfrey," Lady Alicia was remarking a few minutes later. "See how he seemed to vanish suddenly into thin air with that queer-looking young girl; yet, were we, when he reappears to ask him any questions on the subject, he would answer in such a way as to make us feel like disagreeable busybodies—that is, if he condescended to speak at all."

Lady Alicia was seated on a stone bench in the old Refectory of the Priory. Through the windows of the broken walls; through the half-covered roof; through the tangle of ivy which hung over every bit of stone or masonry where it could creep for shelter and growth—a pale but clear moonlight was filtering. Hope, simply struck silent by the peculiar occurrence at the door of the school-house, was moving slowly up and down, affecting an interest in the ruins—trying to look intelligent while Mr. Seaton held forth on the history and architectural value of the place. It sounded like the guide-book to the county. Later, Hope remembered his saying "This perfect arch," etc., in a way which ought to have suggested very recently acquired information, but then her whole mind was absorbed by one thought. "What had happened to Palfrey? When would he return?" Meanwhile, as she walked up and down, she kept a watch upon the terrace which, fronting the school-house, led by three well-worn steps into the ruins. Palfrey would appear there. Presently there was the sound of his step. Hope gave up her pretence of attention to Tom Seaton, who by this time was almost garrulous, and walked quickly towards the terrace. Palfrey sauntered down the steps, and entered the Rectory with his hand extended to her. But for an increase of pallor he betrayed no emotion.

"Were you frightened on my account?" he said in a low tone to Hope, and holding her hand closely. "There was no need of it. I wonder if you will take it on trust that I cannot tell you who that girl was, or what she wanted to say to me."

"Why of course," said Hope, very cheerfully.

Palfrey's expression, the clasp of his hand, had entirely re-assured her. She began to make merry with Tom Seaton—to almost turn him into ridicule—and Palfrey was thoroughly sympathetic with her mood. When the intermission was over, and they returned to the school-house, even Mrs. De Mostyn had been roused into something like natural gayety, and the rest of the entertainment seemed to Hope most interesting and successful. She was almost reconciled to the supper party upon which Lottie had set her heart, and which was sufficiently attractive to keep the little company together until after midnight,

Palfrey's excellent spirits had not flagged. He left Hope only after a promise that she would allow him to take her the day following to see a famous old castle.

"You must give me three hours of your time," he said, lingering over their good-bye.

Hope, when the door was closed upon their guests, mounted the stairs to her own room, very slowly. Something critical and decisive seemed to have come into her life. She flung widely-open the window of her room and sat down in the darkness to think of what might be in store for her. Beneath her quaint, projecting window the country stretched silent, moonlit and tranquil. Across the bit of moor, a road like a white ribbon wound in and out between dense green hedge-rows. The up-lands to the left were diversified by blooms of the gorse—hints of red flowering, which, in the morning, as she well knew, would catch and reflect the colors of the

rising sun. Beyond, a church spire, and the walls of a quaint old alms-house pierced the summer sky; and faint sounds, like the flutter of a bird among some distant branches, seemed to reach her, and form part of the sweetness and harmony of the night.

Life was very beautiful—the world, a very fair and God-like place, thought Hope, as she sat there,—and love was the Divinest of God's ordinances.—His plan for those who understood it aright.

Hope smiled to herself in the moonlight: recalled the feeling of Palfrey's hand as it clasped hers; recalled the sound of his voice as he came into the old Refectory, as he had bidden her good-bye; and ended her happy vigil by a prayer, to be worthy of the blessing of his love.

Lucy C. Lillie.

(*To be continued.*)



A NEW-ENGLAND DINNER.



RS. MOWBRAY and her four married daughters sat about "mother's" pleasant bedroom and talked the matter over.

"If there is anything, my dears, that I do consider bad taste, and certain to bring humiliation, it is trying to make a show beyond one's means."

"I think it is only due honor to a guest to give him the very best thing possible," the oldest daughter, Mrs. Grey, said in her positive voice.

"And the house is *so* elegant looking," Mrs. Prince said.

"And he will probably *never* be here again;" Mrs. Lacy put in.

"And if we impress him, he may fall in love with Lucia;" Mrs. Shattuc said.

That was too much for Mrs. Mowbray. Lucia was the one lamb left of her flock and the darling of her heart.

"And you want your sister to marry a man who fell in love with the *dinner* she gave him?"

The girls, (they would always be "the girls,") laughed and pretended that it was all a joke, while Ellen Lacy leaned over Marion Grey's chairback and said under her breath, "mamma has been a widow so long, that everything but the romance of married life has been forgotten."

It was true. Not one of the five daughters had more than a dim recollection of their gay, handsome, young father, who died when the two pairs of twins were almost babies, and before little Lucia was born.

He had left them the handsome home, and securities which had, until the last few years paid a fine income, but at last these had become almost entirely worthless, and the widow and her youngest daughter knew the meaning of fine economies.

The four older girls, the two sets of twins, had all married for love, struggling young business men who would all reach the top of the ladder by and by, and were ready in any way to lend a helping hand to "the mother," as they called dear Mrs. Mowbray.

But proportionally as "the mother" was precious, was she also proud. As long as she had her chickens in the backyard and her home, she and Lucia were independent, upon all ordinary occasions. But this was an occasion extraordinary.

Mrs. Mowbray had had a letter from an old friend and distant cousin, one who had been her bridesmaid when she was married, and whom she had not seen since. She was pretty Mary Sheldon then, but had married a great New York banker and financier, and nowadays was a leader of society, equally at home in Paris, London or New York. She had kept a tender place in her heart for her old friend, and they had exchanged photographs of their children from time to time, and kept up an intimacy on paper, although their lives were as far asunder as the poles.

This last letter was to say that her second son Robert, who was a Lieutenant in the fourth cavalry of the United States Army, would pass through Weston, on his way to join his company in the West, and would stop some hours to meet his mother's old friend. Of course he would come at three o'clock in the afternoon, and stay until midnight. Everybody knew the way of trains in Weston. So there was nothing for it but to have him to dinner: and it was this dinner that was under discussion.

Mrs. Mowbray wanted to have a regular old-fashioned country tea, insisting that they would all feel more at ease than at such a dinner as she felt able to give. Lucia had also voted for the tea, but she was, as "the girls" said, too young to understand the importance of food. She had put on her best dress and gone out to make visits this afternoon, leaving her mother in the hands of her sisters.

Finally Marion said, "he wants to see us all doesn't he?"

"So his mother wrote."

"Well if we are all coming, I don't see why we can't have a New England dinner."

"A New England dinner! what on earth is that? Pumpkin pies, and that sort of thing?"

"No indeed. But when some New England families have family dinner-parties, everyone of the married daughters brings a dish. One the meat, another the dessert, etc. It seems like a very good idea in this case."

So the daughters considered it, and overruling all of Mrs. Mowbray's scruples, they decided that the dinner was to be given in that way, and then they made out the *menu*. They were to have celery soup; Mrs. Mowbray was to supply that, of course. Mrs. Grey was to bring roast chickens stuffed with oysters, and asparagus. Mrs. Lacy eagerly offered to make the aspic jelly. Julia, Mrs. Prince, was to bring a salad. She would not say *what*, as she meant to ransack the cook-books of the town for something quite unique; while Mary Shattuc promised the very king of plum puddings.

When Lucia came home, and she and her mother sat down to their simple tea, they talked the matter over again.

"It is no end kind of the girls," Lucia said, "but I must confess, Motherie, that it seems like a great sham, and if it don't fall to pieces somewhere, I shall be surprised. Who is this Mr. Lieutenant Devries, that he can not have a simple tea, such as we should offer to any other guest?"

Poor Mrs. Mowbray sighed, and hardly knew. But deep down in her sweet motherly heart, she thought it would be a great deal better for her darling to be married happily than to live along in the old home nest, and Robert Devries was the pride of his mother's heart. A manly fellow, who had preferred roughing it on the frontier with the discipline of a soldier, to leading a gay life as a leader of Germans and a driver of four-in-hand coaches in New York. As Mrs. Mowbray looked at her Lucia, she had to confess that there was strong likelihood of any man falling in love with her, if he had half a chance. She hoped she was giving the right man his opportunity. Surely it was no harm not to startle him by too abrupt a change from the grand living of his own home.

At last the momentous day arrived. Lucia set the table in the beautiful, long, old dining-room, where a portrait of her father, as a schoolboy, looked merrily down upon the board. Except for a slight difference in the length of the noses, the picture of handsome Gerry Mowbray might have been that of his daughter Lucia arrayed for some tricksy masquerade. There were the same sweet, steady, blue eyes, put in with the traditional "dirty finger" of Ireland.

The same rich, red mouth, and tight, silky rings of black hair, that threw the pure red and white of the complexion into bold relief. Lucia was the handsomest of the sisters, and everybody but the husbands of those sprightly ladies declared that she was the cleverest as well. Certainly none of them had ever made her own dresses, and still been the pattern of style for the whole town. Almost any girl would have envied her the dress she wore to-day—after seeing her wear it. It was only a soft cream-colored serge with long drapery, and a blouse embroidered in white knitting-silk. She had made it all herself, and it had cost just eight dollars, finished. She had not spoiled it by a single ornament, or end of ribbon, and as it fell into graceful folds about her lithe, young figure, it would have excited the admiration of an artist, or a society woman, which is saying a great deal for any one gown. Mrs. Mowbray had asked Lieutenant Devries to come directly to her house, and Ned Lacy, Ellen's husband, had promised to meet him at the train. The three o'clock express was an hour late, so Mrs. Mowbray and Mrs. Lacy and Lucia had been waiting in the parlor for an hour and a half, when steps on the gravel told them that their guest had arrived. They were well-bred ladies, and not accustomed to rushing, but Ellen and Lucia did take just one little peep through the fine old curtains at the drawing-room window. That look was enough. They each fell back with a sort of gasp of consternation. Ned was coming up the walk accompanied by *three* straight-backed young men.

"Mamma," Lucia cried, "has Mrs. Devries *three* sons?"

They were in the hall, and they had all gone to meet them before anybody could answer. The tallest of the party, a straight, frank-faced young fellow came forward, his hat in his hand. Mrs. Mowbray loved him before he opened his mouth.

"I am Bob Devries, and I am sure, from the picture that mother wears in her locket, that I have been lucky enough to find Mrs. Mowbray."

It was very unconventional, but Mrs. Mowbray liked it, said in the hearty voice, and she drew the tall head down and kissed the young man on his forehead. And then he introduced his friends. Captain Stillman, a grave thin, earnest-faced man, older than the rest, and Lieutenant Reale, who was hardly more than a boy.

"I did not join them until to-day,—did not know that they were going out to Fort Lincoln,"—he said, "but since they are, I persuaded them to stop over with me. Mother has brought us up in the faith that the more always means the merrier, in Virginia hospitality."

"Quite right," Mrs. Mowbray said, cordially, while Ellen walked down to the gate with her husband, and told him not to dare come back to dinner. The table would be quite full enough without him.

The young men were sent upstairs to the cool chambers, to brush and wash the railway dust from their persons, while Mrs. Mowbray and Ellen sat down to talk over the young men, and Lucia went out to put the extra plates on the table. She found Aunt Bella, the old colored woman who had begun life as her mother's nurse and attendant maid, and who was the only living link between the "old times" in the Mowbray kitchens, and the servantless present, trying to decipher the inscription on a note, which had just been handed her by a small boy.

It was from Mary.

"Dear Lucia," it ran—

"I am simply heartbroken, but the pudding is a *wretched failure!* I trusted Ann to tie it up, and she tied it so hard that there was no room for it to *swell*, and she did not keep it boiling." ("Just as I expected," Lucia said *sotto voce*. "Ann does all of Mary's cooking, and no Irish girl *can* make a plum pudding!")

"However," the letter went on, "I have sent to Kramer's for vanilla cream, and you can have that for dessert. Pray forgive me.

Yours miserably,

Mary."

Lucia went back to the parlor. Captain Stillman was standing on the rug before the fire examining some queer bits of pottery, that looked as though they might have been relics of the Aztecs, but were in reality some amateur efforts of Lucia's own, several years before. Her mother would never let her put them in the ash cart, as she wanted to after the craze died out. Young Mr. Devries was telling Mrs. Mowbray all the family affairs that he could remember, and Mrs. Lacy, who doated on boys, was winning the undying allegiance of young Reale; so Lucia walked over to the fire-place, and laughingly explained the "curiosities" to Captain Stillman.

Just in the midst of a spirited account of how a certain jug was evolved out of the raw material, her attention was attracted

by hearing the gate click in an excited way and rapid footsteps come heavily up the walk. They went around to the back of the house.

Lucia drew a sigh of relief. It must be Marion's chickens.

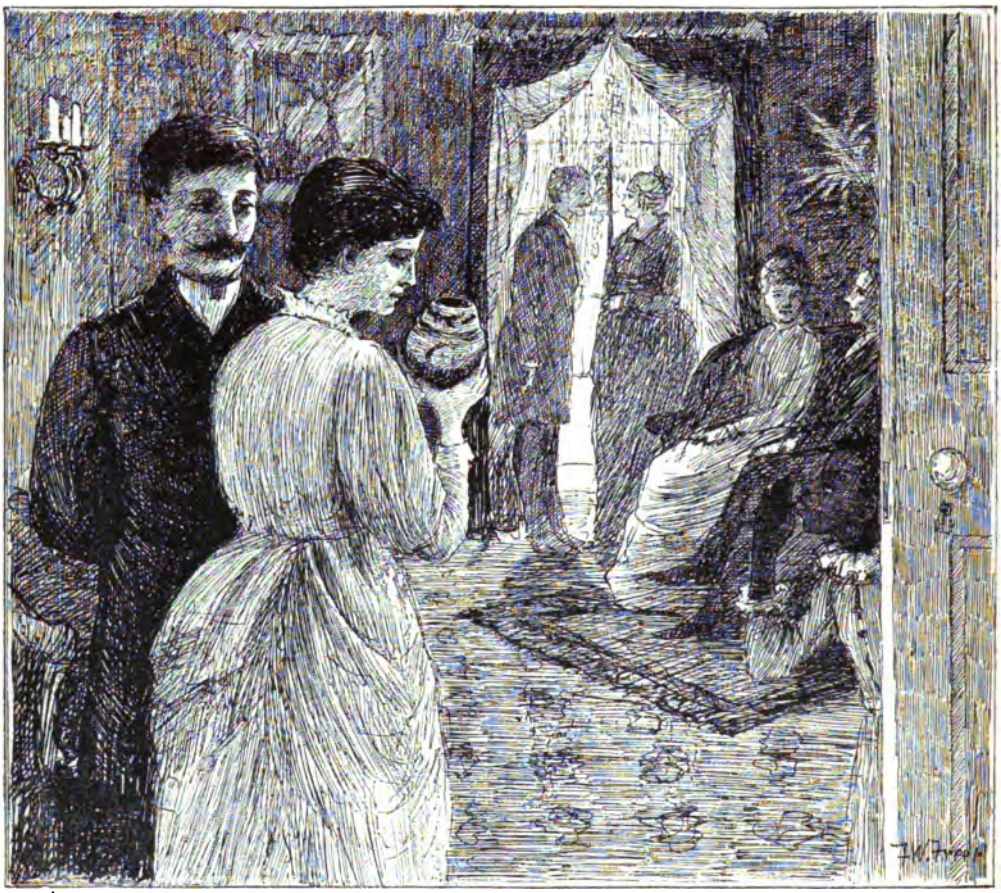
It was.

Ten minutes later, Aggie, Aunt Bella's small grand-daughter, who had been imported into the house to wait on the table, came to the door, and said in a mysterious high-keyed whisper which attracted the attention of everybody.—"Miss Lushy, kin you come heah?"

And "there," after she had heard the tale, Lucia sat down and groaned. Jimmie, Marion's stable boy, who had started off bravely with the basket, quite ignorant of its contents, had set the precious burden on a bench while he went into Mr. Kramer's grocery, and had come out to find two dogs scrambling over the contents of the overturned basket. The only thing saved was a note from Marion saying that Ned Lacy had been there telling her of the unexpected addition to the party, and as she had only been able to get three very nice chickens, she and Mr. Grey would take tea at home and come over in the evening.

Poor Lucia began to count on her fingers what she had left. It was now after five o'clock, and they had intended having dinner at six.

"Celery soup; aspic jelly. Aunt Bella,



where is that aspic that was in that big covered dish. I'll break it up and put it on the table."

"That theah cole soup, honey? I jus' tuhned dat 'ah right outen de kittle, an' set it a simmerin'."

"Where?" Lucia fairly screamed. But alas! haste was of no good now. The precious jelly was in a liquid state again, and would require quite four hours to harden.

Lucia took her pretty underlip tightly

under her teeth, and thought a minute; then she said to the boy who was still standing about, dreading to go home to his mistress and the scolding that he knew would be his—"Jimmie, go down to Kramer's and get me three or four pounds of boiled ham" (the only cooked commodity to be bought in Weston), "and tell them to be certain to send the ice cream well packed in ice. Aunt Bella, make up some waffles as quickly as possible. And Aggie, you toast, *and don't you scorch!* about twenty slices of bread." And then Miss Lucia went upstairs and put a cambric wrapper on over her white dress, and came down again.

"There is one thing they *shall* have—a regular old Virginia supper," she said, as she opened jars of honey and cans of preserves.

She took the slices of toast when they were done, buttered them, and poured over them her celery cream soup, with which she had taken such pains, making a delicious cream toast. Aunt Bella could make waffles as light as air, and the daintiest of hot biscuits; and Aggie had won her reputation as a table waitress by her expedition in bringing in hot bread. The salad came by and by, carried in its cut crystal bowl every step of the way by Charlie Prince's own hands. It was truly the very king of salads, made of white turkey-meat, and celery, and mayonnaise. The ice-cream came along presently, and when the ham had been sliced and the extra forks and the soup plates taken off, and the "supper" put on, Aunt Bella was graciously pleased to remark that it "looked like old times."

Certainly the faces of Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Lacy, and Mother Mowbray were a study as they took in that table.

It was quite seven o'clock, and the candles in all the old silver candlesticks had been lighted, and the sweet homey look of everything could not have been surpassed.

The guests seemed to enjoy everything.

When young Devries took his fifth waffle, he said to Mrs. Mowbray under his breath, "Mother has always told us about Virginia waffles and honey, but these are the first I ever ate. Can I have another?"

They had a charming evening after they left the dining-room and went back to the parlor. Lieutenant Reale discovered a beautiful tenor voice, and he sang love songs—"Rose Marie" and the "Bedouin Love Song"—to Mrs. Lacy's accompaniment, while Robert Devries confided to Mrs. Mowbray that he was engaged to a young lady in San Francisco, and he hoped that after they were married in the Spring he might bring her to see them.

"Do you know," he said, "I really believe that your house is about the only one where the genuine old customs are kept up?"

Captain Stillman was talking pictures and pottery to Lucia on the sofa. He was in the engineer corps, and was only going West for a few weeks. It was natural to ask him to stop again on his way back. He did. Lucia told me last year when I visited her at Willett's Point, that her husband says that he fell in love with the sweet domestic way in which she left the parlor to see about that supper. And she said that the only secret on earth that she had from him was the story of their attempt at a New-England Dinner.

A. S. Duane.





MY KINGDOM.

I take my ease in my study now,
  Like a monarch behind his bolted gate,
With a Turkish smoking-cap on my brow,
  And wearing a wrapper for robes of State!

This is my peaceful and calm domain;
  Seated upon my leather throne,
Unquestioned and undisturbed I reign,
  And the only covenant is my own.

Not always I rest from toil and work,
  Like a lazy king of some heathen land,
Wearing the head-gear of the Turk,
  Idle of brain and still of hand.

Often I lay kingcraft aside,
  And toil like a yeoman in the field,
Reaping the meadows long and wide,
  And threshing the grain my harvests yield.

Grinding away at the mill of thought,
  I heed no person who knocks and calls;
And whoso seeketh me out unsought,
  Receiveth only the chaff that falls!

The chaff and the tare make up the sum
  For those who cumber my threshing floor,
Save the children, who go as they list and come,
  And are always welcomed within my door.

For it seems when these forms like angels pass,
  There are no tares, there is only wheat;
And like breaths from the upland clover grass,
  The atmosphere is more soft and sweet!

But ah! when the hand that holds the pen,
  No longer has power to move and write,
And I take my place with the weak old men,
  On whose ways fall only the shades of night.

When no longer the dais is mine own,
  May the children hold me as loved and dear;
May they come to the monarch overthrown,
  And make the Kingdom of God seem near!

And when dust is the form of the man and king,
  And the dynasty crumbles and hath an end,
May they still some tributes of flowers bring
  To his grave who loved them and was their friend!

S. F. Quintero.

IN WONDER-LAND, NO. 1.

Among the Olives.



HERE is a remnant of adobe wall capping an eminence in the California sun, surrounded by acres of wild thickets and mustard, where, in a century past, the Franciscan "padres" of old San Diego harvested the fruits of Spain from olive trees along the bottom-land of their own river valley.

A few hundreds of those olives yet stand rustling their scant foliage in the wind. They are scarred and disfigured by campfires that soldiers—in the days after the old Presidis with its protecting guns had been abandoned—built beneath their boughs; and the clumps of thorny cactus thrown up around some of their trunks have only partially shielded them from ravages of browsing sheep and cattle, while the hacking axe of many a settler in the new land has made havoc with scores of thrifty limbs. For this historic grove has parented all the bearing olive groves of this great State; and yet the trees that comprise it are but babes among olives—for the olive's life goes on and on when all others born of its century are passed to decay. A thousand years with an olive tree is rich maturity, and it grows tougher with time, and year after year yields its harvest of pickles and oil, and that nutty meat which, simply dried in the sun, is the staff of life to so many nations.

It is true that we Americans have not yet come to our full appreciation of the fruit which is so coveted over a great portion of the world. We eat our solitary pickled olive "for style" before dinner is served, and are fond of it in a certain way; but to value it as meat and potatoes—oh, no! And yet the Italian, and the Frenchman, and the Spaniard, and the native of nearly every olive country will relinquish almost any known product of the soil before he will give over this edible from his bill of fare.

The taste is one that, for the majority, must be acquired; one, too, that grows as the individual grows. "Eat three olives," says an apparently wise authority, "and you will eat olives as long as you live." Perhaps that person does not exist who ever yet lost his relish for this fruit of the branch of Noah's dove, when that relish was fully fostered. But how many have eaten a rich, thoroughly ripe, sun-soaked pickled olive, fresh from the brine in the very orchard in which it was prepared? Oh, there is where the flavor, and the oil, and the nuttiness are combined. You can swallow down one after another of the little fatty oval purple plums cleaving off in your mouth like "freestones" from their pit; and you can think, the while, without a pang of compunction, of the brown Italian peasants in their own strong sun making their sole dinner from this product of their storied groves. You feel, indeed, that you would like to be one of those brown peasants yourself; and you half envy them the perpetual shine and the perpetual feast of their favored clime.

We have been for too many years under tribute to that Old World that has proved so rich in resources. Now, it is ample time that we were bringing our own resources to the front and making much of them. We have an olive soil, an olive air, an olive sun; how amply ripe the hour that we should utilize them to profit! There are a thousand hills in this warm western land that are the olive's clime as truly as the Asiatic hills from whence it sprung. We have mesas as warm and dry as Palestine. We have sunny coasts and islands as prolific as the Mediterranean's shores and the isles of Greece. They are mines of wealth already opening to the tillers' hands.

The Jesuit priests remembered Spain, and they put out groves in the new home that should be reminders of the old. When their trees rooted, and throve, and finally fruited, they cast about for means of preserving the crop that was so valuable to them. Much of their fruit was dried; a loose covering of the berries was spread smoothly upon beaten earth, showered with salt to draw the bitterness from out their pulp, and left (with frequent turnings) until such a time as the harvest was ready to

be put aside for use. Perhaps they pickled a portion—history does not relate. But to-day their rude press still exists by means of which oil was made; merely a screw, a big kettle for pulp, and many little rope-sacks of the Indians' manufacture in which the berries were stored and stacked to "cure," until the great screw pressed their juices out in affluent measure.

The place the olive has long held in the esteem of those who have made its healthfulness, nutrition and cultivation a study, is sufficient of itself to entitle it to regard. Thomas Jefferson, writing from Paris in 1787, says: "Although the olive is the tree least known in America, it is the most worthy of being known. It is, after all the gifts of Heaven to man, next to the most precious." And then he adds: "Having been myself an eye-witness to the blessings which this tree sheds on the poor, I never had my wishes so kindled for the introduction of any article of new culture into our own country." And Hon. M. P. Wilder, Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, says in his Senate report to the United States: "Were the olive crop of Southern Europe to fail, a large portion of the population must perish." For it is well known that in many countries of the Old World, where the crushing of olive oil is the great industry, this product of the press forms as much a staple of diet as cream or butter in our own land, and often takes the place of both of these.

The first essential is to know where the olive will thrive the best. It loves the sea; it must smell the brine, or it will die. But it does not pine for the immediate coast. It will grow there; it will grow on a hill so rocky that a goat could not climb its sides to pick its living; yet it has a choice for its home, and it gives down fruit in quality and quantity to correspond with the kindness of its treatment. Nowhere does it flourish more luxuriantly than on the high and dry, warm mesas, with the song of the sea and its breath within gentle distance; where heats are equable; and where frosts that penetrate, on rare occasions, the lower valleys of the coast seldom touch the uplands.

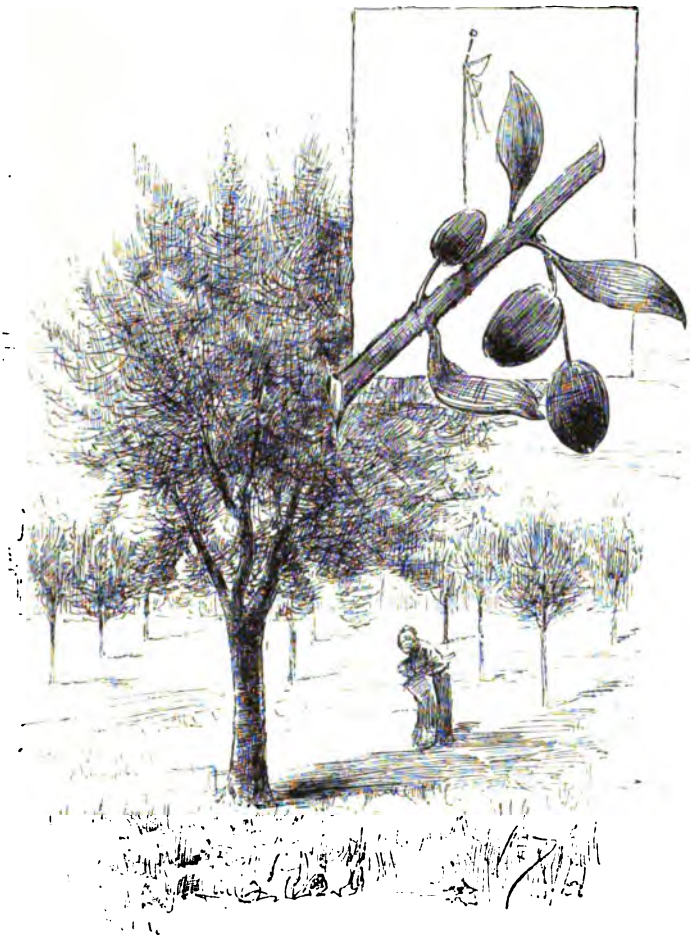
Some twelve years ago two noble olive orchards were planted but little more than a dozen miles from the old Mission grove, toward the mountain lines of Mexico, reaching into the south. I look down across the peculiar gray-green tops of one of them—"Olivewood"—as I write. Its trees are sturdy, low-topped, and branching. When the morning light strikes it, it is like, in shape, to the inverted side of a beautiful silver-maple's leaves, that I knew and loved in the East. It is like, too, to the abundant wild Southernwood, that runs its pale riot over millions of these acres before the hand of man bares the ground. This is a lovely, sunny, silent grove, through the tops of which the birds fly; and, looking up between its not over-crowded leaves, one can see blue bits of sky, contrasting finely with its delicate sagey hue. In form and space of planting, these trees are much like ordinary apple-orchard trees; their leaves are evergreen, lance-shaped, smooth, dark and glossy on their upper surface, but more aged in shade beneath. When they flower, their minute blossoms put forth in clusters, dainty as an elder's blossom and somewhat similar, white and odorous. Then the fruit succeeds the flower, and hangs green, oval, inch-long, and pendulous, up and down the stems, purpling by degrees as it ripens, until at maturity it glows among the silvery sheen of the foliage like beautiful dusky beads strung tremulously.

This orchard was propagated by cuttings from the parent grove. For a year or two their growth was slow; but after that time they forged ahead bravely, and commenced quite respectable bearing at the tender age of three. When six years old, the olive's roots are well established, the branching switches have then outlived the little perils of early childhood; their lease of long life is assured. At ten years, a grove should be hale and hearty, paying well for "its time." But the olive grower must exercise some careful judgment; for, with trees as with children,—what will brace one will break another. No two groves, perhaps, can be conducted on precisely the same plan and insure like success. Soil, tillage, water, sun, and artificial fertility, have all to be considered in their respective bearings, and treatment of individual plantations regulated accordingly, if one would reap handsome shade and a revenue.

As yet the old Mission olive is the chief stock of the State, not enough time having elapsed since olive-growing on this coast received its impetus, to bring to full bearing newer and foreign varieties; although tens of thousands of experimental kinds are being sold yearly from California nurseries, and other tens of thousands of mis-

sion pioneers are budded with species of different habits recommended as possessing the very pith of olive excellence.

The harvest begins in late Autumn. Then the flesh is sound, whitish, well rounded about its savory nut-kernel—but bitter ! ! ! Oh, such a skinful of bitterness! One happy thought in being owner of an olive grove is that, not even the most cov-



etously disposed will ever be tempted to break into the confines of that grove to steal the fruit as it hangs upon the trees. And yet I am told that it is not an infrequent sight to see, at harvesting-time, Indians gleaning after gatherers in an orchard, picking up and devouring with apparent keen relish the scattered berries left by chance to dry upon the ground. A fully matured tree will yield yearly from two to three bushels. This, if for pickling, is plucked by hand while still scarcely ripe and the meat firm; the old method of whipping the branches with poles to bring down the crop having been to a great extent abandoned as a relic of barbarism.

The cost of pickling is not great, and the process is simple. The bitterness must first be extracted—either by water, salt or lye—after the picking has been carefully sorted and graded as to ripeness and size. All unnecessary touching of the berries by the hands is avoided scrupulously, as tending to injure the flavor of the preserve ; and all utensils used are of wood as far as practicable. Above all, strict cleanliness in every stage is indispensable, as well as the guarding of the fruit from any exposure to air while undergoing its various processes. This initiatory step may require several days. When found thoroughly sweetened to the pit, the olives are ready to be placed in brine, in little casks, with a pillow of twigs and leaves below, and a similar capping above, in order that the contents may "spring" lightly and not become crushed by too close pressure. The whole is firmly weighted with stones. The olives will "pickle" in about four months, when they are ready for bottling, and for use. How would it please you to try one of these firm, meaty, nutty-flavored, dead-ripe California olives? If you are an epicure and desire a particularly fine dainty, you go a step higher than this however, and procure "stoned olives" closed in air-tight bottles in the purest olive oil, with delicious truffles, capers or anchovies for hearts, instead of natural stones.

The process of crushing the fruit to oil is scarcely more complicated. The oil is contained in the flesh of the berry, and the machinery for extracting it is not unlike the cider-mill of the East : in one case you put in apples and they come out cider, in the

other you put in olives and they come out oil. The ripening season covering several months, the grower is thus enabled to pick his crop by easy stages. Every hour of the olive's life, after it reaches first maturity, adds to its secretion of oil ; but it also detracts from its prime quality. When all are collected they are t aken at once into a drying loft above, where the berries are suffered to lie exposed for a few days to take that rampant edge from their bitterness ; then they are run into a huge granite basin and directly under the tremendous weight of a solid millstone of five thousand pounds, which, impelled by steam, revolves with such force that it fractures the minute cells of the olive's meat and sets the fluid free. Round and round whirls the flying wheel, softer and softer grows the pulp ; while the grim guardian of the big basin stands silently by and with a wooden shovel urges the purple oozing mass down under the crusher's power. Round and round, and yet not too rapidly, the millstone flies, until we are fairly dizzy with seeing it go ; then gradually it relaxes its hold upon the jelly-like substance, and, in but little more than ten minutes' time, ceases entirely. We stoop to see what has become of the stones, and are surprised to find them all there, unbroken. At this first crushing, the ponderous wheel is lifted just sufficiently to allow the pits to escape, as their flavor would be injurious to "pure virgin oil," which is the finest grade. It also thus allows but little of the fibrous matter to find its way into the "virgin" brand.

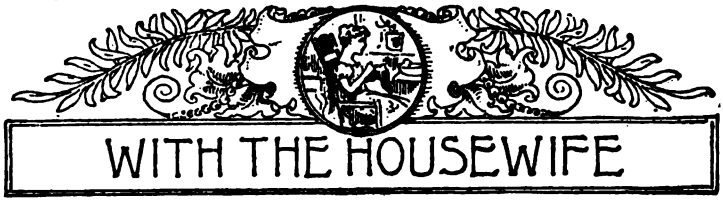
Now, the juice, which will "run of its own weight," is slowly drawn—after the pulp has first gone under heavy pressure as "cheeses"—into huge tin tanks to settle. In this way whatever fibre may have cropped out as the rich liquid flowed into storage is left deposited at the bottom ; while the pure article from the top is drawn, by means of a faucet, from above. Then still another clearing process is undergone : the oil is now filtered by percolating through a stout bag of felt thickly padded at the bottom with fine wadding, from which it drips into a receptacle underneath. And now, thoroughly clarified, it goes into bottles, is next corked by machinery, and finally—deftly sheathed in tule cases from the wild marsh-lands of the north-lying countries—is pronounced ready for shipment and for sale.

Meanwhile the once-pressed pulp is undergoing further transformation in the crusher. This time the stones, too, are ground, and the fibre broken down finely. Then the former processes are repeated, and a second grade of oil is the result, which is duly bottled and labelled. A third time the pulp passes beneath the crusher's weight, in order that a necessary but inferior grade may be extracted. Afterward the pomace is stacked high in bins and used for fuel, for soap stock, for feeding to poultry and animals, which are exceedingly fond of the oily refuse, and for many uses. Throughout all the operations every detail must be conducted with the utmost cleanliness and nicety, as no substance known is more susceptible to odors or taint from uncleanliness. No tobacco fumes are ever allowed within the manufactory, and all avoidable contact of the hands with either pulp or fluid is guarded against. The result is a sweet and delicate extraction, the brand devoted to culinary purposes being particularly noted for its strong, pleasant taste of the olive.

When we consider that more than half a million dollars goes from the United States annually to alien countries for olive oil alone, we can but feel pride in the fact that we have groves already planted, and many of them in bearing, that are to conserve to us, in the very near future, so great a sum, When these grand orchards are able to produce what it is reasonable to expect they will produce—two hundred gallons of oil to the acre;—when the demand for *pure* oil is increasing rapidly ; and when mills, complete in appliances as the two important ones already upon our coast, are ready with open doors for vast crops sure to come ; why may we not look to see our nation richer by millions for the simple act of those old padres who first planted the "oil tree" in this land of sun ?

Estelle Thomson.

National City, California.



EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

THE WOLVER HOLLOW REFORM CLUB.



OLVER Hollow has a reform club.

Not that there is anything in Wolver Hollow which needs reforming. Far from it! Wolver Hollow is perfect. It is the outside world which needs reforming. That is what the Wolver Hollow Reform Club is for.

This is the way the Wolver Hollow Reform Club came into existence. Wolver Hollow thought its duty to the world at large should overcome its native modesty. Therefore, Wolver Hollow organized the W. H. R. C.

Wolver Hollow is small, but it does everything on a large scale. It always begins at the big end of the horn.

Therefore, Wolver Hollow engaged a certain well-known lecturer to deliver an address before the W. H. R. C. at its first meeting. Five days before the meeting, Wolver Hollow received a telegram. It was the first telegram Wolver Hollow had ever received. A small boy rode bare-back four miles, over the hills, to bring it. Its arrival created a great sensation. When it was opened, its contents created a greater sensation. The well-known lecturer was ill. He couldn't come. Wolver Hollow is slow. Therefore it took three days to reflect upon the matter. Then it had two days left. It was too late to import another lecturer. But Wolver Hollow is generous, and it said, through its committee, "Let us give the district-school teacher a chance."

The district-school teacher was given a chance.

The district-school teacher was a very young man from a New-England university. He said that he did not know much about reforming people, that he had been trying all his life to reform himself and had not as yet succeeded, and that he was inclined to believe in the principle that every man should be his own reformer.

The committee said: "Never mind, we can't get anybody else, choose your own subject and come along."

This is the way the district-school teacher came to deliver the address at the first meeting of the Wolver Hollow Reform Club. The meeting was held in the schoolhouse, the evening before the beginning of the Christmas holidays. All Wolver Hollow was there. The minister introduced the district-school teacher as the orator of the evening, and the district-school teacher began his address. He said:

"I intend this evening, ladies and gentlemen, to call your attention to an evil of the utmost political and social importance, and one which has been preying upon the vitals of the nation for years.

"Incipient, hidden and secret, it has been for these very reasons most baneful in its effects in the past, and for the same reason is most to be dreaded in the future.

"In the present state of excitement upon this subject, it seems needless to allude more definitely to the evil referred to. It lies in wait for the unsuspecting citizen in the most unexpected places. It is found in public buildings of every sort. With stealthy step it even invades the sacred precincts of the halls of justice. It stalks abroad in open daylight. It is concocted in our kitchens, conceived in our household fires, and lurks in closet, pantry, and cupboard. It occupies our steamboats. It assails, captures and takes possession of

our railway trains and depots, and yet, not satisfied with all this, it stands on our very street corners, beneath the noon-day sun and midnight moon alike, and pounces upon the unwary and unoffending citizen, and he who hesitates is lost.

"On the one hand, it has affected the physical and mental character of a great people, and yet, on the other hand, it is liable to destroy them. It has charmed the innocent and infantine heart, and its presence always recalls the pleasant and exciting tales of our childhood's days, and yet it has pulled down rulers and raised up kings, and has decided the fate of nations.

"At this time, when the whole nation has sprung to its feet as with one accord, to drive out the evil, and societies to prosecute the good work have been organized throughout the length and breadth of the land, it is unnecessary to say that I allude to—Pie.

"Until recently, little has been known of the origin and habits of pie, and few have had the hardihood to study it in its native lairs and strongholds, but the interest recently aroused in the subject has led to the investigation of its history, progress, and development, and I propose this evening to lay before you a few of the facts thereby ascertained.

"Although we are all of us more or less familiar with our childhood's stories of pie, we have heretofore thought that the evil was one of comparatively modern origin, but it seems that such is not the fact.

"Webster defines pie to be 'An article of food consisting of paste, baked with something in it or under it, as apple, minced meat, &c.'

"This does very well for a philologist, but it is doubtful if success would attend the efforts of the young housekeeper who should attempt to use it as a guide in making a pie.

"Nevertheless, the definition is in some respects an admirable one. One cannot help admiring the audacious boldness of the learned lexicographer in stating that pie is "an article of food," although it is now a well-known fact that it is nothing of the sort, but merely, like alcohol, the subject of a most degrading vice. To be sure, he leaves us in doubt as to whether it should have "something" in it or under it, but the master-stroke of diplomacy is the admirable vagueness with which he indefinitely alludes to the "something" in it or under it, for the man does not live who can fathom the inscrutable mystery of the contents of a pie, and this is one of the secrets firmly locked in the breast of lovely woman.

"The learned lexicographical philologist also states that the word pie is derived from the Greek word *Παχυς* (Paieuust) which he irrelevantly remarks means "thick," and which all members of the Wolver Hollow Reform Club who are familiar with the fourth book of the Iliad will immediately recognize as the Greek word for pie-crust. By the way, speaking of pie-crust, here is a problem which I have been puzzling over for years and have not as yet arrived at any solution of the mystery. Here it is:—'If promises are like pie-crust,' and 'pie is like patchwork,' what is the relation between patchwork and promises? I feel confident that the solution of this problem will go far toward settling the entire vexed question of pie or no pie.

"Mr. Herbert Spencer, during his visit to this land of liberty and pie a few years since, frequently took occasion to remark upon the anxiety depicted in the typical American face, and the premature grayness and baldness prevalent here, and stated that Americans turned gray full ten years before Englishmen did. When asked what he thought to be the cause of this, he replied in glittering generalities, and a false sense of politeness forbade him to give the true reason, but on the day of his sailing he confided to a reporter of the Wolver Hollow *Herald* that the real cause was—pie—too much pie. In short, he expressed the opinion that Americans as a race were fast becoming pie-bald.

"It is a well-known fact that New Englanders are more addicted to the pie habit than any other portion of the American people, and the last census shows that the old race of native New Englanders is fast dying out. Indeed, that public-spirited journal, the New York *Moon*, recently discussed the subject of the threatened extinction of the Yankees in a long article, which, although it was learned and erudite in everything except its language and ideas, failed, nevertheless, of the true explanation, —pie.

"And yet pie has its bright side, and historically considered, the subject is a very interesting one.

"The earliest recollection that most of us have of pie is of that harmless species called mud-pies. How carefully we molded the wet, unctuous black paste with our lily-white hands, and when by dint of great

labor and perseverance we had accumulated a satisfactory pile, how ruthlessly the big boy across the street demolished our hard-earned store by one fell stroke of his ungainly hoof! And then when, with a tear in our eye and a spot of particularly moist mud on the knees of our Sunday trousers, we sought sympathy from our maternal parent, how she did order us dinnerless to bed, and that, too, although it was the day before Christmas and the whole house was scented and perfumed with the delicious fragrance of approaching mince-pie!

"Then, our luncheon at school. We remember how we could tell the time of the year by the kind of pie we took with us.

"We remember how, after our mother had carefully packed our modest luncheon, we surreptitiously visited the pantry and stole an extra large piece of mince for our girl, and how we carefully wrapped it up in newspaper and put it in our overcoat pocket, in the midst of a select assortment of wonderful jack-knives and desiccated gingerbread; and how when lunch-time came our courage gave out and we thought the little piece would do just as well for the girl; and how she gave it to Bill Simpkins; and how when we went to get our overcoat, we discovered that our brother Jim had gone home with it, pie and all, and how we had no lunch in consequence thereof; and how we then and there resolved never to speak to our girl again; and how we told her all about it when we walked home with her that same afternoon. And then we remember how we were kept in two mortal hours for innocently spelling huckleberry pie in the way which the playground had taught us.

"What an interest we took in little Jack Horner. How anxiously we listened as he emerged from the chasm of uncertainty and mounted the cumulation of success.

"'Little Jack Horner,' who

> "'Sat in the corner
> Eating his Christmas pie.
> He put in his thumb
> And pulled out a plum,
> And said, what a big boy be I.'"

"How we rejoiced in the miraculous escape of the four-and-twenty blackbirds who were baked in a pie, and who, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, went through the fiery furnace unharmed. I am still, to this day, puzzled over the connection of thought between the first two lines and the succeeding lines. Perhaps some literary member of the Reform Club can solve the riddle.

> "'Sing a song of sixpence,
> A pocket full of rye,
> Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
> When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing;
> Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?'

"Then the thrilling story of the remarkable encounter between Simple Simon and the Artful Pieman.

"'Simple Simon,' who

> "'Met a pieman
> Going to the fair,
> Said Simple Simon
> To the pieman,
> Let me taste your ware.'

"And so on, *ad infinitum*.

"But the most interesting of all was the story of those tarts which were concocted by the Queen of Hearts, in the royal kitchen, presumably on the same day on which she ate the historical bread and honey, while her lord was pleasantly engaged in counting out his money. It is such a beautiful little gem that I cannot forbear to reproduce it here, although possibly some of you may have heard it before:

> "'The Queen of Hearts
> She made some tarts,
> All on a Summer's day;
> The Knave of Hearts
> He stole those tarts,
> And took them quite away.'

"I have not the time to treat this little classic as it deserves, but I will merely call attention to its more salient points. Note how smoothly the metre runs along until the catastrophe occurs in the fourth line. Note also, the doubt and uncertainty in which the reader is left, and indeed an exhaustive search has convinced me that this is one of the characteristics of pie literature.

"We do not know what becomes of the hungry Queen, or of the tarts, or even of the rascally knave, whose princely title has ever since become synonymous with villain.

"The author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' has indeed attempted to follow up the Knave, but a diligent study of that critical

work has convinced me that our author only got him into a worse plight than he found him in, and then left him to an unknown end.

"In more modern times, pie has always played a conspicuous and interesting part. We all know of Samuel Johnson's peculiar personal and gustatory habits or likings, and Boswell tells us that he chiefly delighted to gormandize on tainted pork pies with plenty of plums in them.

"It is a historical fact that Napoleon Bonaparte partook largely of a meat pie on the evening preceding the battle of Waterloo, and in consequence thereof, was exceedingly ill the next day, and thereby he lost the battle, and so he died at St. Helena, all on account of a piece of pie.

"How different might not his fate have been if he had only personally adhered to his maxim, that 'soup' (not pie) 'makes soldiers.'

"A New-England novelist has made the whole plot of a recent work of his turn on a single piece of pie, as those of you who have read Howells' 'A Modern Instance,' can testify.

"But the man who, beyond all others, was most intimately acquainted with the interior and contents of pies, was Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who once had the misfortune to be served up in a pie. Unfortunately he is dead, and therefore cannot impart to us any of the information which he acquired on that unpleasant occasion. Sir Geoffrey Hudson was a knight who resided at the court of pious King Charles the First, during the palmy days before the latter gentleman had the misfortune to lose his head. Sir Geoffrey was just eighteen inches high, small of body, but of great mind and courage. He was a

"'Degenerate son not of Tydeus' kind,
Small in body, but of mighty mind.'

"The most amusing, as well as the most tragic episode in Sir Geoffrey's career, was this same affair of the pie. Sir Walter Scott has adopted it in his 'Peveril of the Peak,' without altering the facts. The Queen thought it would be a jolly lark to have the dwarf served up in a huge pie at a state dinner, and so did not Sir Geoffrey. Nevertheless, the little man's spirit of gallantry would not permit him to decline, so served up he was.

"Now the pie, of course, was cold, but the Duke of Buckingham, who was probably in the last stages of the pie habit, preferred hot pies, so down it went into the kitchen to be warmed over, with the Duke hard after to see that it was done properly. Poor Sir Geoffrey was afraid to speak, lest the startled attendant should drop him, and afraid to be silent, lest he be baked—so he did neither.

"The cook deceived the Duke and sent the pie unwarmed and the knight unsinged back to the table. When the pie was opened, out sprang Sir Geoffrey, armed *cap-à-pie*, and executed a war-dance on the table.

"Sir Geoffrey always considered this affair of the pasty a brilliant feat in knight-errantry, but the courtiers unaccountably thought otherwise, and were disposed to make fun of him in regard to it. So, therefore, the little knight had to interdict all such remarks under penalty of his most violent displeasure. However, on one occasion a certain Honorable Mr. Crofts, being a great crony of Sir Geoffrey's and full of wine, saw fit to make certain sarcastic allusions to goose pie in the dwarf's presence; a familiarity which Sir Geoffrey very properly resented by requesting the Hon. Mr. Crofts to name his weapons, and so the Hon. Mr. Crofts selected pistols.

"When they met, each was mounted on horseback, but Mr. Crofts' weapon differed from the dwarf's and was not of the same deadly character as the latter's, in that it consisted of a little squirt such as children used to play with.

"Sir Geoffrey was very naturally somewhat enraged, and so when they met again after the Hon. Mr. Crofts had changed his weapon, he had the misfortune to kill the Hon. Mr. Crofts after the first fire, which saddened his life forever afterward—all on account of a pie.

"But 'Ivanhoe' is Scott's masterpiece, and in all that work, or any other work of his, the best piece of description and the best short character sketch is in that scene in the hermitage of Friar Tuck, the holy clerk of Copmanhurst, where the dramatis personæ are the Friar, the Black Knight, and last, though not by any means least, a huge venison pasty.

"The man who has not read those two chapters is incapable of fully enjoying a venison pasty or any other kind of a pasty, and is forever debarred from experiencing the full satisfaction of a square meal together with jovial companionship.

"But I have been proceeding on the supposition that all pies, bad as they are, are

at least honest pies, but it seems that such is not the fact. A close scrutiny of their contents and a rigid examination of the authorities conclusively proves that all pies are not honest.

"We will first call Samuel Weller, hoping that he may prove himself a better witness than he did in the famous case of Bardell against Pickwick.

"'Weal pie,' said Sam, soliloquising as he arranged the eatables upon the grass. 'Wery good thing is weal pie when you know the lady what made it and is quite sure it an't kittens; and arter all though, where's the odds when they're so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference?'

"'Don't they, Sam?' said Mr. Pickwick.

"'Not they, sir,' said Mr. Weller, touching his hat. 'I lodged in the same house with a pieman once, sir, and a wery nice man he was —a reg'lar clever chap, too—make pies out of anything, he could. 'What a number of cats you keep, Mr. Brooks,' says I, when I'd got intimate with him, 'Ah,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be wery fond o' cats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a'winking at me. 'They aren't in season till next winter, though,' says he. 'Not in season?' says I. 'No,' says he; 'fruits is in, cats is out.' 'Why, what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean,' says he—'that I'll never be a party to the combination of the butchers to keep up the prices of meat,' says he.

"'Mr. Weller,' says he, a'squeezing my hand wery hard and vhispering in my ear—'don't mention this here agin—but hit's the seasonin' as does it. They're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a-pointin' to a wery nice little tabby kitten, 'and I season 'em for beefsteak, weal or kidney 'cordin to the demand; and more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one on 'em a mutton at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites wary.'

"'He must have been a very ingenious young man, that,' said Mr. Pickwick, with a slight shudder.

"'Just was, sir,' replied Mr. Weller, 'and the pies was beautiful.'

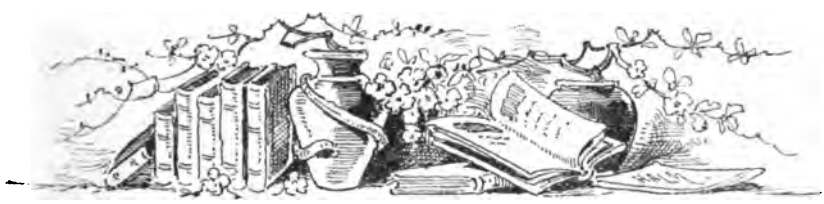
"It is, therefore, with feelings of great satisfaction that I, in closing my address, chronicle the organization of the National Anti-Pie Eaters' Association.

"I also take pleasure in announcing that a meeting will be held on Wednesday evening next for the purpose of organizing a branch of the National American Anti-Pie-Eaters' Association in Wolver Hollow.

"Contributions of old clothes, etc., will be thankfully received and may be sent to the secretary until further notice."

The Wolver Hollow district-school began the new year with a new teacher. No one knows the present address of the old teacher, and no one knows when the Wolver Hollow Reform Club will meet agaln.

J. B. C. Tappan.



CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES.

(Author's Copyright.)



URING winter, fruit costs as much as meat unless advantage is taken of the chances of the market during the season. Hygienic writers urge with great truth, that fruit should be made a part of every meal; but how is this to be done when four oranges cost from ten to twenty cents? they must take the place of a pound of meat.

Will they do so to the average American? Will an orange and a plate of mush and milk take the place of a meat-stew and vegetables, with the milk made into a pudding? Bananas are sometimes very cheap, and they take the place of meat better than any other fruit, being it is said, very nutritious. Of late years, the so-called green "Malaga" grapes have been plentiful "down-town" at ten cents a pound through the winter, and there is no doubt about their excellence as food.

The French peasant will do a hard day's work on cabbage-soup (without meat) with a huge portion of bread for breakfast, and at noon more bread and a bunch of grapes. At night perhaps more soup, and eggs in some form, or sometimes a tiny bit of meat and a weed salad, because the growth of his own garden may bring too good a price for home consumption. He and his will thrive on such a diet, but the climate is entirely different. I am writing for American readers, and cannot ask them to change their mode of living to fit my articles, but will try to help them to live in their own way, getting the best value for their money.

I have no doubt whatever, that in the torrid summer days fruits, milk, and bread would be very much more wholesome diet for two or three days in the week than meat, but it would not cost less. This is the point I want to emphasize; many good people speaking of the lack of thrift among the poor, point to their neglect of fruit as a cheap and more wholesome food than meat. Cheaper I do not think it could be, except on the rare occasion of a glut in the market, for it will not take the place of all other things, and if a woman has but twenty-five cents for her dinner expenses, meat, vegetables, etc., she would find it difficult to squeeze more than a quarter of an orange, half a dozen grapes, or part of a banana for each person, unless meat be left out.

No one can over-estimate the value of fruit, yet there are several wholesome and desirable things which people ought to eat abundantly for health's sake. There is no resisting the logic of dollars and cents, and although an egg each morning would benefit Johnny, or the baby would thrive better,—the doctor has said,—if he had the squeezed juice from half a pound of steak, each day, every housekeeper knows these desirable things can only be indulged in for a short period. And fresh fruit I fear, must generally be looked upon as a luxury.

I have said *fresh* fruit because there is no question that it loses much of its hygienic value when preserved, and also, if fresh fruit is expensive as a rule, canned or preserved is still more so. However, when we cannot have the best form of a thing, we must take the next best, if it exists, and the next best thing to fresh apples, for childrens' use is in my opinion, apple sauce canned *without sugar*. Apples in winter are generally so dear as to be beyond the reach, except for an occasional pudding or pie, of the woman whose means do not exceed those of our limit; but there are times in the fall when apples glut the market, and are to be bought for an almost nominal price by the barrel. This is especially the case with fall pippins and other kinds which can only be kept for a short time. Cheap as these may be, housekeepers are shy of them, because if you buy two dollars' worth of anything for a dollar, yet have to eat it up extravagantly for fear of loss, until every one is sick, and tired of the sight of it, there is no real economy. There is a general belief that apples will not preserve to keep, without great difficulty, that in doing them up for winter use one is limited to apple jelly and apple butter.

It is true that apple jam or marmalade so frequently spoils, and is so insipid, that few are tempted to make it.

But while apples put up with the usual amount of sugar, ferment more readily than any other fruit, I have had them keep perfectly through two summers, when stewed without any sugar at all. Strangely enough, the apple sauce so made is not by any means sour or crude, as one would naturally expect. It has far more flavor and piquancy than any sauce made from fresh winter apples. In using, to economize it, water may be added to make it about the consistency of ordinary apple sauce, with sugar, lemon peel, or nutmeg to taste, then boil once, stir and serve in the usual way. But if you do not wish to "stretch" the quantity, make a syrup of sugar and water, boil it to candy height, then mix as much with the contents of a can of apple sauce as will sweeten it to your taste, and boil it a few seconds, stirring to prevent burning.

This sauce will look clear, and of excellent color. You remember you have added no water, having boiled it all away in bringing the syrup to candy.

The sauce may also be simply sugared, and not boiled when required for use.

Canned Apple Sauce.

Pare and core sour cooking apples. Cut them up in thin slices, as nearly as possible of an even thickness so that they may cook without lumps; pour a half cup of water into a preserving-kettle that is not likely to burn, and then add the apples. Cook exactly as you would apple sauce, stirring often. When it is all a smooth pulp, leave at the back of the stove, to boil slowly until stiff and rather dryer than apple sauce. Then fill glass cans, which you have made hot and have standing in hot water, with the boiling sauce; push it down with the spoon or a fork, rather *overfill* the cans, and seal up as quickly as possible.

When they cool, tighten the covers and keep cool and dark.

The apples will boil down very much, therefore it requires a good many uncooked apples to make a gallon of sauce. But in thus boiling down it must be remembered that it is only the water that evaporates, and for that reason the flavor of the fruit is intensified.

While on the subject of keeping fruit by means of long, slow cooking, rather than the use of sugar, it may be said that grapes also make a finer jelly without sugar than with it, and are the cheapest of all fruits in the fall. They are to be bought by quantity at three to four cents a pound. Set the juice to draw out by gentle heat, then strain and squeeze, and boil the juice rapidly till it will jelly on a plate.

It is the boiling with sugar that changes the flavor of most fruits, and such as will keep without it are very much better. This grape jelly is one of the most valuable conserves a housekeeper can have. It has two great advantages over the grape jelly made with sugar; it can be given to invalids who crave acids, for like the apples, in boiling down, the juice seems to lose any harsh sourness and only a pleasant fruity tang remains. I mention this because we all know, fruit stewed in the usual way, even if sweet, when put to cook becomes unpleasantly sour when "done" until the sugar is added. But the process of "inspissating the juice" seems to change this. The second advantage it has is that a teaspoonful of grape jelly made without sugar, dissolves at once in water, while the usual jelly requires much stirring.

A most wholesome and cheap preserve is orange marmalade. Many who have bought the Scotch marmalade and found it too bitter for their taste, think they would not like it; but the fact is that the Scotch marmalade is made of the bitter Seville orange, a fruit quite uneatable otherwise, and which is almost exactly like the wild bitter orange of Texas. The bitterness, however, need not be more apparent than you choose, and I had some delicious looking orange preserve sent me from Florida which was so entirely without bitterness, that one could not say, without the evidence of sight, that the orange peel was used at all. But it was there in thick, heavy strips, as clear as amber, with no sign of the outer yellow rind, and so entirely was the flavor of oil of orange extinguished, that several who partook of it, said the only flavor these luscious strips had, was vanilla. The mystery was solved, however, when my friends informed me that it was the custom in Florida, in making all preserves from the citrus family, to grate the yellow rind completely off. (I only hope they were thrifty enough to add alcohol to the gratings and thus make lemon and orange essences.) This accounted for the absence of distinct orange flavor, and left the preserve delicious to look at, and indeed, good enough to eat, but of an insipid and cloying richness.

What I wish to indicate is that you can

have your marmalade bitter, or only slightly so, or not at all. As bitter oranges are not easily procurable however, even those who prefer the bitter of the imported article could not have it.

There is no need to grate the peels in order to get rid of the bitterness, although it produces a beautiful transparency. Of course the housekeeper I have in mind will be guided in her choice of oranges by the price. The sour Sicilian, or Messina oranges are the best, yet thick-skinned Floridas not too ripe are excellent, and even if they cost a trifle more (usually they cost much more), the difference in size must be taken into account. A sudden thaw will sometimes bring the price of Florida oranges almost as low as the coarser kind. Lacking this, watch for the foreign oranges, and when they are twenty-five or thirty for twenty-five cents at retail, make your marmalade in the following way,—remembering that the rind or peel is the chief part of the preserve, and therefore it should be thick rather than thin. Take off the rind in quarters, throw them into cold water, and when you have as many as you require put them on to boil. Now, if you do not wish any bitterness to remain, change the water for fresh cold water every hour. About three waters will generally suffice. When they are very tender but *not mushy*, dip a little bit in sugar and see if it is too bitter, then change water or not as you may desire.

Strain the peels and put them to cool.

The meat of the orange must have been cleared of seeds and the greater part of the skin. A lemon squeezer is the quickest way of doing this.

Cut the boiled peels into fine shreds, either with scissors or a sharp knife, or both alternately, to rest the hand. This is a very tedious task but repays care. When done, measure the peels and juice, and to each pint, allow the same of sugar, and the juice of two lemons to each three pints of fruit.

Put the fruit on the range and the sugar in the oven, or where it will get very *hot*, but not burn or go to caramel; skim the fruit as it boils rapidly, and when it has been cooking half an hour, add the sugar. Boil now till clear and thickish, stirring to prevent burning.

Pour it into jars or glasses, but do not cover up until cold.

If this marmalade is for children's use, a great deal of time may be saved by putting the peels through a chopping machine, or chop them by hand quite fine. Then stir the mass into the juice and boil just the same as the chips; if finely chopped, this will make a clear and excellent preserve.

Catherine Owen.

HOW TO USE STALE BREAD.



THERE are few households in which more or less stale bread is not wasted. How to avoid this waste, now that flour has advanced some fifty per cent in price, is more than ever a question of importance in domestic economy.

One distressed housekeeper writes to a leading newspaper, asking for advice on the subject, and says rather pitifully, that they "are all *so tired* of bread puddings," as though bread puddings were the only possible outcome of an accumulation of bits of stale bread!

In the first place, be careful of cutting the bread, and use one loaf before you be-

gin upon another ; bread grows stale much faster after being cut. Always keep it wrapped in a cloth, (the cheap table-linen at 37 1–2 cents a yard, or an old table-cloth carefully patched, makes the best bread cloth) and shut up in a close tin box. You may freshen stale bread, if it is not musty, (and if bread, box, and cloth, are well looked after, it will never be so,) by dipping the loaf in cold water and steaming it in the oven. In parenthesis, sponge-cake and rusks may be freshened in the same way. Crackers and cookies it is merely necessary to place for a few minutes in a hot oven.

But a moderate stock of stale bread is by no means undesirable. You cannot make good toast from fresh bread. When you have no stale bread the slices should always be dried in the oven, before toasting. Toasting bread properly is a rare accomplishment. Keep a wire gridiron, the double kind, expressly for toast, and never allow it to be used for anything else. Cut the slices of bread half an inch thick, and toast over a clear fire, watching them all the time and taking care not to burn or blacken them. Toast should be a clear brown. For dry toast, butter, and send to the table between hot soup plates.

For milk toast, have ready a sauce-pan of boiling milk. Dip your toast for a moment in boiling water, just immersing each slice, and taking it out immediately. Place in a covered vegetable dish, with a bit of butter between each slice. Salt the milk, *slightly*, melt a bit of butter in it, and pour over your toast. Wait a moment to see how much is absorbed, and then pour on more. It is a mistake to have milk toast too dry. If you can afford to use cream instead of milk, it will be all the better.

The *crontons* of the French cooks, used for soup, etc., are nothing but bits of crust cut into small squares and browned in the oven. When you make bread puddings, or use a stale loaf to stuff a fowl, cut off the crust and prepare it in this way. Hung up in the pantry in a paper bag, it will keep indefinitely, provided the room is dry. Scraps of bread of all kinds may be dried in a cool oven, and pounded in a mortar, or what does as well, laid in a clean cloth and rolled to crumbs with the rolling pin. Thus prepared, they are still better for frying fish, cutlets, croquettes, etc, and for garnishing hams, than the cracker dust sold by grocers for the purpose.

Fried bread, or German toast, is a popular dish for breakfast in Philadelphia, and this, also, should be made with stale bread. Cut the slices half an inch thick, and trim off the crust very neatly. Have ready two eggs, and a teacupful of milk beaten together till light, and slightly salted ; and your frying-pan with hot dripping, sweet lard or butter. Dip each slice, for just one instant, into hot water, then immerse, for say two minutes, in the milk and eggs, turning them over in the mixture, and fry to a light brown.

Another nice breakfast dish which hails from Virginia, is batter bread made with three parts of crumbled stale bread to one of corn meal. Soak the bread, over night, in sweet milk in the refrigerator. In the morning stir in the corn meal, add one or two eggs according to quantity (two for a family of six), a tablespoonful of butter, and enough milk to make a thick, but not stiff batter. Bake quickly, in a hot oven, either in patty pans or in a tin pudding dish.

As a variation from the ordinary bread pudding, try these recipes.

Swiss Pudding.

Fill a buttered dish with alternate layers of finely grated bread crumbs, and pared and sliced apples. Sweeten and season to taste, and put dabs of butter here and there through the pudding, with a few on top. The undermost and the top layers should be of bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve with either wine or hard sauce.

Bread and Jam Pudding.

Fill a glass dish with slices of stale bread, paring off the crust as for fried bread, buttering each slice and spreading evenly, and not too thinly, with fruit jam or jelly.

Make a custard, allowing six eggs to a quart of milk, reserving the whites of three of the eggs for a méringue. Put the milk into a porcelain-lined saucepan or a new tin one. Bring it just to the boiling point, but don't let it boil. Whisk the eggs, meanwhile, very light, and when the milk has cooled a little, stir them in thoroughly. It is best to take out a little of the milk and beat it into the eggs before adding them to the milk. Sweeten and flavor to

taste. Set the same saucepan into a larger one containing water, and keep stirring the custard *one way*, until it thickens, but *don't let it boil.* Take it off the fire, and set it aside to cool.

While it is cooling, whisk the three whites of eggs which you have reserved, into a méringue, with a heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar. When the custard is cool, pour it over your bread and jam, and put the méringue on top. Set on ice or in a cool place until served.

Welsh Rarebit.

Prepare your slices of toast, as already directed, and spread them with butter as for dry toast. Cut some slices of cheese, and either toast it, and lay on the bread, or melt, and spread the slices with it. Spread over the cheese a little made mustard and black pepper, more or less according to taste; it is best to begin with merely a *soupçon*, and serve very hot. An English method is to melt each slice of cheese in a little dish like those used for shirred eggs, and serve with dry toast, letting each person put cheese and seasoning on to taste.

Mrs. M. P. Handy.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Angel Cake.

12 eggs—the whites only.
1½ cups granulated sugar.
1 cup flour.
1 teaspoonful cream tartar sifted in the flour.
2 teaspoonfuls vanilla.

Do not grease the pan in which the cake is baked. When it is done, turn it upside down, and let it remain thus, in the pan, while it cools.

Madison Cakes.

4 good sized potatoes.
3 eggs.
1 large spoonful yeast.
1 ounce butter.
1 tablespoonful sugar.
1 pint flour.

Set this mixture to rise. When well risen, beat it thoroughly in the same vessel in which it stood, and set it aside for a second rising. Bake in cups, or gem pans.

Chocolate Filling for Layer Cake.

1 cup sugar.
1 cup milk.
1 egg.
½ cake Baker's chocolate.

Grate the chocolate and beat this with the egg, sugar and milk. Place over the fire in a double boiler and cook, stirring often, until the mixture thickens. Spread between layer cakes.

Rice.

Never cook in an iron vessel.
Soak two hours before cooking.
Have the water actually boiling.
While boiling do not cover.
While boiling do not stir.
Boil ten minutes and add salt.
Boil ten more minutes and drain dry.

Rice cooked the right way will show whole kernels.

Rice cooked the wrong way will show a pasty mess. *M. S. W.*

Berry Batter Pudding.

1 egg.
1 full cup of sugar.
1 cup of milk.
1 heaping tablespoonful of butter.
2 cups of flour.
1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder sifted in the flour.
½ teaspoonful salt.

Empty into a deep baking dish one quart of drained canned berries, and pour over them the batter.

Bake until a straw comes up clean from the thickest part. Serve hot or cold, and pour a sweet, liquid sauce over each piece.

Berries and berry juices canned with little or no sugar, and sweetened at time of serving, make healthful, agreeable desserts, especially these warm spring days. Their mild acidity acts as a gentle corrective of bile and other disorders, and for the young people of the household cannot be too highly esteemed. *M. S. W.*

Rhubarb Pie, No. 1.

stewed rhubarb.

› sugar.
ıp flour.
ıt the egg light with the sugar and
, and add to the rhubarb. Bring it to
il, stirring constantly. Bake in pastry
ills. An upper-crust may be added.

Rhubarb Pie, No. 2.

1 cup sliced raw rhubarb.
½ cup raspberries.
1 cup sugar.
Butter, the size of a walnut.
1 heaping teaspoonful flour.
Bake with an upper-crust.

Mashed Turnips.

Slice turnips and boil until tender. Drain, and chop *fine* in a chopping bowl. Place the turnips over the fire in a saucepan with just enough vinegar to give a pleasantly acid taste, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of butter. Serve very hot.

Mashed Beans.

Parboil a pint of soaked beans in water to which has been added a teaspoonful of soda. Pour off this water and add boiling water. Cook the beans quickly until tender, drain off the water and let the beans dry at one side of the stove by leaving them in the uncovered pot. Mash soft, add butter and salt to taste, and serve piping hot.

To the Household Department of The Home-Maker:

As the following receipt is not in my "Common Sense," and as none of my acquaintances know it, except the one who gave it to me, I think it might be of use to some of your readers, if you can find a corner for it in your magazine.

Milk and Tomato Soup.

1 can tomatoes.
1 qt. milk.
Butter, size of an egg.
¼ teaspoonful baking powder.
Salt and pepper to taste.

Boil the tomatoes half an hour in a *large* vessel, without seasoning. When these are nearly done, put the milk on in another vessel and let it almost boil.

Take the tomatoes from the stove, and strain through a cullender. Then put in the pinch of baking powder. This is to prevent the milk curdling. It will cause the tomatoes to foam up, so be sure to put it in before the milk; as if all were in together, there would most likely be an overflow. Now add the milk, butter, and pepper, and salt to taste. Boil again about fifteen minutes, and slightly thicken with a little corn-starch.

Serve with soda crackers or crisp dry toast.

I think most people would pronounce this,—as my household have done,—a rich, delicious soup. And every housekeeper will be glad to know of a soup that can be prepared within an hour of dinner-time. Besides this, it is the prettiest looking dish one could wish to see. It should be a delicate salmon color, and without a suspicion of a speck or lump in it.

Yours very truly,
Alice Stead Binney.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Remonstrance and Reply.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the California Vintage Co., feels called upon to vindicate itself from an attack made by a correspondent of "The Home-Maker" based upon a clause in a former advertisement, relative to the use of their brandies and wines by leading physicians.

The letter containing this likewise censures "The Home-Maker" in no measured terms, for inserting such advertisement. "Better let patients die than keep them alive by administering poison," the writer gives as her sincere conviction.

The next mail brought protest from another correspondent, yet more earnest, against the publication in these columns of recipes containing wine, brandy, or spirits of any kind.

The senior Editor should be so used, by now, to unreason, and the intemperate expression of the same, as not to be moved by such from the straight line of common sense and duty.

For her position on the great question of Temperance, she refers those who ought to know the importance of testimony, to the published writings of thirty years and more. The subject of legislation against bestial vice as old as the days of Noah is too vast to be treated of here. The crime—even greater—of the adulteration of beverages sold as pure, and the bold traffic in these, belongs to other and abler hands. It is reasonable, moreover, to suppose that to physicians might be delegated the decision as to what medicines should be prescribed for their patients.

The few words to be said now, refer to the manifest propriety of putting into the keeping of druggist and nurse, subject to the doctor's orders, tonics and stimulants that have passed the crucial test of experts, and been pronounced free from deleterious matter. Adulteration of quinine is sinful—*fiendish.* The vender of "manufactured" liquors who sells wine *for any purpose*, containing what an eminent chemist enumerates as the "common contaminants of wine—sulphurous acid and sulphites, salicylic acid, fuchsin, lead salts, etc., etc."—merits the penitentiary, and should have it. When he sells it to apothecary or household, he deserves the gallows. As to letting patients die sooner than keep them alive by poison, the answer is ready to the hand of the child who knows the meaning of cross-bones and skull on the vials in his mother's medicine chest. Few, except the blindest of radicals, deny the efficacy of pure brandy and wine in cases of extreme debility and the exhaustion which succeeds surgical operations, hemorrhages and typhoid fever. Not even to please esteemed correspondents, can THE HOME-MAKER stultify itself by running counter in this respect to the opinion of the wisest medical men of the day. The man or woman who never touches intoxicating liquors, except when ordered by the prescription of a conscientious physician, will not die a drunkard, unless the fatal passion has been implanted by previous indulgence.

The like may be affirmed, and more briefly, of sauces, soups, puddings and pies in which wine or brandy (pure) is used as seasoning. The volatile part—which is intoxicating—being driven off by heat, the residuum is no more harmful than that which is the base of vanilla, orange-flower and other flavoring extracts, all of which, it may be remarked, hold alcohol as their base. In the absence of positive proof to the contrary, the editors may be permitted the doubt if the taste for intoxicants were ever created by mince-pies or plum-puddings. If there are circumstances which make the use of wine and brandy inexpedient in certain households, the mistress can substitute what seems, to her judgment, better things. Pork is a tabooed article in many homes; there are others in which veal never appears; cocoa-nut in any form poisons some people, while others avoid chocolate as a deadly thing. Tea and coffee are boldly banned as hardly less injurious in effect than liquors, and the passion for the first-named stigmatized as the ruin of thousands of women. An eminent physician has published a treatise or "*Tea-esis*," affirming it to be the most prevalent and insidious malady of the day, especially among hysterical women and servant-girls. Tobacco is preached against from press and pulpit, until King James's "Counterblast" is a whining zephyr by comparison.

THE HOME-MAKER assails nothing except real sin;—intemperance in deed and speech, every form of immorality, detraction and malice, uncharitableness, greed, neglect of home and home-duties;—these more than fill the editors' sorrowful hearts and strained hands in the day of warfare.

Will the world never grow sane and sensible enough not to confound the little good with the giant evil?—never appreciate the tremendous fact that we vitiate the benefit we might bestow upon our kind by indiscriminate vituperation, and lose our influence with those we seek to serve, by vague and violent assertions, the folly of which is so easily proven?



ONE LIE MAKES MANY; OR, FALSIFICATION.

A CHARADE.

THE word to be guessed from this charade has five syllables; the first two are given in the first two scenes; the third, fourth, and fifth, in the last scene—a pause long enough to catch the attention of the audience being made for each syllable.

Any ordinary drawing-room will serve for the stage, an entrance being provided at the back, and on the left hand of a person on the stage, facing the audience.

The only properties necessary to the action are a table, dishes for simple lunch service, Mrs. Pessim's parasol, and a small covered jar, containing a bracelet. So much depends on the latter being overset and broken at the right moment, that it may be well to have it jerked from the table by an invisible thread; the bracelet must be a hoop, so as to roll on the stage, and of conspicuous size. Some change in the ladies' dress should be made between the second and third scenes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. CLARA PESSIM.
LILIAN, *her niece.*
HAL, *Lilian's brother.*
KENNETH RAY, M. D., *betrothed to Lilian.*
MAID-SERVANT.

SCENE I.—FALSE.

SCENE.—*Mrs. Pessim's drawing-room; doors left and center; at the right, a table, on which is Kenneth's hat and cane.*

Enter Kenneth, L., his manner showing irritation; he takes hat and cane from the table. Lilian enters, lays her hand on his arm and looks pleadingly in his face.

Lilian. You are vexed with me, Kenneth?

Kenneth (*gravely*). I have reason to be vexed with you.

Lilian (*pettishly*). I said nothing of much consequence.

Kenneth. That is exactly what vexes me; that you think an untruth "of no consequence."

Lilian. Just because I said I'd been making visits yesterday, when I'd really been shopping. I know you think it silly to spend time in shopping.

Kenneth. You know I think it detestable to say what is false.

Lilian. False! Oh, Kenneth, what a harsh word! False!

Kenneth. I mean false, and may as well say it. Now that you have promised to be my wife, I am more sensitive about this miserable habit of yours. (*Tenderly.*) It is unworthy of you, my Lilian; pray try to look upon it as I do.

Lilian. You know I am to be believed about important matters; but such a little taradiddle as that! it is not worth a fuss.

Kenneth. But the practice is degrading; —a falsehood! Why, it is the resource of ignorance, cowardice, and stupidity!

Lilian (*smiling*). Now there I cannot agree with you. Let me tell you it takes a clever person to tell a realistic fib and keep up the deception. It becomes quite exciting at times, if one happens to slip into too many details—such fun to twist back again! You see, you have never tried it; it's exactly what a stupid like you could not do—but (*coaxing*) don't look so horrified, it isn't becoming; I really will try to do better. (*More seriously.*) I would scorn actual deceit as much as you do, Kenneth; but (*smiling*) a little milk-white fib—to save a long explanation, or make people feel more comfortable! I am a bit of a coward about saying unpleasant things; you have told me you loved me for my sensitive regard for the feelings of others

—this is one way I have of showing it, and so you call me false!

Kenneth. You small Talleyrand! you can put a good face on anything. Pray never show your consideration for *my* feelings by fibbing!

Lilian. Then I can say all the disagreeable things I choose about you, if they are only true! Very well, I will have some ready for you, if you will come back to lunch.

Kenneth (*laughing*). Only let me eat my lunch first; they might destroy my appetite.

Lilian. Then I am forgiven that heinous crime?

Kenneth (*tenderly*). Ah, Lilian! it is your only fault. (*Going, he turns back at the door, C.*) Shall I stop at the jeweller's for your bracelet?

Lilian (*hesitates*). What bracelet?

Kenneth. The one I gave you. Did I not understand you it was there to be mended?

Lilian. Oh!—it will not be ready before next week.

Kenneth. Very well; adieu. (*Exit, C.*)

Lilian (*looks after him.*) You dear honest old sober-sides! I wish I were half worthy of you. But there's a fatality about it—to think of his asking about that bracelet just as I resolved to give up fibbing! Why did I not tell him I had mislaid it when he first missed it from my arm? And oh! *why* did I not tell him so just now? I was too cowardly to own the first fib, and so told another. But it shall be the last, the very last! Still he went a little too far for a lover! False is an ugly word on a lover's lips! I'll tease him well if I get a chance! I'll pay you off for calling me false, sir! You would look pretty blue if I played you—false!

Curtain falls.

Scene II. (*I.*)

Same interior, except that a tray with cups, etc., for lunch, and a plate of cake has been placed on the table, R.

Enter Kenneth, C., with hat and cane.

Kenneth. No one here! I hoped by coming early to have a word alone with Lilian. I was too harsh this morning on the little woman—brought up by that hard, suspicious aunt, her timid, sunny nature has been almost forced into habits of concealment. How captivating she looked while maintaining that it required cleverness to tell a falsehood—so absurd!" And she really seemed to think so—which is unfortunate! What can be easier than to tell a lie? It is the resource of ignorance and stupidity, as I told her. 'Tis a pity she should not see it in its true light. I must try to prove to her that there is no cleverness in telling fibs—ridiculous fancy! what could be easier? it is truthfulness that requires an effort. Perhaps if I should tell her some absurd falsehood; when I undeceived her, I could show the absurdity of her theory; and (*laughing*) probably the objections to the practice! And she would be convinced; for did she not say it was exactly what such a stupid as I could not do? But what shall I say? (*Thinking.*) That I have lost my post at the Hospital? Too serious a matter! That I had a rich, new patient? Too many details required! That I drove out yesterday? Too trifling! She might not notice it. I can say I *rode* out! To be sure I can't ride—but she can't know that! (*Eagerly.*) Here she comes! (*Vexed.*) With Mrs. Pessim! (*Enter Mrs. P. and Lilian, L., followed by a cross maid, who puts a jug of chocolate on the table, and goes out.*)

Mrs. P. (*coldly*). You are punctual, Dr. Ray; or, rather, we are late. The first chocolate was not fit to drink, so I had her make a fresh supply. (*They seat themselves, and, during the remainder of the scene, the lunch goes on.*

Mrs. Pessim (*tasting*). This is better, Lilian. Of course Dr. Ray has everything perfectly delicious at his hotel.

Kenneth. Not at all, madam. I am most impatient (*looking at Lilian*) for the time to come when I shall leave there.

Mrs. Pessim (*grimly*). One can never know what will really be for one's happiness.

Lilian. This cake was better yesterday afternoon, when it was fresh, I had some all ready for you, Kenneth, thinking you might drop in, but you didn't appear.

Kenneth (*aside*). Now for it! (*Aloud.*) I had a different treat yesterday—a long ride on horseback.

Lilian (*surprised*). On horseback! I did not even know you could ride!

Kenneth. Quite a long ride.

Lilian (*joyously*). Of course you enjoyed it immensely!

Kenneth (*slightly confused*). Oh—immensely.

Mrs. Pessim. Where did you learn to ride—always having lived in a city?

Kenneth (*aside*). What affair of hers is it? (*Aloud.*) At college.

Mrs. Pessim. Rather a luxury for any one in your circumstances—did you own a horse?

Kenneth (*aside.*) I can't stop now. (*Aloud.*) No, a friend loaned me his. (*Abruptly.*) What's become of Hal, Lilian?

Mrs. Pessim (*quickly*). There is no good reason for his not being here—but one can't tell what young men are about—many use their hour at noon to gamble.

Lilian. Aunt Clara! As though Hal would gamble!

Mrs. Pessim. Oh, I don't say he would —*yet!* But a young man is easily led astray.

Lilian. To think I should never have seen you on horseback! Stop here a moment, the next time, won't you?

Kenneth (*aside*). I thought it had been dropped. (*Aloud.*) I don't think I shall ride again.

Lilian (*surprised*). I thought you enjoyed it!

Kenneth. (*aside.*) I was a fool to begin this nonsense! (*Aloud.*) Not particularly.

Mrs. P. Of course your horse was loaned by a friend?

Kenneth (*aside*). Why did I tell it before her? (*Aloud.*) Not at all; I got it at Skinner's livery stable.

Lilian. What road did you take?

Kenneth. Linden Road.

Lilian (*surprised*). Why, how could you? It is being macadamized for miles.

Kenneth (*embarrassed*). Oh, I forget.—I started out on that, and seeing what a state it was in, took North Avenue. (*Aside.*) I call that neatly done! (*Shocked.*) *Am* I beginning to enjoy it?

Lilian. North Avenue? That is the newly-opened avenue, turning toward the mountain?

Kenneth (*aside*). More than I know! (*Aloud.*) A charming road.

Lilian. I have never been over it.

Kenneth (*aside*). Neither have I! (*Aloud.*) We must go some day.

Mrs. P. (*looking sharply at Kenneth*). Did you observe a little Queen Anne cottage just at the turn?

Kenneth. No,—yes,—I think I did.

Mrs. P. Such a pretty girl lives there. Did you see her? She's always at the window or hanging over the fence.

Kenneth. I don't think I noticed her. (*Aside.*) I *must* change the subject. (*Aloud.*) Speaking of pretty girls, Lilian, I—

Mrs. P. Rather strange you should not know whether she was there or not. She is the one whose broken collar-bone interested you so last winter. (*With intention.*) Her mother takes in sewing for me sometimes—

Kenneth (*interrupting*). Lilian, you would be interested in a case that came in yesterday—

(*Enter Hal., C., with hat.*)

Hal. Sorry to be late for my chocolate, Aunt Clara.

Mrs. P. (*tartly*). It's not improved by delay. (*Hands his cup.*)

Lilian. Try this cake, Hal. Kenneth don't seem to enjoy his. (*Laughing.*)

Kenneth. Very nice, I'm sure. What's the news, Hal?

Hal. Oh, nothing—as usual. Yes, by the way, a large barn was burned yesterday afternoon, and it belonged to that rascal Dick Stone, who cheated you so.

Kenneth. Served him right!

Lilian. Oh, Kenneth, how vindictive!

Kenneth. I cannot help it. He's an old scoundrel!

Mrs. P. Extravagance was at the bottom of his wrong-doing, as is always the case. By the way, Henry, think of Dr. Ray taking a horseback ride yesterday afternoon! How nice to be able to afford it! (*Aside.*) I know he is not!

Hal. By Jove, Kenneth! I never imagined *you* could ride.

Kenneth (*with a forced laugh*). Is it anything so wonderful?

Hal. Oh, not at all,—but there's something incongruous in the idea, that's all. Did you have a good mount?

(*Kenneth starts up from the table, and during the remainder of the scene is moving uneasily about the stage.*)

Kenneth. Tolerable. (*Aside.*) I suppose I must keep it up until I can get away.

Lilian. From Skinner's; didn't you say?

Kenneth. Yes. (*Aside.*) I'm sorry to say I did.

Hal. Which horse? I know all of his.

Kenneth (*aside*). This is unbearable. (*Aloud.*) A gray,—no, I think a bay. (*Looking at his watch.*) I must say adieu, I shall miss an engagement.

Hal. Wait a bit! The bay? Did she limp?

Kenneth (*eagerly*). Very badly. I could notice nothing else.

Hal. That settles it! I'll advise Will Jones not to buy her. I knew Skinner was cheating him in that bay!

Kenneth (*aside*). If Mrs. Pessim would go out, I would own up—but how Lilian would triumph! (*Aloud.*) Did you understand me a bay, Hal? I said a gray.

Hal. Oh, I thought you said a bay! What road did you take?

Kenneth (*aside*). The road again! More trouble; why didn't I name one I had been over? (*Aloud.*) I must go.

Mrs. P. North Avenue, he said.

Hal. Then you saw the fire! Was it so large?

Kenneth (*startled*). What fire?

Hal. Dick Stone's barn, of course! What were we just speaking of?

Kenneth. I—I—I didn't see it!

Hal. Didn't you cross the bridge?

Kenneth. I—I—I'm not sure. (*Aside.*) If I can ever get away, I shall make straight for that road, so as not to be caught again in ignorance. I can never own up now, even to Lilian! She would despise me! (*Aloud.*) I—I think I did cross a bridge.

Hal. Then you must have seen the fire! That is, if you went yesterday afternoon.

Kenneth. I (*desperately*) I—I went in the morning.

Mrs. P. You *said* afternoon.

Kenneth. I—I certainly thought—

Mrs. P. At any rate, let that unfortunate personal pronoun rest awhile. Every sentence begins I—I—I—(*mimicking.*)

Kenneth (*vexed*). Just as you please, Madam; I am going. (*Aside.*) Up North Avenue. (*Going out, C.*)

Hal (*calls after him*). Shall we have a ride together next week?

Kenneth (*looks in embarrassed*). I can't—I—I—. *Lilian and Hal burst out laughing; Mrs. P. looks at him with contempt and suspicion. Exit Kenneth.*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE THIRD.

Stage unchanged except that the service is removed, the table is moved, L. Lilian, seated embroidering, R. (*A song may be introduced.*) *Enter Mrs. Pessim, C., in walking dress, lays parasol on table, L.*

Mrs. P. (*sighing*). Still busy, Lilian?

Lilian. 'Tis the last of Kenneth's handkerchiefs.

Mrs. P. (*sadly*). I hope it is!

Lilian. Of course it is? See what a beautiful K he designed for them!

Mrs. P. (*in a sepulchral tone*). I have seen it already, my poor child.

Lilian (*aside, impatiently*). Oh, how glad I shall be to get married and away from you! (*Aloud.*) Have you been walking far, Aunt Clara?

Mrs. P. Yes—farther than my strength allows. But I felt I must go, my Lilian; after Kenneth left I felt I must know the truth. Anything is better than uncertainty—but alas! my suspicions have been justified!

Lilian (*sharply*). What suspicions now?

Mrs. P. (*solemnly*). Kenneth's unworthiness of you!

Lilian. I know that you have never liked Kenneth, Aunt Clara; but to say that *he* is unworthy of *me* is simply absurd!

Mrs. P. (*mysteriously*). Tell me, Lilian, did you notice his embarrassment at luncheon to-day?

Lilian (*amusea*). O course I did,—and I think I know the cause.

Mrs. P. You smile, poor child,—there is more cause for tears. (*Impressively.*) *I* saw that the fact of his rides escaped him unintentionally,—he would have given worlds to have recalled it.

Lilian. His rides, Aunt Clara! He spoke of but one ride.

Mrs. P. I know he did, and (*mysteriously*) I also know that they are frequent. And always in the same direction! But—yesterday's ride brought to him a new, a terrible temptation! (*Lilian gazes at her in bewilderment.*) Everything Kenneth said aroused my suspicions,—and my suspicions are generally well-founded. Strangely enough, I already possessed one clue to his embarrassment,—Hal's news of the fire, and Kenneth's denial that he had seen it gave me another. So this afternoon I walked out to the scene of the conflagration,—it is just this side of the Queen Anne cottage, where that silly girl,—but I will not speak of her just yet,—my poor Lilian!

Lilian. I can't imagine why I am such an object of pity!

Mrs. P. You must have noticed Kenneth's vindictive joy at Stone's misfortune.

Lilian. He only said, "served him right!"

Mrs. P. I call that vindictive, and so you did yourself. At any rate, from the moment that Hal proved that he must have been there when the fire broke out, he

could remember nothing of his ride, and flatly denied his previous statement that he had gone out in the afternoon! Such a course would arouse any one's suspicions.

Lilian. Not mine!

Mrs. P. (*meaningly*). I have already heard something of the goings on at at that cottage—

Lilian (*angrily*). Aunt Clara!!

Mrs. P. (*calmly*). We will speak of that later. I will not condemn him unheard. At present I am speaking of the fire. I have visited the spot and made inquiries. Every one agrees that it was the work of an incendiary,—and I saw for myself (*lowers her voice*) that the blaze broke out at a point very near the road,—just about where a man on horseback could toss a lighted match.

Lilian (*starts up furious*). Don't utter another word! Not another syllable! Oh, what a mean, scandalous insinuation! (*Stamps her foot.*) I *can't* bear it! For shame, Aunt Clara! Fie! Fie!

Pause.

(*Enter Hal, C.*)

Hal. What in the world is the matter, Lily dear? (*Takes her hand. She bursts out crying, breaks from him, and seats herself in the background. Hal looks inquiringly at Mrs. Pessim.*)

Mrs. P. I thought it my duty to impart a well-grounded suspicion about Kenneth to Lilian; whereupon she chose to fly into a passion.

Lilian. Anyone would have been angry at such an insinuation.

Mrs. P. Men always go from bad to worse, and so has Kenneth.

Lilian. What do you mean now?

Mrs. P. Well, if you *will* know—but don't interrupt me with another tantrum—the mother of that girl in the Queen Anne cottage has spoken to me more than once of the anxiety caused her by the constant visits of one of the young doctors from the Hospital to her silly daughter—visits (*meaningly*) made on horseback! Of course I never thought of its being Kenneth until to-day, when his manner betrayed him at once. And he engaged to Lilian! —even now she is working K on *one* of the wretch's handkerchiefs!

Lilian. I won't believe it is Kenneth.

(*Works vigorously at embroidery.*)

Hal. Why, Aunt Clara, there are a dozen young fellows at the Hospital! But (*listening*) here comes Kenneth to speak for himself.

(*Enter Kenneth, C., hat in hand, his bearing quite changed—frank and resolute, although embarrassed.*)

Kenneth. To speak for myself! That is just what I have come to do. I have come back on purpose to tell you all (*with effort*) that what I said at luncheon about my riding out yesterday was untrue.

Mrs. P. Too late.

Hal. By Jove! (*looks at Lilian, who busies herself with her work*), and you didn't ride either nag?

Kenneth. No.

Hal. And you've never been on the new avenue?

Kenneth. Never.

Mrs. P. (*quickly*). Then how could I, this day, find your handkerchief within a stone's throw of the Queen Anne—

Kenneth (*thunderstruck*). Oh, I forgot to say—

Lilian (*who has started up, and examined the handkerchief*). It *is* yours! You cannot deny it! You designed that K!

Pause.

Hal (*seriously*). I think you had better explain yourself, Kenneth.

Kenneth. I will gladly do so. The truth is— (*Mrs. P. smiles sarcastically, Lilian watches him closely, and is gradually convinced of the truth of his story, although remaining quiet.*) The truth is, this morning Lilian and I had an argument about falsification of various kinds—she declared that it took ingenuity and cleverness to tell a falsehood, and keep up the deception, while I maintained it was the resource of cowardice and stupidity. After we parted, I resolved to prove to her how silly was her idea, by telling her some trifling untruth—acknowledging it, of course, after she had been deceived a while. Then, if she was vexed by my duplicity, she would more easily understand how I felt about—about—

Mrs P. Her own habit of falsification. Very ingenious!

Kenneth. Very contemptible! After I uttered the falsehood about my ride, trifling as it seemed, I found that the effort to make it credible involved me in a tissue of lies from which it was impossible to extricate myself without a confession of falsehood and failure, which I was too vain and too cowardly to make. At

last, I pleaded an engagement to avoid being found out; and as much of my difficulty arose from my ignorance of the new avenue which I said I had taken—I walked over it for a couple of miles to familiarize myself with it, in case my ride was spoken of again. As I went on I saw my conduct in its true light—and that the only manly course left for me was to come back and own to Lilian, and to all of you, that I had acted like a cad. (*Looks at Mrs. P. and L. They avoid his glance.*)

Hal. But you just said you had never been on the new avenue?

Kenneth. My mind was full of this morning's affair, and the afternoon walk quite escaped me for the moment. Of course I dropped the handkerchief then—but why is it so important?

Mrs. P. You're not aware that I have the clue to your conduct. And pray how did the incendiary set fire to your enemy's barn? (*Kenneth looks astonished.*)

Hal. Oh, come, Aunt Clara! Can't you see he's rattled? That last is too bad! (*Exit, C.*)

Kenneth. (*To Mrs. P.*) Of course you will say I am unworthy of any credit, after my deceiving you this morning, but—

Mrs. P. (*angrily*). I was *not* deceived this morning, nor am I now. Your pitiful prevarications only serve to show the truth of my suspicions. And if Lilian follows my advice, and, of course, she will—your engagement is at an end. We shall strive to forget you—henceforth you are to us merely something to avoid—to ignore—to *shun!*

Pause.

(*Exit Mrs. Pessim, motioning Lilian to follow her. As she passes the table, she takes her parasol and throws to the ground a small jar, from which rolls a bracelet.*)

Lilian (*starting forward*). My bracelet! I thought I had lost it!

Kenneth (*indignantly*). You said it was at the jeweller's! More deception! (*Recollects himself.*) Oh, what am I to blame *you?* What right have I to take you to task after my own weakness and cowardice? (*Covers his face with his hands.*)

Lilian. (*running to him*). Every right, you dear, delicious, solemn old thing! You needn't feel penitent over deceiving me! I found out you were fibbing in less than two minutes, and guessed your object in one more—remembering the morning's argument. And if I had not said to myself that I'd pay you off for calling me false, I would have changed the conversation and helped you out of it, instead of asking questions and getting you in deeper and deeper—so it was partly my fault!

Kenneth (*puzzled*). Then you saw through it all the time?

Lilian. Nearly all the time, but I am ashamed to say I did feel a bit queer when Aunt Clara pulled out that odious handkerchief, lest it should be true about the girl in the Queen Anne cottage.

Kenneth. What girl?

Lilian. Never mind. But if you will overlook my little distrust of you, I will promise that you shall always henceforth find me truthful and open. For—when you were shifting about, and telling fib after fib—it was absolutely funny, but it wasn't nice—it wasn't nice at all—and I made up my mind that you should never blush to see your—your wife in such a humiliating position, and you never shall!

Kenneth. That's my own Lilian!

(*Enter Hal, C., hat in hand, quite out of breath.*)

Hal. (*Calls off, L.*) Aunt Clara! Aunt Clara! (*Enter Mrs. Pessim.*)

Mrs. P. Has Lilian fainted! (*Sees Lilian and Kenneth.*) Foolish girl! I should not have left you!

Hal. You'll have to take it all back, Aunt Clara. I saw Kenneth was too rattled to say a connected word for himself, so I just slipped around to the Hospital, and found that he was there yesterday afternoon, instead of setting fire to Stone's barn; and that it's Charley Jones who is making a fool of himself over the girl in the Queen Anne cottage! So all Kenneth's guilty of is a few little taradiddles such as Lilian would think nothing of!

Lilian (*gravely*). No, Hal, my childish fault is, I hope, checked forever. When I saw how unworthy of a man was the slightest deviation from truth, I realized how it must appear in a woman, and resolved that I would never again be guilty of the slightest fal— (*Startled*) Did I say it?

Hal. Say what?

Lilian. Why, the word!

Hal. What word?

Lilian. Oh, stupids! The word they (*motioning to the audience*) are to guess! Don't you know this is a Charade, and they're to guess the word—and I really believe I told what it was! (*To*

audience). Did I say it? No? Then we'll leave you to find it out, and only remind you what we have discovered—that One Lie Makes Many. *S. H. Ludlum.*

N. B. The *motif* and a few incidents in this play are taken from Benedix' five-act comedy, "*Das Lügen.*"

ROUNDS IN THE JOURNALISTIC LADDER.



HE time has passed when any ambitious scribbler, without education or sense of responsibility, may become a newspaper man in the best and most respected acceptance of the name. Like the tramp printer and peripatetic telegrapher, the Bohemian penny-a-liner is becoming an extinct type in the centers of culture. In the mining camp and border town he still performs his mission. With his outfit packed on the back of a mule, with a goose-quill in one hand and a pistol in the other, and with a nature craving fresh fields of adventure, the editor, compositor and pressman, all combined in one, blazes the way, like other pioneers, for the civilization which is to follow, but in which there is no room for his feverish existence. He is a part of the drift-wood and other debris that crest the advancing wave of progress. While there are new wilds to enter he will have his place, but when law, order and education have refined the whole land, he will be numbered with the Mastodon and Dodo.

In the well-regulated newspaper establishment, erratic genius is not at home. The man who leads a dual existence—one drunk and one sober—rarely "shows up" at the office two days in succession, and puts his trust as thoroughly in the brandy bottle as in the inkstand,—although he may possess the gifts of a Dickens or a Greeley, must eventually be displaced by his duller but more steady brother. Other essentials being present, trustworthiness is as highly prized a characteristic as a newspaper man can possess.

With the advance of journalism into the front rank of the professions, has risen a demand for skilled labor in every one of its provinces. As the great newspaper has come to require the best of machinery and intelligent supervision in its mechanical departments, so the necessity for education and the fullest capability has grown in the editorial rooms. The college man is no longer the despised creature in the newspaper sanctum that he once was, and the specialist is steadily creating a request for his services. So conservative and experienced a journalist as Charles A. Dana has not only said that a college education is an important part of a newspaper man's equipment, but he has emphasized his statement by giving to his son and probable successor, careful preparation in this direction. The knowledge which a man absorbs during his academic course may seem to have no bearing on the first assignment which, in the opening of his newspaper career, he is called on to fill, but, later on, it will prove a bank account on which he can draw with certainty.

In beginning his new work, however, the college graduate cannot expect to profit by any preferment he has won in his Alma Mater. His marks in study; his proficiency in oratory; the skill with which he has managed the college paper, and even the spurs he has won on the baseball field will avail him nothing. He is in a new winnowing mill, and it is for him to prove that he cannot be fanned out with other chaff.

The writer once had a funny experience with a misguided youth, who imagined that a college diploma was a passport to the editorial chair or the managing editorship of any leading journal. The ink on his sheepskin was hardly dry, and his head was still swelled by the adulations which had greeted his graduation oration on "The Utilitarian Theory of Morals." When he found himself a "common reporter" on the journal—to whose thrift he had consented, for a compensation of five dollars a week, to lend his best endeavors,—his æsthetic soul revolted. Being dispatched to

a neighboring village to gather news items, he returned with a column essay on the reforms suggested by his half day visit. The editor to whom it was submitted, complimented the novice on his facility for "turning out copy," and then proceeded to give him a practical lesson in condensation, the result being a five line paragraph, which appeared in the next morning's paper. The embryo newspaper man stood this sort of thing for a week, and then asked when he would be expected to write editorials. Being assured that he was in the earliest stage of preparation, and that there were no cross-cuts to the top-notch of journalism, he resigned his place at once. Now he is "the professor of ethics" in a western school, and has doubtless found his level.

If, however, the collegian has "the nose for news," as the late Samuel Bowles used to call it, and is willing to lay aside all sophomoric nonsense and buckle down to work like any other fellow, he presents the best timber from which to make a good newspaper man. His education will enable him to meet educated men on equal terms, while, if he is of the right stuff, it will not prove a barrier between him and the less fortunate classes. He must be ready to start in the ranks, and to perform without a murmur the humblest task of reporting given him.

It is a question, however, where he should make his beginning. To take his first lessons on a metropolitan paper would be much like learning to swim by plunging into deep water without a life-preserver on. His carefully written report of some minor event goes to the copy reader, or condenser No. 1; is revised again by the city editor, and may be reduced to a sentence or, boiled out altogether, as the demands on the columns of the paper grow. The city editor, busied and hurried by many other affairs, has no time to explain to the reporter the apparent maltreatment of his item or to kindly advise him in regard to the preparation of future work. There is no one else to help him, and it will not be long before the discouraged and (if he has been working on space and has not private means) penniless reporter will have to leave the profession in which, under happier circumstances, he might have shone.

A mistake may also be made by serving one's novitiate on a paper of so low a rank that the time spent will be practically thrown away. The writer of this article made such an error. On leaving college he became the "local editor" of a daily paper, in a town whose widely scattered population numbered perhaps ten thousand. The field offered a fair subsistence for one such paper, but was occupied by two, either one of which was ready *to* sacrifice itself to compass the destruction of the other. The guerilla warfare waged by the two was not conducive to prosperity, and the forced economy told at last on the numerical strength of the rival editorial staffs. On the paper for which the writer worked, there was the editor-in-chief, who wrote editorials—or produced them in other ways best known to the country press,—and clipped the exchanges; the local editor, who scoured the village for news, edited out-of-town correspondence, prepared the telegraphic report at night, read proof and put the paper to press; and the book-keeper, who essayed dramatic and musical criticism, turned neat paragraphs on "our esteemed fellow townsman" (on the occasional appearance of whose name in print depended largely his annual subscription), and devoted his time, after the books were posted, to writing graphic descriptions of the double-yolked egg, the Siamese twin potato, the far-reaching corn-stalk, or some other granger monstrosity which was "laid on our desk."

The ambitious local editor never had reason to complain of lack of opportunity for work. His chief, an easy going, accommodating, mild-mannered gentleman, to whom even meditation, as a precursor of possible exertion, was wearying, was always ready cheerfully to share with him the joys of editorial writing. He was no monopolist.

Such an experience, however, tested rather than improved or increased the capacity for newspaper work, which the writer believed he possessed, and longed to develop. Finally, after sitting on the safety-valve of his feelings and better judgment for about two years, he threw up his place and sought another on a bright and well-edited paper in a provincial city, at half the pay he had before been receiving. Here, like many others who are now filling responsible positions in the journalistic world, he began his newspaper education.

His first lesson was in exchange reading. After going through the papers and cutting out such news as attracted his attention, he returned them, with the clippings, to the editor in charge of the department. The latter re-read the papers, gleaned the items

overlooked, and then went over the accumulated slips with the novice, rejecting many, retaining some, and keeping up a running comment on the comparative news value of each. Then the beginner was directed to re-write the selected items, boiling them down and using only the pith of each. Again his work was revised; the editor, pen in hand, giving him a careful lesson in condensation, and emphasizing the rule that, while brevity was desired, it must not be attained by the sacrifice of style and grace. Under this drill the learner was soon enabled to write items that passed muster, and his heart was occasionally gladdened by the sight of some of his paragraphs "in leads" on the editorial page.

The same care in instructing beginners in news selection and preparation was observed in the other departments of the paper, and as the younger men were occasionally shifted from one desk to another, they, in the course of two or three years, gained a very fair experience in the leading branches of journalistic work. As one and another drifted away to wider and more remunerative fields, room was made for fresh beginners, the material of the staff,—outside of two or three standbys,—changing completely in comparatively short periods.

In such a school as this, it seems to the writer, the best preparation can be made for broader journalistic endeavor. An interesting experiment is being tried at Cornell University, however, of teaching the first steps of journalism as a part of the curriculum. Under the care of Professor Brainerd G. Smith, a thorough newspaper man, the best instruction attainable outside of a newspaper office is being given. The class is organized as the reportorial staff of a paper, with Mr. Smith as the city editor. Assignments are made and filled by the members, and as the reports of such events as Ithaca affords come in, the professor deals with each one separately, pointing out to its author its weaknesses and showing him how he may strengthen his future work. This drill is supplemented by lectures or informal talks on style, condensation, accuracy, judgment and many other things with which it is well that the journalistic beginner should become acquainted. Already, the Cornell school is pronounced a success by its projectors.

In concluding this article, the writer would urge as the prime essentials of success in the one seeking to become a true newspaper man—the news instinct; a thorough and broad education; honesty; courage and perseverance; and unwavering fealty to his calling. A newspaper man must be a born newspaper man; his acquirement of knowledge cannot be too wide; he must be able to meet temptations fearlessly and to detect and expose shams; at every step he will have discouragements to contend with, not the least among them being poverty, for no profession is more poorly paid; and, like the soldier, he should stand ready to go wherever duty may direct.

James Fredrick Herrick.

WHAT ANOTHER GIRL DID.

I SAW not long ago, a chamber, the creation, partly by design and partly by actual work, of a charming young Californian, which stamped itself both upon my fancy and my recollection. It was unique and pleasing, and if copied in a heated climate, would yield repose for every glance accorded it.

Its wall, on which hung a panel of Japanese embroidery and a few pictures, was covered with a paper in which dull blue and gold blended harmoniously and showed a frieze and dado that were not only striking but, at first, puzzling. Closer inspection revealed as the background of the dado nothing more than a stretch of Chinese matting crossed and zigzagged over, in true celestial fashion, with split, and unstained bamboo sticks. The frieze copied the dado except that its background was of very finely woven material and over it drooped a fringe of knotted rope. The dressing table was smoothly covered with fine matting and calico to match. The mantel was surmounted by a mirror in a light bamboo frame, and a set of bamboo shelves held books and a few pretty ornaments. The white covering of the floor threw out a large mat barred with blue, and from under rope lattices, airy, silken curtains, blue and fawn and gold were slightly drawn aside, half revealing the wealth of roses on the sloping hillside without, and beyond, the blue waters of San Francisco Bay.

Jany B. Hope Marr.

SYMPOSIUM ON ROUND DANCES.

AS THE HOME MAKER anticipated, the suggested discussion on round dances has drawn forth letters from all parts of the country. Those for which room is found may be styled "representative views." All are genuine, the editors refraining from expression of official opinion. If they are disappointed in any respect, it is that more young people have not set down their sentiments on paper and let THE HOME MAKER'S readers have the benefit of their side of the question.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER'S QUERY.

EDITORS of HOME MAKER:

As I am a mother with children just going into society, the articles in your magazine on "Round dancing" have especial interest for me.

My son and daughter attended a dancing-party some time since, and the next day I overheard a conversation between them, which set me to thinking.

"Sister," said the boy, "if you waltz with Henry —— again, I will ask mother to forbid your dancing at all. I was disgusted with his way of holding you,—the impertinent puppy!"

"Why brother," the girl said half crying, "how did I know he would hold me so tightly, before we began to waltz? I left him just as soon as I could, only went the length of the room, and took care not to dance with him again."

I inquired what difference there was in the "holding" of which they spoke, and was told that there is a right way and a wrong way.

The question arises in my primitive mind, as to how we mothers are to shield our daughters from even the appearance of evil in these days of universal round dancing?

Hoping you will pardon the liberty I have taken in trespassing on this much of your space and time, I am

Sincerely yours,

ASHEVILLE, *A Mother.*
NORTH CAROLINA.

ANOTHER MOTHER'S WAY OF THINKING

* * * * Here is a part of the writer's own experience. When quite a young girl she was sent to a dancing school and allowed to learn to waltz. Subsequently, her father often took her to parties and he

was always proud to waltz with his daughters. They were taught to consider dancing as an accomplishment to be indulged in moderately. It was not allowed to interfere with school or home duties, nor with the culture of the mind, which was always most highly esteemed. At this time we also attended many sociables in the country, where the prevailing amusements were games like "Roll the Platter," "Snap and catch 'em," "Blind Man's Buff," etc. These games invariably ended with forfeits, mostly paid with kisses. Can it be said that these games were more decorous and dignified than the Cotillion, the Virginia Reel, the Lancers, or even the much slandered Waltz? Yet many Christian people who regarded these dances with horror, would allow their children to engage in boisterous games.

At the present day, in a sociable neighborhood or in a large family, much innocent enjoyment may be given by an occasional evening devoted to dancing. The writer considers that a knowledge of the art gives ease of manner and grace of movement hard to acquire in any other way. At the same time we deprecate the habit of allowing young children, or young girls, perhaps already overburdened with studies, to spend the hours until midnight in an overheated room, and then, perhaps insufficiently clad, stand in a draught, or, while still very warm, go out into the frosty night to seek their homes. We heard of a beautiful young lady, who laying aside her high-necked, and long-sleeved undergarments, donned a decolleté gown, thereby contracting a disease which cost her her life.

But if a young girl is properly clad and suitably attended, the chief danger would still remain of making improper acquaintances,—says some one. This danger, we answer, is met everywhere, and the time has long since gone by, even in our smaller cities, when a young lady would willingly attend a "public dance."

When all has been said, the question of natural disposition must be mainly considered. If a young person is shy and awkward; if he or she would rather cross the street than to speak to an acquaintance; if he or she shrinks from society, and while in company is painfully conscious of possessing *hands* and *feet*, and troubled to know how to dispose of them; we say, it will not hurt such a person to learn to dance. But if one is naturally bold, frivolous, self-conceited—beware how you foster these qualities. In all cases, round dances, as engaged in by some people, are the most harmful; but for the credit of womanhood, we cannot think that one girl in a thousand has one evil thought while engaging therein. In this, as in every other amusement, it has been truly said, "Unto the pure all things are pure."

Laura Le Balyard.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

AND STILL ANOTHER'S.

MARION HARLAND: *Dear Madam:* Quoting from the mother's letter in March HOME MAKER, in regard to round dances,—*Is* it "*better* to let our daughters dance on, protected by that good fairy who presides over Cinderella and allows no real harm to reach her," while our *sons*, who are presumably sophisticated, are allowed to whirl other and less guileless Cinderellas through the mazy measures, where, and as they pleased?

The fascinating dance is classed among "worldly amusements."

Amusements should refresh both mind and body. If loss of sleep, petty jealousies, discontent, fatigue, unholy passions, neglect of duties, less desire for mental and spiritual attainments result from indulgence in the dance, then it is an amusement justly to be condemned. The above effects follow only an excessive participation in the waltz. *Why*, if one *must* dance, may he not be moderate and temperate, as in other things?

Now, the dance is mainly upheld by the attraction of the sexes. Neither would trip the "light fantastic" till the "wee, sma' hours" without the other.

I must not be understood as asserting that *all* dancing is *immoral*; a select coterie in a private house may indulge moderately with apparently little harm done; it is only when carried to excess and in questionable company until late hours, that evil results.

You say your girl must learn to dance or be called "peculiar"; that young people crave this diversion. Your girl will never miss what she has never had. One thought more. Should we indulge in what may prove another's ruin if he follows our example? "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." * * * * * * *

Yours truly,

MICHIGAN CITY, IND. *X. Y. Z.*

A Leader in Society speaks.

My Dear Editor:

I have *not* been to college and I suppose I am *not* especially well educated excepting so far as school until I was fifteen, and "downtown" for ten or eleven years more, may constitute an education. I *am* however proud to say that I am considered something of a leader in "society," which Mr. Duffield Osborne has taken it upon himself to demolish in your March number.

Possibly Mr. Osborne does not know how to dance—possibly, even, he does not know anyone who does know how. Evidently, the delicious ecstasy of a good partner, stirring music, and a smooth floor is entirely beyond his limited comprehension. He reminds me of a certain acquaintance of mine who remarked once, that he "hated to see a man dance because it always suggested to him the idea of an organ-grinder's monkey." Perhaps when *he* dances, he may recall such memories. I flatter myself that *I* don't!

But what, according to Mr. Osborne, is to become of us who take an innocent delight in the waltz, when this new order of things is inaugurated? I suppose we will take back seats,—ornament the wall, as it were, while our grandmothers and Mr. Osborne delight each other with erudite discourses on poetry, philosophy, history, art, politics and, may be, algebra and geometry. Thank you, Mr. Osborne, not *this* evening! Mr. McAlister and myself prefer the present order of things, and the "four hundred" and a few others are with us.

By-the-bye, in your article you speak of a leader of the "German," as a "gentile butterfly." What does that mean? But perhaps it is only a mistake of the printer for "genteel butterfly." You see I am generous and I give you the benefit of the doubt.

Sincerely yours,

A. H.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

An All-around View of the Question.

In a manual on dancing by the veteran instructor in that graceful art, Allan Dodworth, I find eight qualifications insisted upon as absolutely essential to the teacher, who would successfully launch his pupils upon the social world. They are as follows: "A good moral character; a liberal education; a love for the occupation; natural fitness for the art; the same for teaching it; ability to present good examples; knowledge of all music relating to dancing; inexhaustible patience." One infers, and with reason, that to such a professor as Mr. Dodworth, dancing is by no means the light and flippant thing which it seemed, for example, to grave John Knox, as he stood rebuking the beautiful Queen of Scots. In Mr. Dodworth's view the dance, whether round or square, implies self-restraint, the perfection of courtesy, and above all, the homage of one sex to the other, shown in the most fastidious and decorous manner of paying a social *devoir*.

Brought up in the straitest sect of Presbyterianism, I have not so far outgrown the prejudices, or shall I say, the traditions of my training, as to regard "round dances" with favor. For the beautiful Virginia reel, or the stately minuet; for the Lancers, with exquisite groupings and graceful figures, which please the eye like the swaying of flowers in the summer breeze; for the court quadrille with its precise and formal etiquette, I have the same admiration as for other attractive scenic displays, military or processional.

Undoubtedly there is a "time to dance" such dances as these, and similar arrangements of motion to music, though, in my judgment, even this "time" should be only occasional. Good-by to social converse; to bright talk; to witticism; to song; to repartee; to acquaintanceship; to the whole gay life of the *salon*, brilliant, restful, and piquant: when dancing, and dancing alone, is the business of the flitting evening hours.

In the unformulated wisdom of many careful mothers, who occupy a somewhat uncomfortable middle ground on the subject of round dances—not prohibiting, but merely tolerating these—a girl is allowed to waltz only with her brother, her cousin, or her fiancé. In other words, the restriction is made that she shall not endure the familiarity and intimacy of the round dance, at its best estate, in conjunction with any except a kinsman, or one who is to stand in a nearer relation still. Few young men *like* their sisters or their betrothed to dance with other men. The lightest touch of the finger tips at waist and shoulder is disagreeable in the eyes of a man to whom a woman is dear and sacred,

and his own, if that faint and ever so delicate embrace be that of another. A man choosing his bride, as a rule, prefers a Puritan maiden, sedulously guarded from the excitements of the dance, to the belle whose willowy grace and bird-like poise are the pride of the ball-room. But my objection to the waltz concerns sons far more than daughters. The latter are not usually in danger from the fierce impulses of passion, from riotous surgings of the blood in heart and brain, from suggestions scarcely understood and difficult of control. Their pulses beat more equably, their lives are sheltered, they are not so easily led into temptation as are young people of the opposite sex. Both partners in a waltz may be innocent of the slightest desire or thought that is wrong, and yet they may leave it less pure by a breath on the soul's mirror, than when they entered its giddy maze.

The *low* dress worn by girls, which fashion decrees to be tasteful, and which not infrequently violates the stricter canons of modesty, is an added objection to the round dance. There can be no reasonable objection to the whirling to and fro of girls with each other for partners, in high gowns with sleeves to the elbow or wrist; but in society the waltz does not contemplate anything so little exciting, so tame in fact, as the dancing of men with men, and of girls with girls.

Possibly, I am hopelessly old-fashioned; perhaps, I am behind the age; but, dear HOME-MAKER, you may put me down as opposed to the waltz, and not likely to change my opinion.

Margaret E. Sangster.



BY MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

DADO AND FRIEZES.—TABLE COVER.—MANTEL DRAPERY.—LATTICE LACE.



O less than five questions upon the subject of wainscotings, or dadoes, have been sent of late to THE HOME-MAKER, and the deduction naturally is that housekeeping minds are awaking to a new interest in a matter which has not of late been very exciting.

Novelty seekers will find their desideratum in the artistic dadoes made by tacking to the wall a strip of Turkey-red cotton, which serves as a back-ground to coarse fish-net stretched tightly over it and headed with what children call "chain-braiding," loosely done with rope the thickness of the little finger. If red is not a suitable color for the room, a width of any shade of plain flock-paper may be substituted for the cotton material

The oak-finished and oak-furnished dining-room in the house of a well-known artist, has a dado of brown denim put on tightly, with a heading made by plaiting into fan shapes a six-inch strip of the same

fabric. The straight portion is divided from the fan plaiting by a gilt strip, like a picture rod, and each plait is tacked down at the top with very large brass-headed nails. The fans turn upward toward the the ceiling.

The dado in a Boston artist's parlor is made of light olive felt, eighteen inches wide, supplemented by nine inches of plush of the same color, but a few shades darker. The wall above the dado is covered with rough, brown wrapping-paper, which affords a beautiful back-ground for pictures.

Burlaps, and fine matting like that which enwraps tea-chests, have all been used for dadoes, and where the furnishers have possessed enough artistic skill, a painted decoration has made the matting very noteworthy. One that was especially pretty had a trailing blackberry vine in autumn tints. At irregular intervals wandering sprays invaded the blue wall above, apparently stealing under the gilded rope which held the upper edge of the matting.

A Novel Table-Cover.

A FRIEND, returning from a long trans-Atlantic sojourn, has among her foreign accumulations, a table-cover which was made for her in a Spanish convent; she furnishing a bag of old muslin embroideries, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, and the like, the nuns supplying the rest. The cover is of red Lyons velvet, and upon it are applied, with perfection of arrangement, the embroidered leaves and flowers cut from the old muslin. Some secret of laundrying has given the needle-work the white clearness peculiar to new "French work." The figures are transferred by hemming down the edges with very fine white cotton, the stitches sink into the pile and are entirely concealed, and the embroidery appears to be done upon the velvet. Scollops and leaves are ingeniously arranged to make a border which falls over a narrow silk fringe, the color of the velvet.

Simple Design for an Over-Mantel.

MODERN mantels are generally pretty enough to need no embellishing, but the unsightly mantels in many of the old houses demand careful treatment to redeem their want of beauty. An ingenious arrangement of brackets or shelves above the shelf proper, is really the best improver, but for hired houses one does not feel like undertaking so permanent a decoration, and scarfs and lambrequins, even if a little old-fashioned, are employed to wholly or partially cover the cold marble.

The description of one simple arrangement that combines a little drapery with an adjustable over-mantel, may give a hint to those seeking light on the subject. Two boards are used, the length of the mantel, and an inch or two deeper. End pieces twenty inches high are added, connecting the two, and the box-like structure is divided by board partitions into three parts, the middle compartment being furnished with a door and the outside divisions with small brass rods and rings upon which to hang India silk curtains. The wood is stained to imitate cherry, and the top is edged with an inch wide band of stamped brass. The door in the center has very large ornamental hinges, and shield of the same metal. The model I have, perhaps not too successfully, described was made for his wife's parlor by a young minister, and cost, without the curtains, considerably less than four dollars. The top afforded support to a clock and vases. To the edge of the bottom shelf was tacked a finger-deep box-plaiting of the same material as the short curtains.

A pretty valance for a mantel, or for a small side-table, that is effective without the manufacture of it being a heavy drain upon time, pocket, or eye-sight, is made of basket-woven jute, with perpendicular bands of brown Hercules braid run on with the distance of their own width between them. Two inches of each strip is left to hang below the hem of the valance, and these ends are raveled to form a fringe. The spaces between the braids are filled with a pattern, made by sewing metal cord across as if laced, or by imitating a coarse cat-stitching in gold braid, conched on invisibly.

Some of the metal passementeries that dry-goods merchants are willing to sell at a sacrifice, when newer styles make them less desirable for dress trimmings, can be turned to good use in fancy work, particularly when used in connection with appliqué. By taste in arrangement, quite oriental effects can be attained by this combination.

A Silver-Wedding Gift.

IT is never easy to think of an appropriate silver-wedding gift where a guest is not one of the relatives, who are naturally expected to celebrate the day in the expensive metal, but still friendly enough to wish to present something. A gift just received by a quarter-century bride seems to fill the requirement, and has the added interest of being the donor's own work. It is a table or upright piano scarf with a centre of light pearl sateen, with very pale old-rose satin ends, with a decoration of white Japanese crysanthemums upon one. The design was first stamped or outlined and then painted with white oil paint, daubed on very thickly, and, before it had dried at all, thickly sprinkled with silver flitters. The design upon the other end was a string of silver bells, painted in the same way, but apparently suspended by a slight silver cord which was sewed on above them. Silver bullion fringe was put on below the design on each end. This method of decoration in no way resembles the lustra painting so freely used a short time ago. The "flitters" come in many colors, but, to get the best effect, those used should match the paint. No knowledge of painting is needed for this style of work, for the design can be stamped as for outlining. Plush or velvet affords a good ground for it, but it can be used on almost any material that is not too thin.

Lattice Lace.

CAST on twenty-three stitches. Use large steel knitting needles. First row:—Knit three, thread over and knit two together, thread over and knit two together, knit the rest plain.

Second row:—Knit one, thread over three times and knit one, put thread three times round the needle and knit one, thread over three times, and knit one; and so on until you have but six stitches left; now seam one; knit one, seam one, knit three.

Third row:—Knit three, thread over and knit two together, thread over and knit two together; do not knit any more till you come back to this place in the next row, but proceed as follows; slip the thread that wound three times around the needle in the previous row, off the end of the needle, and slip the next stitch to the right hand needle, pulling it up as you do so, making a long loose stitch.

Continue to drop those that are wound around the needle, and slipping the other stitches to the right hand needle to the end of the row. There should now be sixteen long stitches and seven short or plain ones on the needle.

Fourth row:—Slip all the long stitches to the other needle; take up your thread and knit these long ones in this way; knit the fifth long stitch, bring it over the four long ones in front of it; and at the same time over the end of the needle; knit the sixth, seventh and eighth in the same way, now knit the first four, one at a time; this makes one group. The next eight stitches will form another group, which should be knit the same way.

Fifth row:—Knit seventeen stitches plain, seam one, knit one, seam one, knit three.

This finishes the pattern, and you can begin again at the first row.

ADVICE COLUMN.

T. C. B.—The material you are anxious to procure is probably "*Vitrie.*" The "Queen" describes its use as imitating stained glass. It is not, so far as I know, in the American market, but you can use transparent paint, which is a sort of colored varnish, very satisfactorily on your hall window. You can use if you like, a sort of common brown for the lower panes and wine red for the upper. Those two colors and a very light violet, are better in this paint than the others, being more like the real stained glass in appearance.

Theo. Childs.—Butcher's linen will be very suitable for a buffet cover. It is now more common to select an all over pattern, than one worked only on the ends which leaves the middle plain. You can find the scarfs all stamped ready for working.

Mrs. T. B. Betts, Mrs. M., Lucy J., and others, will find some information about dadoes in the article which precedes the "Advice Column."

Musician.—To make a piano-stool cover, cut a square of the material you have selected and ornament it according to your fancy with appliqué or embroidery. No fringe is necessary, but a tassel may be put on each corner. The square should be a

little larger than the top of the stool and put on so that the tassels may fall between the corners.

MRS. L. M. T.—It was not the writer's wish to convey the idea that pillow-shams had never been used by people of refinement. On the contrary they were till lately seen in every handsome bedroom. The bolster now supplied, if a professional decorator is entrusted with an order for decorating a bed, is for day-time use and is stuffed with hair or moss and made in a long, hard roll covered with satin or any material selected for the spread, also the ends of the bolster cover are drawn up like a bag top.

S .L. S. G., HAKODATE, JAPAN.—With your dark garnet curtains, cream or light electric-blue paper would be pretty. In either case let the pattern on the paper be of the same color as the ground. What is called "butcher's paper" makes a very artistic wall covering, but perhaps that fad has not yet reached Japan. I think the pitcher you describe, is a specimen of the first English Delft. If so, with the bronze trimmings, it possesses value as a rarity.

MRS. A. M. S.—By all means put your blue China on exhibition in your dining-room. Placed upon shallow shelves above the mantel, the display will be a great addition both as a bit of fine color and as an interesting suggestion for table talk when you entertain guests. In my Home work article you will find wainscotings discussed. Perhaps in the same article you may find useful suggestions for your mantel. Instead of putting in a grate could you not have andirons and fender, and have a wood fire? It is much more picturesque. If you like Eastern effects you can buy soft, thin Persian hangings for five dollars a pair. They are creamy-tinted with narrow stripes in pale shades diversified with gilt bands crossing them. Dark papers are not advised for parlor or sitting-rooms. Notice those mentioned in answer to S. L. S. G.

LITA.—The lace pattern you asked for in February is given on the preceding page. It was impossible to publish it sooner.

B. O.—No,—there is no charge made for questions answered in the HOME-MAKER.

ELOISE—Is refurnishing and would like to sell three pairs of nearly new scrim curtains with wide inserting and edge of antique lace, $11. for the three, worth $15. when new.

IGNORANCE.—The Dresden China mark is two crossed swords. There is both old and new Crown Derby. Yes, Derby is pronounced as if spelled with an *a*.



OUR BABY

WHAT SHALL BABY THINK?



E see much written about baby's clothes and food, very little about baby's ideas.

"What!" I hear some one exclaim, "do babies think?" Most certainly they do. If you doubt it, you can never have watched the wonderful development of a baby's mind, unfolding a little, day by day, as the petals of your favorite rose slowly open to view.

If babies could not think, would their vacant looks so soon become intelligent? Can they learn even a baby's vocabulary of words, without much thought as to their separate and relative use and signification?

But it is not my purpose to try to establish the fact that babies think; neither is it to try to find out just what they think. That must ever remain an "untold mystery." I only wish to call the attention of thoughtless mothers, and of all who have the care of very young children to the importance of aiding, not hindering, this wonderful mental development.

Never overtax the mind of even a very young infant by making it think of too many things at once. Much harm is often thoughtlessly done in this way. Let us suppose a case. If you are a well-balanced housekeeper,—and even more, if you are a weak, nervous one,—how do you enjoy times like the following?

The kitchen girl is anxious to consult you upon urgent matters relating to her department; you are helping Annie dress for school, and supplying a missing button for your better half, who fears he will miss his train, and waits half impatiently, while your fingers, trembling with nervous excitement, can hardly draw the thread, he meantime giving you numberless directions to be carried out during his two days' absence. All this time, Master Harold's geography has lain by your side, and he now exclaims loudly: "Mamma, why don't you ask me the questions? You said you would, and it's most school time." Does it add to the quiet state of your mind, to have the baby wake up, the front door bell ring, and hear the grocer's man driving into the back-yard for orders?

After all is over, and quiet is again restored, how does your head feel?

Now, reasoning from the greater to the less, let us suppose another case.

Your own sweet baby, four months old, lies quietly in his little bed, fresh from his morning bath, and is just beginning, in his baby fashion, to wonder if it isn't about time for his second morning meal, when callers are announced who want to see the baby. You carry him down to the parlor, and as soon as you appear, you are greeted with little screams of delight, and all want to take baby at once. If he is timid and clings to mamma, one covers him with kisses, while another insists upon seeing his cunning little toes. Still another shakes a bright ribbon in his face. In the midst of it all, in come grandma and the children, each eager to show off the household pet. All talk to him at once, and, if he frets at all, he is tossed and trotted, or something new is shown to him.

Will it be very strange, if, in course of time, a nervous child is developed, even if nothing more serious results?

Clara Hamilton Reed.



WHEN BABY CAME

When Baby came hearts truer grew,
And those estranged, together drew,
And looked on him, warm hand-in-hand;
So near to that dim, mystic land
Where his small feet so lately past,
They almost heard the rush of wings,
And Mother Night's low whisperings
To star-beams cradled on her breast.
They softly kissed his dainty chin,
Where angel-lips in love had been,
And found, each moment in his face,
Some new, bewitching, dimpled grace
Which only babies ever wear.
And then, tears fell and prayers were said
In love-filled hearts, as though the dead
In cold, white helplessness lay there,
And then—the world seemed not the same,
So sweet it was when Baby came!

Olla Perkins Toph.

EDUCATIONAL HEALTH-HINTS.

IN most essential respects the moral and physical characteristics of our fellowmen are decided by the educational influences of the first ten years.

Ancestral tendencies, no doubt, will assert their bias, sooner or later, but the comparative importance of hereditary and educational influences is pretty well expressed in the remark of a Mexican pet-dealer of my acquaintance, whose zoological boarding school comprised all sorts of pupils from a Mignonette spaniel to a mountain-lion. "It is much easier," said he, "to train a young wolf than to mend the manners of a mistrained old dog."

The physical organism of a young child is almost as plastic as its mind, and, by a judicious system of diet and exercise, the taint of hereditary disease could generally be eradicated in the nursery. Fresh air and a *grapple-swing* (two stout ropes, fastened to the ceiling, and terminating in ring-shaped handles) would rarely fail, for instance, to counteract a congenital disposition to the pulmonary disorders. The idea that lung-diseases *must* sooner or later reveal themselves in the children of consumptive parents is certainly a mistake. The *tendency* exists, but its development can be counteracted by simple and inexpensive precautions.

There is, indeed, a good deal of truth in the remark of the biologist Dr. Zimmermann (the court physician of Frederick the Great), that "home influences are very apt to be mistaken for the influences of heredity." The popular fallacy that drunkards' children cannot help manifesting a fondness for alcohol is generally founded on an erroneous interpretation of results which could nearly always be traced to "home influences": the ape-like imitations of young children and the effects of indirect, and not rarely direct and compulsive seduction. The records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children could furnish very suggestive facts in that respect. Divorce suits for "habitual intoxication and neglect of family," as our courts term it, only too often specify that charge by complaints against bestialized parents whose helpless children have been compelled by threats or by brute force to swallow cup after cup of alcoholic liquors. A popular physician of Pittsburgh, Pa., once told the writer that within a period of two years he had been eight times summoned by a toddling messenger who informed him that—"Father is at it again—come quick, please, our baby is whooping drunk." Even after their removal to an orphans' home, such babies would not fail to betray a chronic penchant for stimulants, and the unknown origin of their affliction would tempt nine out of ten observers to ascribe their abnormal appetite to "hereditary influences."

Medicated drugs, too, frequently tend to develop the symptoms of the stimulant habit. The abuse of "soothing syrups" (treacle and opium) has assumed rarely-imagined proportions, especially in factory districts, where baby-burdened women have often to spend fourteen hours a day at the loom and have become unscrupulous, if not decidedly reckless, in the choice of means for securing a tolerable night's rest. The treacled narcotic, no doubt, answers that purpose, but at what expense to the passive participant of the transaction? Sir Samuel Baker describes the summary methods of a Zanzibar slave-dealer who used to start up in the middle of the night and silence a howling baby by slamming its wool-head against the wall; but, considering the after effects of the opium plan, it might be questioned if the Zanzibar specific is not, after all, a more merciful way of *stunning* a child into silence. To all practical purposes, the effect of the treacled poison is that of a stunning blow: it quiets the poor victim by a temporary paralysis of its brain, but moreover is almost sure to entail a life-long hankering after a repetition of the stimulant dose.

There is a better way, suggested by the fact that not babies only, but the young of all species of our Darwinian relatives, will scream violently and incessantly whenever the freedom of their movements is impeded by any artificial contrivances, and become quiet again as soon as they are left alone. A baby monkey in a mummy-compress of swaddling clothes would probably scream itself to death. Young children become less fretful the less they are hindered in the free exercise of their motive organs, and the best possible nursery would be a room arranged in a way to give its little tenants an ample chance for exercise and

play, yet defeat all their attempts to hurt themselves. The latter desideratum can be secured by padded rugs, covering the lower three feet of the walls as well as the floor, and elastic wire-screens preventing access to windows and fire-places. In the foundling ward of an Ursuline convent at Wurzburg, Bavaria, I saw an indoor Kindergarten of that sort, entrusted to the care of a flaxen-haired little girl of ten years, who managed, without any apparent trouble, to keep her fourteen playmates quiet as well as happy, though the freedom of their sports was limited only by the walls of the roomy ward.

For purposes of physical training no sort of gymnasium can rival the free and easy playgrounds of a country-home, where youngsters of all sizes can get abundant exercise in the form of pastime. "Under the disguise of pastime," would perhaps express my meaning more clearly. Outdoor sports and pleasant work enable even adults to *beguile* themselves into an amazing deal of exercise, while crankwork gymnastics fatigue by the absence of a direct and visible result. A few years ago a well-meaning Yankee invented a "rowing-machine," a combination of levers and coil-springs, exactly imitating the resistance of water to the stroke of a broad oar, and intended to enable invalids to get an indoor equivalent of aquatic sports. "The apparatus is a marvel of ingenuity," writes a friend to whom I had shipped a specimen with full directions for use, "but somehow or other I find it physically impossible to keep at it long enough to do me any good. In rowing against a good river-current I could do twice as much hard work with less fatigue. It must be the stimulating effect of excitement in the one case and the absence of excitement in the other." *Excitement*, though, is perhaps not exactly the right word. Even the prosaic satisfaction of seeing his pile of billets increase would for hours sustain the strength of a woodcutter, who might find it morally, if not physically, impossible to go for half an hour through the motion of swinging an axe in empty air. For similar reasons it is so difficult to interest a child in the factitious work of a sanitary gymnasium, and so easy to beguile it into ten times as much exercise in the course of such employment as fence-building, tree-planting and ditch-digging, not to mention squirrel-hunting and mountain-climbing.

The chief benefit of gymnastic contrivances consists perhaps in the chance to supplement the deficiency of ordinary opportunities for *arm-exercise*. Under ordinary circumstances of our modern city life, the average youngster gets at least a hundred times more chances for the development of his knee-joints than for the development of his elbow-joints, and there is no doubt but pulmonary disorders could be generally cured by a combination of outdoor life with gymnastics tending to react on the muscles of the chest and thus stimulate the functional activity of the lungs. But, here, too, contrivances combining that tendency with a modicum of fun, would have the best chance of success—the movable targets found in the armories of mediæval castles, for instance, and intended to train boys in the art of lance-throwing. The apparatus consists of a head-shaped block of wood standing on a stout post and fastened by means of hinges that permit it to topple over when struck by the point of a spear. In a modified form, and with common hoop-poles for lances, a contrivance of that sort would furnish as much fun for young folks as Maurice Thompson's archery targets, and surpass even a flying trapeze for hygienic purposes.

Feeble children should be taught the rudiments of the "three Rs" at home, and their inability to join in the rough sports of their playmates will generally beget an instinctive desire to improve an opportunity for indoor pastime, and insure the rapidity of their progress, as soon as they have reached that turning-point in the up-hill work of their studies when reading first ceases to be an irksome task and becomes easy enough to be a pleasure. From that day entertaining books and family journals can be relied upon to do the rest, and will often compensate for a deficiency in school-room erudition by an amazing amount of miscellaneous information.

Felix L. Oswald, M. D.

HOUSEHOLD HEALTH

EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING THIS SUMMER?



THIS is the question which agitates the mind of the city dweller as the days lengthen and the buds begin to swell in the parks. It is bandied from lip to lip as person meets person and the response is varying. The custom of country-seeking in the summer for town-people has grown with years, so that it is the exception for any one to remain, during the months when the dogstar reigns, shut in with brick walls. One must go *somewhere*. The desirability of change and rest becomes to be regarded, and rightly so, as requisite for humanity.

It is unfortunate that not infrequently death and disease have lurked in ambush for the unwary victim in search of rest and relaxation, and therefore it becomes us to consider seriously the summer outing, and offer to our readers suggestions for their guidance and consideration, in answering the momentous question of "where to go this summer?"

SEA-SIDE AND MOUNTAIN TOP.

The general principle of change to mountain air for the dweller by the sea, and the converse, is founded on common sense, but like everything else, the exception proves the rule. We know of many people living always by the sea, who can never enjoy a mountainous climate. A friend of ours when she goes from the town where she lives by the salt water, to an upland New England village, experiences great lassitude. Her head is heavy, and her whole body feels as if it weighed a ton. The air is so bracing, that the effect is like taking an overdose of a tonic such as iron and quinine; after a time she becomes accustomed to the place and feels the invigorating effect of it, but if this feeling should persist, as it does in some instances, a different resort should be sought.

COUNTRY HOME-LIFE, THE IDEAL.

A summer beneath your own vine and fig-tree, be it in cottage or villa or country seat, is the ideal. If it is only the tiny little structure, scarcely more than a wooden tent or the ambitious castle, as it would be called were it on the other side of the Atlantic;—let it be home-life in the pure fresh air of the country, in distinction to dwelling in a seaside caravansery, than which, for a right minded individual, nothing can come nearer Purgatory. Many of the summer hotels with their regiments of guests; with their elaborate and unwholesome bills of fare; with their bejewelled and gossiping women, are far from perfect in their sanitary condition. The plumbing in these hotels may be as perfect as a modern plumber can make it. The hotel proprietors will assure you that this is so, but it is impossible, with the means provided outside the hotel, to carry away to a sufficient distance, the sewerage and garbage of such an establishment, to make it perfectly healthy. The same is true of places where there are a number of cottages collected together, making small cities; the sewerage sinks into the soil year after year and finally an epidemic of typhoid fever breaks out and carries to untimely graves the confiding summer visitors, whose ghosts, like Nemeses, haunt the once popular resort,

and it becomes deserted, until under a new name and new management the place is again introduced to the public, who, ever forgetful, remembers not the terrors of the past.

The diarrhœas which occur at the different summer resorts, are due to the fact that crowds of people have infected those localities. The organism of the healthy summer-boarder, as well as the delicate, succumbs at once to the malign influence, the difference being that the former soon becomes acclimated as it were, while the latter goes from bad to worse, and can only recover the scant health brought from the city, by immediate change to some more desirable place.

A physician in attendance at a summer hotel in the vicinity of New York, once told us that after the arrival of the night trains, he would go and count the number of new comers who had registered, perfectly sure that by the next day he could count upon just that number of new patients.

Causes of Unhealthy Summer Resorts.

People readily think that it is the water which causes all the trouble. It is not only the water, but it is the contamination of the soil. Take for example one of the most popular resorts on the Massachusetts coast, where a little collection of fisherman's cottages huddled together, have come into great demand, as seaside residences for city people. In winter the population does not number fifty. Last August there were more than fifteen hundred summer visitors. There was no system of drainage for these cottages, which were so close as to elbow one another. The beautiful fresh sea-breezes and the sandy soil have proved sufficient to the work of scavengering, up to this time, but the summer is not far distant (unless a reform is instituted,) when typhoid fever will be the trophy carried back from the summer trip, which will shortly efface the beautiful memories of ocean waves, dashing high on sandy beach, and of glorious sunsets over picturesque moors.

Near populous cities are resorts where families go, and the men attend to business in town, going and coming night and morning. The men take early breakfasts, and hurry off to the city, in and over which hangs a thick cloud of smoke and dust-laden atmosphere. They toil all day in pent-up offices with a thermometer ambitiously mounting towards 90°. They come back in the last train at night, to enjoy the sea-breeze, and what they can of the change. They are very much more healthy as a general thing than their wives and daughters, who are making a business of summer health-seeking. The reasons of this are not far to seek. In the first place the latter remain constantly on and near the soil, contaminated by myriads of city people, who have flocked to the popular resort, and in the next place they take little or no exercise, and again in many cases they overeat. At one of the most noted watering-places near New York, we have seen women sit day after day on the hotel-piazzas doing fancy work or reading novels, without walking or scarcely stirring from their chairs, except for meals to which they attended with most exemplary punctuality. Sea-bathing is seldom attempted by these ladies as it is too much trouble for them to make the change in dress necessary for it. Many of these women lead an active life in the city and they suffer from this great idleness.

The Farm-House.

The ideal summer resort for many weary city people is the farm-house. It does form a tempting picture in the midst of its acres, and surrounded by its barns and cribs, but you must remember that there are farm-houses which are located where malaria abounds, and that in one summer one can absorb enough poison to last years. Avoid the farm-house in the hollows, near the swamp or brook around which, after four o'clock, wreaths of mist rise faint and fairy-like at first, but deepening and thickening, they become a shroud and envelop the whole house. The farmer and his family are hardened to the noxious influences to which a city-bred person soon succumbs, but he and his wife are usually knotted and bent with rheumatism, the accumulation of many attacks.

Traveling in Summer.

The railway journey in summer is a terror, and it is a never ending mystery to us why people will encounter the heat, the dust, the cinders, the crying babies of a mid-summer train except under the direst necessity. A water journey is another affair entirely, and whoever can have the pleasure of a trip on sea, or lake, or river

should take it. For those who are not deathly sea-sick an ocean voyage is a most health-giving undertaking. Those who in short summer vacations undertake an European tour are too apt to overdo it in attempting the impossible in the way of sight-seeing. We have seen not a few European wrecks returning after a summer abroad, in which they have seen a whole Baedeker's guide-book full of sights. Their consciences were serene, for had they not traversed every museum; mounted every tower and Cathedral spire; visited every castle; bought a wardrobe in Paris and London sufficiently extensive to fill out a clothing establishment, and toys and trinkets enough for a bazar; and undergone a terrific encounter with the custom-house officials upon landing which alone would be sufficient to bring on an attack of nervous prostration in the stoutest trans-atlantic traveler?

HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

ILLUMINATION. PART II.

WORK upon which the most care and thought has been expended is sure to give the most pleasure when completed.

15.—"Outlines" of short texts and maxims may be purchased at the better class of artists' materials stores. For practice these may be carefully "filled in" according to the taste of the student, yielding, with comparatively little pains, to those unable to draw, most pleasing results, and probably engendering a desire to undertake some more difficult and maybe original work.

16.—After a little experience in copying, tracing and "filling in" venture upon an original distribution of color, bearing in mind to use the gold sparingly, and that a preponderance of blue is always delighting to the eye.

17.—Grounds, no matter if composed of gold or color, should be put in first. If of gold, it should be brightened with a burnisher when quite dry. If of tint, work all one way to prevent the edges drying too quickly. Let the brush be well charged with color, and lay on as much as possible with one stroke of the brush.

18.—Color up to the outlines so that they appear firm and sharp. Bear in mind that colors mixed with Chinese white become so opaque that they will easily obliterate all pencil-marks. The gold has a similar effect.

19.—Set to work always in a systematic manner. If you are working on a scroll or an entire border, first lay on all the flat tints. For example, take the light blue, and with it cover all the parts which are intended to be blue; then take the light red, and so on.

20.—If you intend that the ground for the gold should be raised—put on the gold preparation first, even before any tint—but do not put on the shell gold till last, as it is apt to be rubbed off during the progress of the work.

21.—It is thought that the ancient method of preparing the surface of paper or vellum for raised gold ornaments is unknown to modern artists. Some color-men make a preparation to answer the purpose; but that which experience has taught the writer to prefer is the same as is used by picture-frame makers, and enables them to burnish their gold so brightly.

21.—Obtain a piece of gilders' whiting, also a small quantity of gilders' size (do not procure the latter until you are about to use it, as it soon gets bad). Melt a piece of the size in a cup and crumble therein sufficient whiting to thicken it. If it is made too thick the mixture will not flow readily from the brush. It is as well to add a little vermillion, just to tinge it. This preparation can only be used when kept hot, as upon cooling it becomes hard. Do not raise the surface too much, as all that is needed is a hard surface upon which to burnish the gold.

22.—The preparation above alluded to, not being soluble in cold water, allows the gold prepared in shells to be laid on without removing the ground, and when it is thoroughly dry to receive by burnishing a surface bright as molten gold.

23.—Water-color-megilph, obtainable at

an artists' materials store, is used for brightening the darker parts of the work instead of gum-arabic, the latter being very objectionable.

24.—Beginners should avoid all shadings and imaginary shadows. Use Chinese white for marking the veins to leaves, lines on stems, dots, etc., after making a very careful drawing or tracing outline, all in black, with a fine pen line.

25.—Carefully calculate the space at your command, after allowing for borders, head and tail pieces, and ornaments. Then determine upon the height of your lettering and dividing lines, if any. Draw in the text very carefully in pencil before attempting to ink it in. The same suggestion is made with regard to all borders and ornaments.

26.—Let all lines be true and at right angles, also that the lines for the lettering be parallel with each other. Careless drawing is a fault that cannot be atoned for by coloring.

27.—Roughly design the sketch or plan upon a piece of paper. See that the borders and initial "balance" agreeably to the eye, then make a careful tracing upon a piece of tracing paper, and transfer it to the paper or vellum you intend to draw upon. Be sure to make a thoroughly careful outline drawing before you commence the coloring.

28.—Beginners are advised to trace or copy carefully one or two of the letters and ornaments of the examples subjoined. When, by practice, they have become thoroughly acquainted with the details of the letters and ornaments, they can the more readily and correctly reduce or enlarge from their copies according to the necessities of the design.

General Instructions.

1.—First lay the drawing-paper upon the drawing-board. Then place the T-square at the side of the board and fix the paper at each corner, by the drawing-pins, at right angles with the T square. This being done, the student will be able to rule all horizontal and perpendicular lines more easily, firmly, and correctly than otherwise.

2.—Now, having previously made careful tracing of the subjects selected, retrace the letters and ornaments upon the paper. Be careful also to fix the tracing securely, by mucilage or soft wax, and in such a manner that the perpendicular lines fall perpendicularly upon the drawing-paper. Then take a hard pencil and "draw in" with the utmost care all the details of the entire design. Remove unnecessary pencil lines and put in the outlines of the border, ornaments, and initials in black, either by pen or brush. To give firmness, use the ruling-pen for all straight lines, and for circles or sections of circles use the bow pen compasses. This being done, clean off the remaining pencil marks, if there are any.

3.—If it be intended to gild any portions of the design, more especially if such portions are to be raised, the preparation suggested in the "Practical Hints" should now be applied. This being done, "lay in" the blue or other tints, being careful not to paint over the black outline, as the black is apt to mingle with the tints, and thus rob the work of its purity of tone or shade.

4.—Next paint in the darker shades of color, if such there be, and afterwards the full reds, blues, greens, oranges, etc. Now, decorate with dots or lines the letters or foliage. Afterwards, add the gold paint or shell gold, and when that is quite dry and hard it can be burnished readily with an agate-stone, dog's tooth or suitable polished steel surface. If the foregoing instructions be properly regarded, the most pleasing results will be obtained, but the old saying that, "Practice makes Perfect," which, by-the-by, would make a good subject for an illumination, must not be forgotten.

Instructions for Coloring the Illustrations.

PLATE A, represents chiefly "bands," used either to complete lines where the writing does not reach the margin, or to go round the sides and foot of borders, separating them from the writing. Read over carefully the "*Practical Hints*," before beginning to paint.

No. 1.—Suggested for the practice of laying on flat tints; one-half is to be light blue, the other light red. The oval-shaped piece is for raised gold.

No. 2.—Two bars, the upper one for red, the lower for blue. These are to be rounded as indicated, by shading with a darker tint of color.

No. 3.—Solid light blue bar and end pieces, strong red outline, other parts as indicated by the small figures 1 and 2, (see below explanation to figures).

No. 4.—Solid ground (red or blue), white markings.

No. 5.—Solid light red ground, dark red markings.

No. 6.—White leaves, blue ground, gold fibres (not raised gold).

No. 7.—Solid pale green stem, rounded with darker green, with bright yellow line running through the center. Light red ground. White flowers with gold centers to them. Shade leaves of flowers with very pale Indian ink.

No. 8.—Blue ground, light blue scroll and stem, outlines gold. If you care to add a shadow on ground of ornament, do so with a darker tint of red. Let the light come from the right hand to cast shadow.

No. 9.—For ground, mix green and black with white, warming with a little carmine. Work stem or leaves with a paler tint of same color, by mixing more white with it. Do not color up to edges of leaves, but leave a white ragged line around. Fibres of leaves gold, shade like part commenced, with a little more green and black to first mixture.

No. 10.—Light blue ground, gold flowers, with raised gold dots.

No. 11.—Solid ground, red or blue; white markings.

No. 12.—Solid ground, green or purple; gold markings.

No. 13.—Gold ground; bars and flowers light carmine.

Nos. 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, are center ornaments of letters. Outline in red, and fill in background, if desirable, with lighter tints of the body color of the letters.

Nos. 16, 22, 25—The groundwork to all natural flowers is brown and yellow ochre, mixed with white, and powdered over with fine gold dots. Each flower should have a cast shadow on the ground; those having round or oval centers should have such centers put in with yellow, shaded with brown, and lighted with gold. Let the outline of the Daisy (No. 22) be in carmine, the stem and calyx dark green, the center yellow with dark yellow dots.

No. 24.—Fleur-de-lis lily. Top leaves deep purple at root, gradually softening off the color until it becomes nearly white at the edges. The center leaf at root shaded with brown. Two hanging leaves, top part yellow, shaded with brown and carmine mixed, and having white lines standing upright over their surface, each one tipped with bright yellow. The under part of leaves, deep purple shaded down, but not too light at edge. Calyx light brown, shaded and marked with stronger tint of same color; leaves green, buds purple, light at edges.

The carnation is very deep carmine, fibres, outline and lights, gold. The calyx, leaves, etc., pale green, shaded dark green, and lighted with bright yellow. The scrolled leaf is lilac outlined with gold, and shaded with a deeper tint, by adding more blue to the mixed color. Put strong shadow where parts curl over.

No. 24.—Green stem and leaves, the two outer and the two inner bars raised gold. Dark green outline to stem, leaves and bars.

Nos. 26 and 27.—Color as marked; treat like piece shaded. In all scrolls of this class the stems are rounded, and running through the centers of them, have a light, which is put on, either with pure white, or with a pale tint of the color used in each particular part or interlacing.

PLATE B, The small figures noticeable on the various portions of the ornaments and letters indicate the color to be used thereon. 1, Blue. 2, Carmine (or Red). 3, Green. 4, Gold. 5, Yellow. 6, Purple.

Some Hints as to the Chief Colors to be Employed.

YELLOW CHROME, GAMBOGE, AND CADMIUM YELLOW.

Chinese white can be advantageously added to either of these colors. Gamboge may be also employed as a "glazing" for carmine or to blue when a greenish-blue is desired.

SHELL GOLD AND GOLD PAINT.

Shell gold should be used direct from the shell, without adding gum or mucilage.

ORANGE, PURPLE, AND LILAC.

Orange may be made by mixing vermilion and gamboge together.

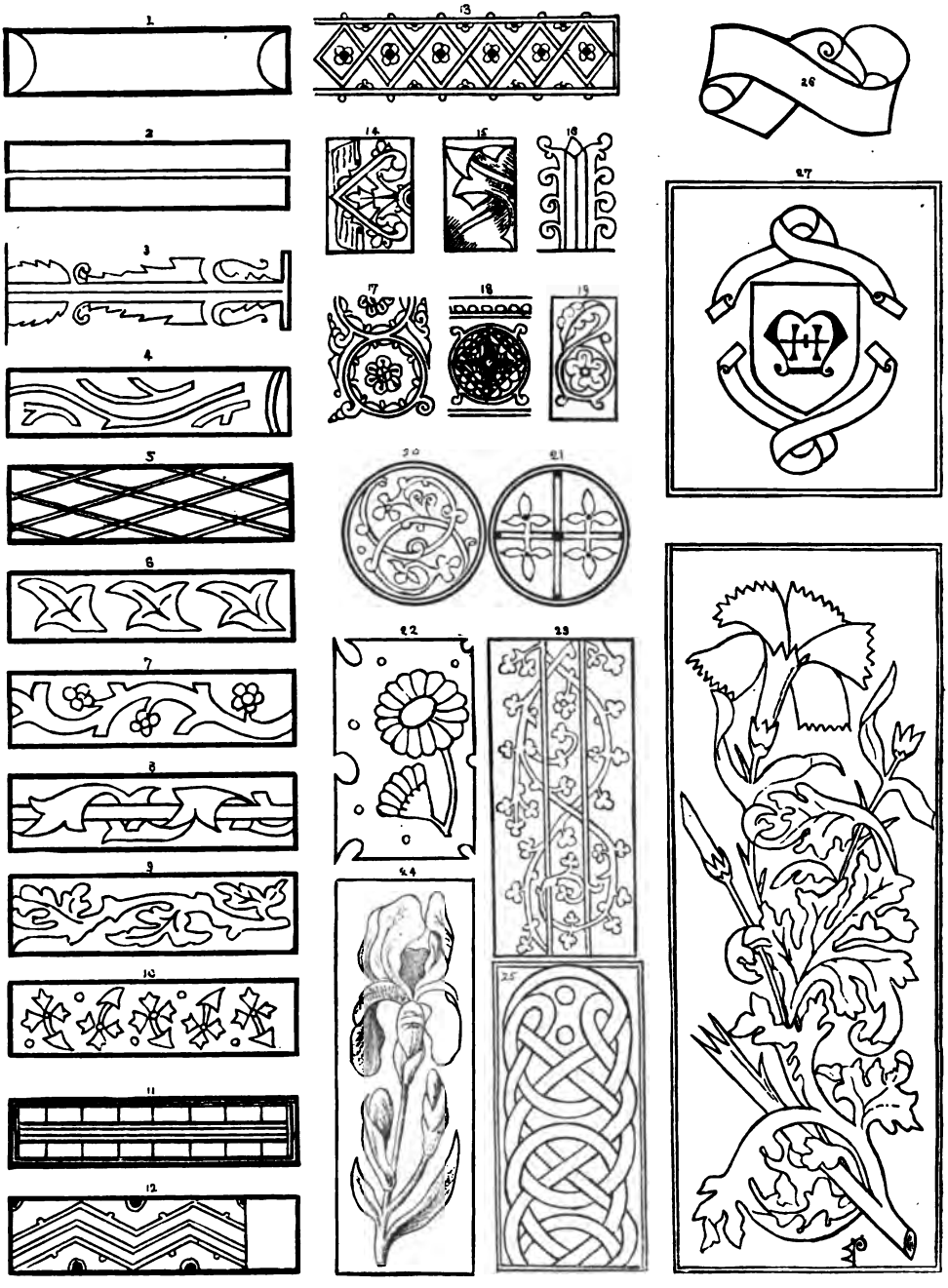
Purple may be made by mixing blue and carmine together with a little white, the blue preponderating.

Lilac may be made in the same way, the carmine preponderating.

BURNISHING.

May be accomplished by the use of any suitable polished steel surface. An agate-stone is the best, but an ordinary ivory tooth will answer all purposes.

Walter Pelham.


1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27



A TALK WITH "AUNT FANNY."



HERE are two women, living at this moment in the city of New York, belonging to some of its best literary and fashionable society, who are unquestioned belles. They are courted, caressed, and admired by old and young; especially by young people; and these women are, both of them, over seventy years of age!

Do not suppose for a moment that they are in the least, flimsy, fantastic, or flirty, though their smiles are sweet, and the light in their eyes has the sparkle of other days. Traces of the dimples of eighteen are seen in the wrinkles which now softly line their faces, while the white and abundant hair of one, and the grey curls of the other rest upon furrowed brows, which, long years ago, were fair and smooth as tinted ivory.

No entertainment—not even a children's party—is considered complete without them. Brilliant, much sought-after young men, will call at their houses, and if they are not at home, will leave cards, and "call again"—not caring to know that the handsome and certainly attractive daughters are not out. These, when the cards are handed to them, are sure to declare in a half-laughing rage: "The old story! if mamma can't be seen, they don't care a rush for us! really, if she were any one else, we should be mad with jealousy."

Homage was doubtless accorded to the girlish loveliness of these two women; and as the time went on, they were still honored and admired; but to be almost adored at three-score-and-ten—this is an amazing climax! a conundrum, so mysterious, that I determined to turn interviewer, and discover their secret if I could.

So, being a friend of both, I went first to the beautiful dignified little dame, with the snow-white hair, and asked her, point-blank, by what magic art she held her world in thrall. I told her that if I met her at a party I very soon observed that half a dozen brilliant men were quarelling which should get nearest to her; that I had listened, and sooth to say, had heard just the pleasant chat that any well educated woman might indulge in; yet the eager eyes and delighted faces around her seemed to indicate, that a Sidney Smith, or a Lord Macaulay in petticoats, was holding forth.

"Now tell me what, besides this, you do," I continued, "for I intend to sell the receipt at a high price to that admirable epitome of good sense and wise thoughts, 'THE HOME-MAKER.'"

"Oh, I don't mind explaining, if I can," she said smiling, "but to talk about one's-self is so egotistical."

"It is never egotistical to do a real service," I urged.

And then I heard a story, which all women, who acknowledge that they are old, and especially all who if they live, will some day become old, are deeply interested in, and do not know it. But I do humbly entreat that the "Home-makers" for whom I am writing this, will read, mark, and inwardly digest, and then by outwardly copying, they will soon come to a realizing sense of the virtue and wisdom of this particular "Arm Chair."

"I do not owe my social popularity to chance," began my narrator; "it was a deep laid 'scheme'"—which last is a word now getting rather slangy. "When my happy married life ended in the death of my husband, I drifted into a self-absorbed, indolent, careless way of living. As a matter of course I soon was full of aches

and pains, some real, the rest mere whims, when a long visit from a rich cousin—a woman much older than myself, who proved to be a mean gossip, a lazy, fretful, discontented creature, with never a kind word for anybody,—opened my eyes to what I was coming to. I saw myself 'as in a glass darkly,' and I said: "There must be something better than this to be got out of what remains to me of my life. My cousin's life, if analyzed, would be a heap of human rubbish, if nothing worse, and mine is a vegetable, without flavor or nourishment. Come! this must stop, and stop now!

"So on my cousin's departure, I began to train my memory, by recalling my knowledge of the French language. I read books on philosophy, religion, and politics; I cultivated the acquaintance of wise and good men. I was insatiable in my questions to historians, clergymen, and lawyers, in all matters relating to their respective callings; and rich and rare were the lessons I received. I watched the special blots and weaknesses of the women I met, and when I had the courage, would rate them well for the same, but always with deprecating courtesy, and I do not think that I ever gave offence. I really obeyed Scripture in one thing, for the sluggard got up, and studied the ants and their ways; for what are *we*, more or better after all, than those little insects, who come nearer to human beings in brains, if they don't surpass us, than any other created things?

"Then I began to experience a divine happiness in works of charity. Though a society woman, and loving it dearly, I spent my Sundays in the prisons, reading, talking and administering what comfort I could to the miserable inmates, and richly have I been rewarded in this work. I do this still.

"As for my ways in society, I make it a point never to talk to society of bad servants, rheumatism, corns, or broken china. I *did* try the last once, with Mr. Yung Hoon, the Chinese Ambassador, and I must have given it to him in very small payments, as he said, 'Mellican ladee velly funny." It *was* funny; I meant fun; for old as I am, I am ready for any pleasant fun going, and my heart will never be more than eighteen years old, if I live to be a hundred!"

The last sentence told the whole story. *She kept her heart young.*

Dear old friend, when you are with young people, keep ever in mind this somewhat pathetic truth, 'We can be young but *once*,' and let us old folks strive to give the young around us all the happiness in our power. Let us put ourselves in their places and try to realize what they would like to do—and ten to one we shall succeed in making them happy in *their* way. Say the little encouraging things to them that your consciousness tells you you would like to have said to you. Don't be candid; that hateful contemptible kind of candor which only a few old women, let us hope, delight in ventilating. Such candor one in my hearing, poured into a young girl's ear on the occasion of her first party.

"Dear me Maud, how you look! candidly, I never saw you so unbecomingly dressed;" thus ruining the whole evening for the poor little rosebud, for which I could have given the candid old cat (beg pardon, but she *was* one!) a hearty shaking.

And now you may like to know how I fared with the other dear old woman beloved by all. I commenced by telling her of my delightful visit to her beautiful friend with the snow white hair.

"Oh," and she laughed heartily, "she is my rival, you know, and you went first to her. She always gets ahead of me, but I never quarrel about it. I should be sure to get the worst of it, as I understand neither logic or mathematics, and she does."

"You get the best of us all in everything else; how do you do it?"

"That is what *I* should like to understand. I believe it is partly because I can't hate anybody, and because I love little children. Then I delight in playing tricks, or rather in saying to myself 'I will do thus and so, and see what comes of it.' I will tell you what happened to me last summer. I was travelling by myself—going to visit a dear friend, another old woman full of poetry and romance, so different from me that we agree beautifully and enjoy each others' society thoroughly.

"This friend had written very exact directions for my journey, having been privately informed by my loving family that if I *could* manage to get lost I would. I was to arrive just at sunset at a certain depot in Connecticut, get out of the car, go into the office and buy a ticket for the train I would find waiting, which would bring me in half an hour directly to my friend's also-waiting carriage.

"Well, I got out all right, went into the dépôt, saw no open window for the sale of tickets, and civilly asked a gentleman standing at the door:

'Where do I go, please?'

'What for?' he asked.

'To buy a ticket for——'

'Buy a ticket,' he repeated; "the last train is just going round that corner. You are too late.'

"I looked round. It was a lonely place, the little dépôt being the only building in sight. 'Oh, what shall I do?' I wailed. Then a thought like lightning struck my brain. I ran into the middle of the track and saw the conductor standing on the platform of the last car. I lifted up both arms and executed a high, shrill scream. The conductor, thrilled through, started, pulled the check string, and the long train —also thrilled through—stopped. I made another scream, this time appealing and piteous. It was quite dramatic and fetching, for the train rolled back to the depot, the conductor jumped off, and coming quickly to me said:

"What the dickens is the matter? Is the President dead?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered, "but I want to go on your car."

"Well, get on; but if I had known that that was all that was the matter, you would have waited for the first train to-morrow morning."

"I got in, with thanks, a mock-humble expression on one side of my face and a beaming smile on the other, and the cars were again well under way, when I remembered my trunk. I started out of my seat, exclaiming wildly:

"Oh, dear! *now* what shall I do?"

"The conductor, who was still in the car, hurried up to me with:

"Well, ma'am, what on earth is it now?"

"It's my trunk!" I cried.

"Where is it?"

"Out in the rain, on the track."

"Oh, well, it will come along to-morrow."

"No it won't!" and a flash from my eyes shrivelled him up immediately. "Oh, ring your bell and tell the train to go back for my trunk, or I get out of the cars at once!" and I made for the door.

"Goodness! don't, ma'am," said the poor conductor. The bell was rung, the train went back, with a man or a woman looking out of every window, wondering if a collision were to be served up, my trunk was taken in, and then, with a sense of amazement at what I had done, I expressed such grateful thanks to the poor, dear conductor, with accompanying beaming smiles to order, that I heard the good soul confiding to the "book-selling friend," a little while after, that he might lose his situation, but he didn't care, for she was such an awful nice little old lady.

"That," I said, laughing, "was a simple case of magnetism, and I believe you are at your tricks, as you call them, pretty much all the time."

"Well, if any poor dear wants help, I just put myself in his or her place, and it is wonderful what a realizing sense it gives one of what is best and kindest to do. I could tell hundreds of stories of how, after being first refused in an appeal, I brought what you call my magnetism to the fore, and invariably came off successful. It is what every one can do if she will only try. I believe in the power of *will*. Then, with children and young people—God bless them!—they see the love in my eyes, they hear it in my voice, and, like Mary's little lamb, they love me because I love them." Her eyes softened as she spoke, smiling, like her lips, and the dear little wrinkles in her cheeks turned into actual dimples, for love had transfigured them.

Fanny Barrow.

FASHIONS

In Mourning.

AMONG the many common-sensible improvements of the present day, it is to be remarked with gratification that the habit of assuming deep mourning for relatives outside of the immediate family, is becoming obsolete. Formerly, a woman was weighted down with crape and bombazine for a year after the death of a cousin, or a member of her husband's family. Now, such heavy black is worn only for one's nearest of kin and dearest of heart. A few years ago a clever woman remarked, when obliged to put on the sables of woe for a relative-in-law, "I may *black*, but I do not *mourn!*"

Now, it is no longer fashionable to "black" unless the mourning is sincere, for which we should return thanks, as nothing is more repulsive than a hypocritical semblance of sorrow, and nothing to be more respected than the sincere grief which causes the afflicted to take refuge in sombre garments, as most befitting her frame of mind and as less conspicuous than bright colors.

Black serge, dull-faced and Henrietta cloth gowns, are suitable for this purpose. For street-wear any one of these may be heavily stitched, and trimmed with crape cording. One handsome gown is of dull cloth with two bias bands of crape-cloth braiding, on the left side of the skirt; the right side is finished with full folds of drapery. The waist has a Lalla Rookh vest of English crape. This dress is accompanied by a Directoire coat, long, and falling in heavy folds behind to the hem of the skirt. Large braided pockets on the sides almost meet in the back. The fronts of this coat come only to the waist—thus producing a jacket effect. They are finished with large Empire *revères*, extending well over on the sleeves. The sleeves are full at the top, and tightly fitting from elbow to wrist.

Pretty costumes for house-wear may be made of Armure or China silk, or the old-fashioned grenadine. Very dainty also are the soft nun's veilings with hem-stitched borders.

An attractive evening-gown is a crape-finished Brussels net, made in Princesse style, over a foundation of dull-black silk. The net is tucked, and clusters of black ribbon are between each tuck. Strings, consisting of little bows fastened together, hold up the drapery on the left side of the skirt. The waist is high, without a collar. Two fine plaitings forming a ruffle around the neck, come down in front to meet a wide Empire sash of "Afrique" silk. The long sleeves are full at the shoulder, and are finished at the wrist with bands of crape ribbon and a plaited ruffle that falls over the hand.

In the deepest mourning, veils of nun's veiling are in vogue. The heavy crape veil is no longer *à la mode*. In its day, it wrought untold injuries to eyes and complexion, and, when worn over the face, was a constant source of irritation to sensitive lungs.

The capote is the most convenient hat for mourning wear, as it may be used with or without a veil. For young girls, there are pretty toques of straw, or shirred Brussels net, trimmed with bows of black ribbon, or with birds.

We notice with pleasure that bright jet is no longer expressive of any degree of what a French modiste artistically described as "a mitigated stage of *douleur*." It is almost unnecessary to say that velvet should never be worn in even the lightest mourning.

The black mousquetaire glacé glove is fashionable and wears better than the undressed kid, which soon turns grey.

For information received, thanks are due Madame Barnes, 61 W. 22d St.

The Editors invite letters of inquiry to this, as to other departments of the magazine. Queries will be carefully considered and promptly answered. This notice does not refer merely to fashions in costumes, but embraces prevailing modes in manners, social usages, giving and receiving entertainments, &c.

Communications on these and cognate topics should be addressed to FASHION DEPARTMENT OF THE HOME-MAKER.

WINDOW & COTTAGE GARDENING

IN SEEDING-TIME.



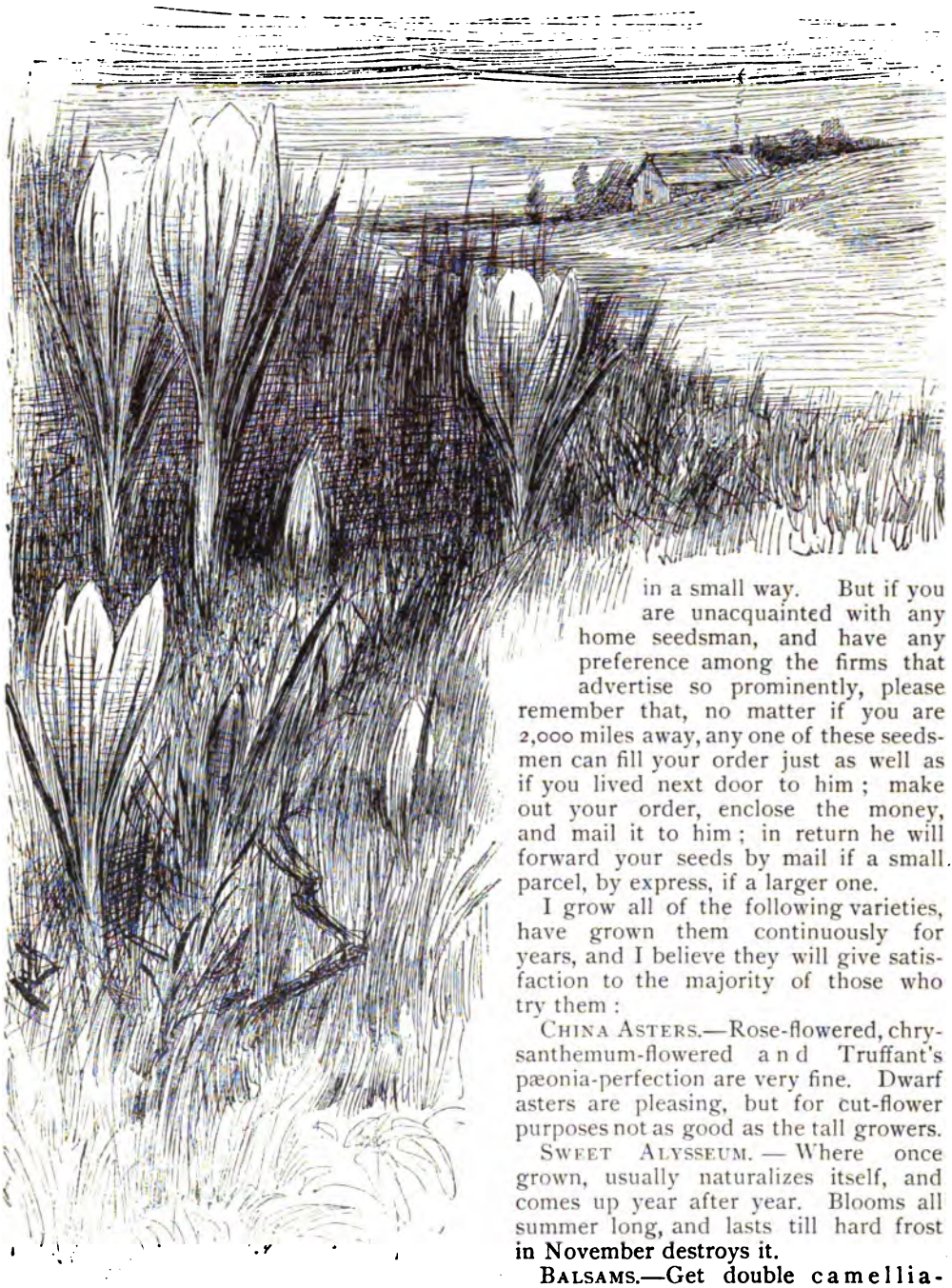
OF course we want to have a variety of flowers for every day in the year, a good assortment of kinds and colors, and while it is all very well to have some that are useful only as growing flowers or plants, for instance creeping saponaria or Chinese primroses, the great majority should consist of kinds that afford a large supply of useful material for cut flowers, like zinneas and sweet peas.

What kinds of flower seeds to get depends greatly upon ourselves. Our room and convenience for growing seedlings, the amount we care to spend for seeds, and our own tastes should all be considered. But always have a few good kinds rather than a host of indifferent sorts. Taking our individual circumstances into consideration, let us decide upon what kinds of flowers we know and regard as indispensable in our case, and don't let catalogue eulogies of others move us against these. True, you may not know one twentieth of the kinds of flowers mentioned in the catalogues, and that is a good reason why you should adhere firmly in your selection to such kinds as you do know, and whatever addition you make to this, accept on probation, for, no matter how well these varieties may please me, they may not please you.

The catalogues every year teem with novelties which are displayed to the people in the most gorgeous style, and it often happens that we are captivated by these novelties at the expense of long-established, sterling favorites. This should not be the case; always take a novelty on probation, no matter who sends it out or what description may accompany it. It often happens that amateurs buy these novelties, try them, are disappointed with them, and consequently believe that they have been cheated. They should take a more charitable view than this. I buy and test every novelty among flower seeds as it "comes out," and no matter how indifferent the result may be, I am not disappointed, for I merely took it on trial.

Among our seeds we shall probably want a lot of annuals from which we can gather cut flowers from May till October, some biennials to sow this year for blooming next year, some perennials that may be easily gotten up from seed, and the like. And as catalogues, from the vast variety they contain, are apt to confuse us in our selection, let us pick out from among them some well-tried, reliable sorts. And here let me say a word about seedsmen. Good seeds cost a good price in the wholesale as well as in the retail market, and if you wish to secure good seed you must be prepared to pay a fair price for it. No respectable seedsman can afford to handle vile catch-penny trash.

Deal with a thoroughly respectable and



responsible seedsman. You may have one or more in your own town, so you needn't go any further. The reliability of a seedsman should not be measured by the size and pretentiousness of his business, for many a trustworthy seedsman does business in a small way. But if you are unacquainted with any home seedsman, and have any preference among the firms that advertise so prominently, please remember that, no matter if you are 2,000 miles away, any one of these seedsmen can fill your order just as well as if you lived next door to him; make out your order, enclose the money, and mail it to him; in return he will forward your seeds by mail if a small parcel, by express, if a larger one.

I grow all of the following varieties, have grown them continuously for years, and I believe they will give satisfaction to the majority of those who try them:

CHINA ASTERS.—Rose-flowered, chrysanthemum-flowered and Truffant's pæonia-perfection are very fine. Dwarf asters are pleasing, but for cut-flower purposes not as good as the tall growers.

SWEET ALYSSEUM. — Where once grown, usually naturalizes itself, and comes up year after year. Blooms all summer long, and lasts till hard frost in November destroys it.

BALSAMS.—Get double camellia-flowered and pure white, pure rose or bright crimson colors. Mixture often contains poor colors.

CANDYTUFT.—There is such a lot of poor purple tints in candytuft, that it is well to get New Hybrid Dwarf Rose, white rocket, and fragrant (*Iberis odoratissima.*)

CORNFLOWER.—Get the dwarf, and sow it somewhere where it may have light enough and good ground, and an opportunity to naturalize itself.

COREOPSIS (or, as you will find it in most catalogues, *Calliopsis*).—Get a packet each of *coronata*, *Drummondii*, and *tinctoria*. *Coronata* has large bright yellow flowers with light pencillings of brown near the "eye;" *Drummondii* has also large bright yellow flowers with a decided dark brown eye, and *tinctoria* has brown and yellow flowers, and there are double forms of it, also tall and dwarf varieties. The double is poor.

ANNUAL CHRYSANTHEMUMS are very pretty when they behave well, but they don't always do this. They occur under the names of *corinatum*, *Burridgeanum*, *coronasium* and others.

INDIAN CHRYSANTHEMUMS are the lovely November chrysanthemums familiar to us all, and known to florists as Chinese, Japanese and pompous chrysanthemums. These are easily raised from seed, and seedlings raised in March or April, planted out in summer, and lifted, potted and brought indoors in fall, should bloom abundantly in October—November.

DAHLIAS.—We now raise our single dahlias every year from seed, with the same regularity as we do sweet peas or marigolds. They bloom when four months old from the seed.

DRUMMOND PHLOX.—Get the *grandiflora* section. We have a host of named varieties, but in a select mixture you are apt to get all the colors. The Star of Quedenburg novelty is more curious than desirable.

GLOBE AMARANTHS are slow growers to begin with, but they wax in strength as the season advances, and are one of the best sorts of plants we can grow for keeping in good fresh condition, and full bloom from mid-summer till October.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA. — Get the common *E. Californica* and sow it anywhere where you wish it to naturalize itself. It loves a sunny exposure. Many people do not know that eschscholtzia blossoms, when cut, last for several days in good condition. This is unusual in poppies.

GAILLARDIAS.—Of these we have *G. picta*. *G. p.* var *Lorenziana*, and *G. Amblyodon*, all good, common garden annuals, easily grown, somewhat sprawling in habit, but long-lasting and very profuse. We also have a host of named but ill-defined varieties that, unless for variety's sake, it may be well to let alone. *Gaillardia aristata* is a hardy perennial, so is its form *grandiflora*, but both grow a flower freely as annuals, if sown early.

HELICHRYSUM BRACTEATUM.—Get the fireball variety. These are the large fine everlastings. By the way, in gathering "everlasting" flowers, always pluck them before the buds have fully expanded.

LARKSPURS.—The annual varieties are good enough for mixed flowers, still there is something rough about them. But in the Chinese larkspur (*Delphinium grandiflorum*) we have a perennial that always blooms freely when treated as an annual, and the intensity of its blue color is not surpassed by that of any flowers.

MIGNONETTE.—The common variety is as sweet as any; Miles' Hybrid Spiral has given me satisfaction. Many of the newer large varieties are nearly scentless.

NASTURTIUMS.—Empress of India, or Dwarf Scarlet, are good dwarf varieties, and *Lobbianum* as a tall. I like this last better than the common rank-growing *Majus*, because I can slip it for winter blooming in pots.

SWEET PEAS.—Mixtures are very good sometimes, then again they may contain a preponderance of pale colors. Some of pure white, some of Scarlet Invincible, and some of dark blue will give a good variety.

INDIAN PINKS.—Catalogued as *Dianthus*, *Heddewigii* and *D. diadematus;* I find mixtures of single and double-flowered varieties give a good selection.

PETUNIAS.—The dwarf form known as *Compacta elegantissima*, striped, is one of the best dwarf single varieties; and that called *P. grandiflora fumbriata flora pleno* as the best double-flowered. If ten per cent. of the "double" seedlings have good double flowers, you may be well satisfied.

POPPIES.—Get double carnation-flowered and double ranunculus-flowered, and sow them broadcast in rich ground as soon as the spring opens, and they will make a splendid display next July.

PORTULACCA is a pretty plant to naturalize in warm sunny places where a dwarf carpet would be becoming. There are good double-flowered varieties, but the seed is very expensive. Once established, it stays forever.

SCARLET SALVIA (*S. splendens*).—I always raise it from seed. The plants are more vigorous than those raised from cuttings, cleaner and have just as good flowers. *William Falconer.*



(The Editor who wields the scissors takes this occasion to thank the correspondent who writes that the lines given below should be credited to our own Bayard Taylor (rest his noble soul!) and not as was set down in the January No. of THE HOME-MAKER—to Browning,)

"The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night, and make it beautiful."
Bayard Taylor.

Luther said that he never undertook any fresh work, but he was visited with a fit of sickness, or some powerful temptation.

CAMP COOKERY.

We sat round the fire, six in number, and one began operations by plucking the grouse, and sticking it on a long skewer, which was fixed in the ground so that it leaned a little over the fire. Thus it was roasted for about half an hour.

Then some one woke up and said,—"I think I should put a scrap of onion in it."

So another took four or five onions, and crammed them, with difficulty, into the interior of the bird. Then the roasting proceeded for a space.

"I should turn it like this," said another, by and by, whereupon he turned it upside down, and the onions rolled out upon the grass, and were placed upon the fire, and the perfume was grateful.

Then another searcher after truth said, solemnly: "I think it ought to be split," and it *was* split, and again the roasting went on.

Finally an impatient one said: "Let's finish the old thing in the morning!" and it was placed outside the lodge to cool. While there, a wanderer trod upon it and rolled it in the sand, and in the morning being frozen harder than a rock, it was divided with difficulty and a hatchet, and fried, and with one voice the people cried out: "*Dee*licious!"—*A Ramble in British Columbia.*

Nil Desperandum.

"I can remember but four times in my life," once said an English Divine, "when I felt the joy of believing, or was certain that God had heard my prayers."

"What do you do then?" asked one.

"*I go on praying.*"

An Italian, fighting under Garibaldi, was lamed in both legs, and henceforth could only render hospital service. When reports of defeats and victories came in, the poor fellow's eyes would fill with tears, and then glisten trumphantly. "But I still can scrape lint," he would say.

A lady was one day lamenting the ill-luck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "look upon the bright side." "O!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side." "Then polish up the dark one," was the quick reply.

For if the grace of thankfulness does not solve the riddles of life, it lends a willing shoulder to its common burdens.

If we can't afford much we can afford to live at our own expense, and not on the knavery or forbearance of tradesmen.

Laws that can be set at naught are amongst the most demoralizing of influences which can curse a nation; and their effects are hardly less disastrous in the nursery.



(*A Critical Period in American History*, by John Fiske. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.)

A timely book. The Inauguration Centennial has awakened an interest in the early days of our Republic, that has happily not contented itself with recalling only the fashions and customs of that period. In many cases the research has been carried into the political questions that were involved in the making of the State.

To the student, the volume will prove a valuable hand-book, and to the general reader, an instructive and philosophical review of events on both sides of the ocean, which were intimately associated with the birth of our nation. In the preface, Mr. Fiske speaks of his present book as a commentary on the thought expressed in a former one, that the work of our Federal Union was "the finest specimen of constructive statesmanship that the world has ever seen." This idea is developed, the writer finding in the formative period from 1783 to 1789, the laying of the foundation that made possible the termination of the late civil struggle.

Mr. Fiske's well-known reputation as an author and a careful student of events, brings to the book added assurance of its worth.

(*Progressive Housekeeping, Keeping House Without Knowing How, and Knowing How to Keep House Well*, by Catharine Owen. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Days have been, within the memory of some who read THE HOME-MAKER, when to deprecate one's inability to keep house well, was, in some quarters, considered a sort of hall-mark of genius. The youthful matron, childishly incapable and prettily confused when confronted with the every-day ordering, baking and brewing, made excuses on one plea or another, and rather plumed herself on the fallacy that she and the vulgar crowd had little in common. But the time for such folly is happily past. The cooking-class has forever put Dora Copperfield out of fashion. Housekeeping manuals repose on the shelf with the Bible and hymn-book, and hob-nob with Thomas A'.Kempis, and our favorite novels; disputing indeed the palm of interest with the latter.

The distinctive excellence of Catharine Owen's work is in its practical character. She evidently knows how to keep house, and what is quite as much to the purpose, she can tell what she knows, so that it is possible for other people to follow her directions. Also, she does not make the mistake of pre-supposing in her readers, information or experience which they do not possess. She tells us how to order the week's work, how to arrange our extras, to economize in buying, to save our strength, to scrub, to bake, to wash, to iron, and all with the zest of one who likes work, and enjoys seeing it properly done. Good housekeeping is so essential a condition of successful home-making, that we are glad to give our cordial word of appreciation, by way of a send-off, to this admirable book from one of our own favorite contributors.

(*Joy and Other Poems*, by Danske Dandridge. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Readers of current magazine literature have been accustomed to see brief suggestive poems under the quaint alliterative signature on the title page of this book. Always tender, true and womanly, these bits of verse are sometimes startling in their terse and strongly original quality. Here for instance, facing us in weird challenge from the wide-margined page, is "The Dead Moon." In direct contrast to the numberless poets, who have fancied the lunar orb alive with passionate pain and longing, Mrs. Dandridge beholds the ghost-

ly, ghastly thing, attending the young, throbbing Earth.

"Blighted and marred,
Wrinkled and scarred,
Barren and cold,
Wizened and old;"

And it seems a strange, uncanny mockery

"That to her should be sung,
The yearning and burning of
Them that are young."

Among other, and probably more popular poems, we mention: "Let Down The Bars," "Golden Rod and Bitter Sweet," "Conflict," and "The Angels' Song." The latter touches a chord to which many a heart vibrates, with the question, "Why has nobody said this for me till now?"

A daintier gift for birthday or other love anniversary than this small volume it will be hard to find.

(*A Blockaded Family* by Parthenia Antoinette Hague. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York.)

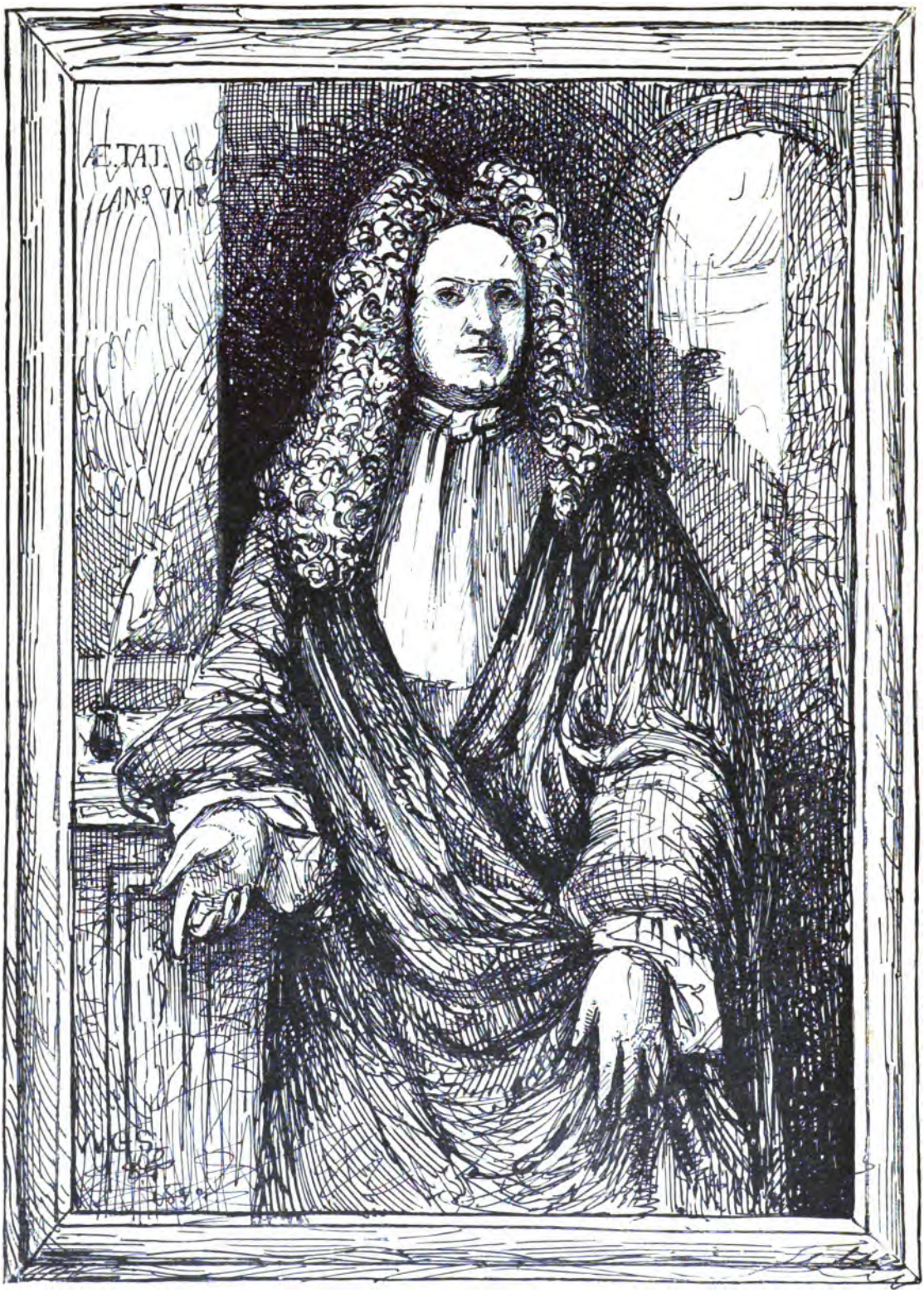
An interesting story of life in Southern Alabama during the late war is told in this book. The curious and sometimes desperate expedients resorted to to obtain even the necessaries of life make entertaining reading now, although the straits that gave birth to their ingenuity were dire and saddening. The author writes carefully and not bitterly of her experiences and those of her friends, and looks with hope toward the future, now that peace and loyalty have been restored to the once rebellious section.

(*Idyls of Israel*, by D. J. Donahoe. John B. Alden, New York.)

A deep spirit of devotion pervades most of the psalms collected by the author in this neat little volume, but the laws of versification are frequently violated, and the literary merit of the book is not high. The larger poems deal with the events surrounding the coming, the birth, the life and death and the resurrection of Christ, and a miscellaneous collection follows, filling the rest of the volume.

"*Hark, Hark, My Soul*," Faber's well-known hymn, and "*Heaven and Earth*," an antiphon by Edith M. Thomas, both illustrated by half-tone engravings after original designs by W. St. John Harper, are issued in exceedingly dainty form by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. The cover of "*Heaven and Earth*" is made unusually attractive with fac-similes of water-color drawings of butterflies by Susie Barstow Skelding.





ROBERT LIVINGSTON.
FROM OAK HILL PORTRAIT.

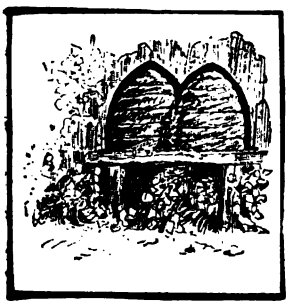
See page 206.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. II. JUNE, 1889. No. 3

EDITORIAL.

THE ETHICS OF BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE.



MEN have much to say of the unbusiness-like habits of women. They are fond of quoting the ignorance of the *beau sexe* in everything pertaining to affairs, and not seldom advance such lack of knowledge as an argument against entrusting women with work of importance or with positions of trust.

The mistake made in these sweeping accusations is the conclusion that this inability to conduct business systematically is a radical deficiency in woman nature, instead of an occasional failing in individual cases,—a failing, more often than not, due to a want of instruction. One does not claim too much in asserting that, with equal opportunities for gaining information, a woman's skill in the minutiæ of business would not be inferior to a man's. She has, when properly trained and when put on her mettle, a faculty for straight striking, for going directly to the root of a matter without needless circumlocution, that may well provoke the envy even of men.

To numbers of women there never arises the necessity for a cognizance of business management. Too few of them, alas! are in the habit of handling their own bank accounts, of drawing their checks, inspecting their vouchers and keeping a keen eye on the balancing of their bank books. If they acquired such knowledge in their school-days, it has grown rusty from disuse, and when occasion comes will need vigorous oiling and polishing before it will again be fit for service.

Still, this is not the only business habit worth having. Even a woman who has to receive every penny she holds from the hand of her husband or father, may form the custom of keeping an expense book, and of accounting to herself rigidly for each dollar that comes in and goes out. And, a scarcely less important accomplishment, she may—nay, she *should*—learn to write a good business letter. Only those who have endured much from the reception of illegible, diffuse, unintelligibly expressed letters from would-be practical women—and men, as well—know to what pains people can put themselves to darken counsel by words.

School-teachers and parents have much for which to blame themselves in regard to the epistolary failings of their charges. Of the ordinary, non-professional letter-

writers, not one in five,—the average is low,—understands the rules of orthography. Not one in ten is conversant with the principles governing punctuation. As for such minor matters as composition, grammatical formation, accurate wording of sentences and the like,—time and patience fail to strike an average here.

Another point of business correspondence rarely grasped by the amateur is the etiquette of stamps. The proportion of people writing on their own business and requesting answers, who send stamps, is about one to four. There is, by the way, an amiable confidence in human nature displayed by strangers that is very curious to the pessimistic observer. The letter-writer who desires information, who needs money, or who has a favor to ask, seldom seems to entertain the slightest doubt that a full account of himself or herself from early childhood up to date will be of interest to the recipient of the epistle. All circumstances of an adverse character are dwelt upon at length, and the would-be beneficiary—probably acting on the theory that the world owes every man a living—shows little delicacy in pressing the particular claim that will, it is hoped, bring help in this especial instance. And, if the person thus appealed to fails to respond promptly—with his own postage stamp—then what vials of wrath are emptied upon his devoted head!

For such faults as those just enumerated one would think ordinary common-sense might furnish a remedy. The time-honored principle, "Put yourself in his place," applies here as well as in most other life relations. Very few people are sufficiently altruistic to feel a keen interest in the woes and perplexities of their neighbors, even although they may have a lively curiosity to know all they can of his shortcomings and scandals. Still less does one desire to be instructed in the tribulations of people of whose names and existence he is ignorant until he learns of them through the medium of a begging letter.

The fact that a man has become famous as a philanthropist, as a capitalist or as a preacher of popular sermons, that a woman has written books helpful to other women, or that her name has become a household word as the organizer and promoter of successful charities, does not so enlarge the abilities that either he or she can devote unlimited time and action to the private and personal affairs of total strangers. On the contrary, people who have, through any of the reasons given above, become in a certain sense public characters, are apt to have head, heart and hands so filled with the duties connected with their responsible positions that they are in a constant struggle to determine what they can do and what they must leave undone. Ready as they usually are to give all the aid in their power to persons who can turn nowhere else for assistance, they yet have neither leisure nor inclination to read quires of paper covered with histories (generally written in pencil or pale ink), of woes for which they can offer no alleviation, and pecuniary needs that would, were all answered in the affirmative, tax the resources of the Bank of England.

For the other sins of punctuation, spelling, etc., study and drill are the only correctives. Dogberry to the contrary notwithstanding, reading and writing do not come by nature to the majority of folk.

The woman who can indite a business letter, legibly written with good ink, clearly and concisely expressed, correctly spelled and punctuated and *comme il faut* in all such minor points as enclosed address, stamps, etc., has scored a point in her favor, either in counting-room, magazine office or newspaper sanctum. Her epistle is far more likely to receive careful attention than one showing neglect or ignorance in every line that must be puzzled over in order to discern the meaning through the verbiage by which it is masked.

HOME LITERATURE

IN WONDER-LAND, NO. 2.

THROUGH RAISIN VALLEYS.



IN CALIFORNIA'S southern coast counties many lovely little valleys are lying girt round with hills, which are the natural home of the vine. The rich red loam soil, the altitude and consequent dry air but a little distance back from the sea, the long hours of summer shine when rain is a rarity; and the absence of any winter to rudely cut short sweetening heat—are all favorite conditions to develope that delicious stored-up material that goes to make a grape valuable.

As soon as one drops down from the hills or climbs up from the shore into these warm and beautiful recesses, a million vines show shining in the sun. In fruiting season they are crowded thick with greenish-white and amber globes, tender skinned, pulpy hearted, juicy and full of meat, ready to burst with fatness, but never bursting, soaked in light, swung in air, bent over by the most genial cloudless skies from blossoming spring until autumn vintage is reaped and "cured." To drift into one of these sheltered nooks is like drifting into some storied vine-valley on the borders of the blue Mediterranean or the far-off Nile; and the raisins of this California land are every whit as good as those the sunny Old World sends—better, to our partial taste, in that they are so entirely the product of native industry.

We can never be too thankful to those old padres who, reared among the vines and groves of Spain, started here the first culture of the vine in their semi-tropic mission grounds. Many of those vines are yet preserved and bearing thriftily. Some of the present flourishing vineyards were originally obtained from stocks from the early mission gardens. But it was not long before the native vine gave place to more noble varieties, and delicate foreign species were brought to plant these acres. So rapid proved their growth and so fine the flavor of their fruits, that, ere long, great numbers of new settlers, seeing the rich fertility of the soil, abandoned their wild craze for gold and went at once to husbanding the vine. France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and many far islands, were laid under contribution; and all yielded their best.

Comparatively few countries of the world have the soil and the sun to grow raisins and dry them perfectly. They must never be touched to harm by frost; fogs are fatal; warm protracted moisture at drying time is almost as disastrous as a chill; continuous dry, equable heat is needed to carry on all the functions of root and wood and foliage and fruit, and to cure the harvest in open air. Nor can any grape but the Muscatel compete successfully with its imported Spanish rival to produce the raisin of raisins—the true Malaga. This berry's thin skin allows it to become soaked through and through with sweetness to its core; and it wrinkles softly, as it dries, into fine bloomy creases that never crisp and harden like the tougher coat of the native grape.

In the latter days of August and through early September, the vineyardist who has been keeping good watch over his vines, finds that a rich flood of mellowness has been getting into the amber cases; that their fleshy pulp holds a sort of smothered fire and seems ready to melt in the mouth. The perfection of ripeness is reached, and now an animated scene begins. The great yearly climax is attained, and the vineyard becomes a hive of industry. Large forces

of gatherers—of any nationality, if heartiness and willingness to work are but characteristics—come over the hills and pour swarming into the valleys, ready to begin cutting the crop. This is an undertaking requiring much care. The delicate bloom must not be rubbed from the young grapes' cheeks; their skins must not be broken, else their crystalling juices will ooze and the fruit decay; they must be held cautiously by the stem as removed—clipped either with a knife or with a small scissor-like implement planned for the purpose—and laid side by side, but not in contact, on shallow "shake" trays trundled between the pickers as they go, by twos (picking one to left and one to right) down the rows. These trays, as fast as filled, are deposited, back to back, in double lines along the vineyard streets, directly upon the warm ground; where they are left for a week or more in open air for the sun to work its will upon them; or until they begin to flatten, and turn, on their exposed sides, to a rich darkening-purple color.

During this raisining process no attention is needful, unless an occassional drifting fog brings in too much dampness. In this case the foreman sees to it that the trays are stacked up and tucked about with cloths or sacking, until the fog passes and the sun shines out warmly again. A certain degree of mild moisture is, however, necessary to a raisin's healthy development. Without it, premature old age sets in and its fruity pulp goes to skin and bones instead of being soft, creasy and pliable.



Now the gatherers come again down the rows, each bearing an empty tray. A good grape-grower can tell at a glance, without

handling, what clusters are cured for turning. If any are not yet ready, they are culled out and replaced by those sufficiently dry; then the empty tray is capped above the filled one and the two reversed deftly together, leaving the contents neatly bottom-up, for another ten days' space—when they are in proper trim for the sweat-house. They should go here with the night-dew on them, if possible. When this moisture that Nature supplies is withheld before removal, artificial moistening often becomes a necessity; yet it is seldom attended with as good results as a sweat-bath evolved from that delicate mist that besprinkles them, so nearly imperceptibly, before daybreak. Every plan for their swift delivery should be perfected hours previously; the laborers be ready at an instant's call; then, when the very nick of perfection in the drying stage has arrived, it is but brief work to hustle and house them away, almost before the sun peeps over the hills.

The best sweat-house is of adobe; but brick, and even frame are used, with only light enough for convenience's sake. Here the sweat-boxes—close wooden contrivances, two feet by three in dimensions—are stacked in tiers and left for a fortnight, or longer; after which comes the sorting, grading and packing. And in the latter much artistic skill is displayed. All kinds of fancy folders and wrappers are devised for use by the packer, to put his wares upon market in attractive shape for the buyers' eyes. The packing-room is separate from the sweating-room, usually attached to it as an addition; and with plenty of glass on three sides, for light in sorting. Around the room, beneath the windows, a wide table is run. Here—just far enough apart to allow elbow-room—the packers take their places. The sweat-boxes are brought in and deposited in piles; then a wooden "form" some two and a-quarter inches deep, with a false bottom, is placed at each packer's left. Slightly at his right is a hole, perhaps eight inches square, let into the table-top. With a little skillful manipulation and considerable dexterity he transfers every cluster from its sweat-box to the form at the left, laying it in trimly, face up, with no stems showing; at the same time dropping through the hole at the right, into a bin beneath, every cluster which, for any reason, he deems unfitted for his first and finest grade—London Layers.

As soon as the form is filled it is weighed to exactly five pounds, after which it is put under pressure by machinery and reduced from the loose pack of two and a-quarter inches to one inch in depth. Four layers are the complement of an ordinary box; and each is tucked about with its own wrapper, with a top-coat of tissue paper finely waxed; the whole capped with a showy label, whereon the "brand" is plainly lettered. The grade of the raisins and the packer's name are stenciled outside; and the box is then ready for transportation.

After layers are disposed of, the loose raisins are taken from the bin to a stemmer, through which they run down a slope, coming out with every bit of wood detached. A fanning-mill with a raisin screen then separates the fruit from the stem-ends, at the same time sorting it into three distinct grades—of which Loose Muscatels take the lead. In the markets of Boston, New York, and other large cities of the East, these are the popular brand, bringing prices nearly equal to London Layers.

The raisin grower considers his crop a profitable one if it can be sold by him in open market for ten cents a pound; but he often receives much higher than that for extra brands. Very frequently the fruit merchant from some large forwarding city goes out into the vineyard and takes the entire grape crop from the producer at a good round sum as it hangs on the vines. He is thus able to see that all the processes of handling and curing are attended to properly, and in a way to advance his best interests.

It is difficult yet to meet the demand for raisin fruit; it is a demand that is pressing every year faster than production increases, and is yet far in excess of the supply. But when all these mountain plateaus now lying idle are clothed and ripening freely with miles upon miles of such tender grapes as in the East can be grown only in hot-houses, then we may crowd our sideboards without stint daily with those lusty, luscious, meaty clusters that form such a charming accompaniment to the fragrant Young Hyson and delightful Bohea which we lovers of "the cup" so richly enjoy.

Estelle Thomson.

ESCONDIDO, CALIFORNIA.



Maiden, why sittest thou keeping the kine?
Fair is the Abbey of Saint Denys.
And what is the badge on thine arm doth shine?
And down by the stream is the Fleur de lys.

Sir, I am thrall to the Abbey towers:
Far is the road on a sultry day.
Parent to child this doom is ours:
But a draught of milk may refresh the way.

Maiden, will marriage not set thee free?
The ruby was once an unwrought gem.
No face is fairer of high degree:
And the lily springs from a lowly stem.

Nay, I must bind my spouse with me:
The ivy's embrace drags down the wall.
But I render thanks for thy courtesy.
And on valley and hill the dew will fall.

Thoughtful the goldsmith homeward drew:
Paris city is gay and bright:
No wealthier craftsman the town all through:
But sad is a lonely house at night.

Thoughtful she passed to the herdsman's gate:
Bright is the star in the evening's sky,
She heeded not blows that she came so late.
To and fro do the small bats fly.

In the Abbot's cell the goldsmith stands;
Study and prayer should make thee sage.
Lord Abbot, a boon of thy saintly hands;
Four-score years is a peaceful age.

Free me the maiden that herds the kine:
The violet blossoms beneath the hill.
All France shall take pride in St. Denys' shrine.
Jewels and gold are enriched by skill.

My son, take back thy proffered gold:
Age is set on a hill-top high,
The rights of the Abbey in trust I hold;
But many the mists in a youthful sky.

The maiden is fair and free from stain;
No wind blows harsh o'er the convent wall.
Herself and her spouse to this house pertain:
The bell of the Abbey to prayer doth call.

Then thus our Lord the king did say,
Merry is riding with hawk and hounds.
For our worthiest burgher a boon we pray,
Cheery the horn of the hunter sounds.

Then thus our lady the queen outspoke,
Laughter is light where ladies ride.
A boon, Lord Abbot, for true love's sake:
And the heron soars up from the water side.

Madame, it grieves me to answer nay:
Sweet are true roses in summer's prime.
But love that is true the price will pay:
Treasure is gained through toil and time.

Forget this love, the maiden said:
Many a face in the town is fair,
Would'st serve as a thrall till thy wife be dead?
The bands of love should be light to bear.

My heart is given, whate'er befall;
Where the seed falls, the flower must spring,
Therewith shall I grudge to render all?
Love can requite the gifts ye bring.

The marriage was held on an autumn day;
Calm is the forest when red leaves fall,
From Court rode lords and ladies gay:
Love is a tale that is dear to all.

He made him a badge as a jewel fine:
The oak stands firm though a limb be lopt,
The rivets were struck at St. Denys' shrine:
The apple grows mellow when flowers have dropt.

He has passed to his home within Paris wall,
Bright is the day when the bride comes home,
But he plies his craft as St. Denys' thrall.
Dark are the depths beneath sun-bright foam.

Hark! the lord Abbot rides up the street;
Cheerful the stir in the bustling town,
Forth comes the goldsmith his lord to greet;
True workman fears not the master's frown,

Peace to my children, the Father said;
Peaceful and calm is St. Denys' day,
Dost thou repent of the contract made?
Who would but feast were there naught to pay?

Never a corn-land was free from weed,
Thou hast given the goods of our house for naught,
Tares spring up though thou sow good seed.



I prize my freedom as each man should:
Open the cage and the bird will fly,
But a true wife's heart is the chiefest good:
Love is a star in the darkest sky.

Now may the Abbot remit the doom,
Law, when upheld, may yield to grace.
Ho, strike the badges from bride and groom!
The nest than the cage is a fairer place.

There were some with chiding the Abbot sought:

Patience, he said, till the year go round:
Softly the bells of the Abbey chime,
With the fame of our shrine shall all France resound.
Sweet is the chanting at vesper time.

Our goldsmith was cunning and staunch of will,
Rich is the Abbey of St. Denys.
But love is a craftsman of greater skill,
And a flower for Kings is the Fleur de lys.

William Waterfield.

HOPE HARDING.

CHAPTER V.



ELL, you *are*—as Alicia says—inscrutable in some ways, Hope."

Mrs. DeMostyn made this remark at breakfast the day after the "Penny Reading."

Hope's peculiarly radiant expression must have called it forth.

"Well—but how, for instance?" she inquired.

"Why, for a time, last evening in the old Refectory,"—so far had Lottie proceeded when something seemed to check her. Under no circumstances must Hope be put out of conceit (another expression of Alicia's) with Steven Palfrey.

"As you were saying, Lottie, 'last night in the Refectory'—what?"

"Well, *I* should not have blamed Mr. Palfrey had he thought you positively disliked him,—your expression was *almost* disdainful."

Hope laughed gayly.

"That dreadful expression of mine! What on earth does it, or can it mean?"

She left the little breakfast table and walked over to the mirror above the mantel, where she surveyed her face for an instant, and with evident satisfaction. The very sunshine itself seemed in her hair, her eyes, her dimpling smile.

"Doesn't my expression suit you *now?*" she demanded, turning back to Lottie. "If Mr. Palfrey could *only* see me now, at the mere mention of his name, looking absurdly happy, would not my disdain of last night be forgiven?"

"Then you *will* accept him!" Lottie sprang to her feet in her excitement. Hope turned away for an instant.

"Let *him* ask me that, dear," she said very gently. Impossible to argue questions of delicacy with Lottie. Hope had to be patient. Meanwhile Lottie pursued her train of thought.

"It will delight Uncle Peter! Good family connection—money—a balance for your rather impulsive temperament."

"Not that!" thought Hope, but she listened in silence.

"If you use a little tact, Uncle Peter will do *every* thing splendidly for you." Lottie surveyed her cousin for an instant and went on.

"He will go so far, I am sure, as to give you diamonds, or something that will look like heirlooms, and if Steven will only consent to live in Europe, perhaps he would make a regular allowance—*so* much more dignified for a woman to have something of her own."

At this Hope had to smile and make a little gesture of dissent. While Lottie had been talking she thought of what a perfect life it was going to be in Steven Palfrey's companionship. Their *camaraderie*—Lottie's suggestions—diamonds—an allowance—floated in and out of these thoughts, queer, jarring words.

It was hard for Hope to repress the joyful sense of satisfaction with which, from the window of the little breakfast-parlor, she saw Steven Palfrey approaching. He walked, as usual, with the air of a man thoroughly at ease with himself, the world in general, and Hope Harding in particular. Once he stopped to look about him to investigate the state of some wild flowers tangled in the hedge-row. Hope watched him, unexacting, uncritical. It pleased her to feel sure that between them there was so thorough an understanding that she need give herself no little caprices—no *coquetteries* such as many women consider the only way to show their power. Presently he caught sight of the tall, girlish figure in the window and the smile in his eyes seemed to reach straight to her's.

Hope was alone when he came in. She turned, put out her hand and let him hold it a moment closely.

"Am I too early?" Palfrey said, "Are you ready for our expedition?"

"I am ready, and the weather and everything;" the girl answered gayly. "Best of all, Lady Alicia and my cousin are going to meet us at the mill instead of starting now."

"Good girls!" rejoined Palfrey. "Don't

give them an opportunity to change their minds, whatever else you and I may do."

Hope was gone a moment and returned in a pretty hat and a light, soft wrap. There was about her a sense of happy expectancy—a readiness to be one with the gladness of the morning and the chance of this long *tête-à-tête* with Palfrey. Neither spoke for a few moments after they set forth. Their road wound through the village street, which had put on an aspect of accepting the sunshine of the day in a dignified fashion. Its architecture was of too quaint and solid a kind to admit the air of festivity which the fine weather seemed to cast over the stretches of smiling rural country beyond, but odd corners were lighted up; heavy oaken projections caught something more than shadow, and the tiny casements of the windows twinkled gayly.

"There is something odd to me in this old-world atmosphere," Palfrey said suddenly. "It gets into the very marrow of your bones and you enjoy it, yet always as an alien. We really *are* of the old soil, yet we only accept our enjoyment of it as a sort of evidence of our own culture or superior discrimination."

"Ah, that makes me think!" Hope turned quickly.

"You promised as soon as we had the chance, to tell me just about yourself—that is—"

Palfrey looked at her with an expression of indulgent amusement.

"How did I suggest that?" he said laughing.

"Why, I suppose the—what you said about being an alien. Now do you know—ever since we have known each other,—how long is that? Nearly a year? I have wondered why, with your kind of appreciation of home, you so persistently remain away from it?"

Her eyes, lifted with their frank, sweet glance to his face, caught a queer look there, a pained, strange expression, while a tightening of the muscles about his mouth under the slender dark line of moustache showed her she had touched some chord that was painful. But before she had time to speak he said very quickly, "Hope, listen to me. I *have* felt like an alien, not now, however. I had a hard time once in my life. It kept me away from home, but it need do so no longer—if—"

They had half mechanically bent their steps towards the Priory ruins, and all her life long Hope will remember that moment. The sunlight fell on the ivy which last night held the radiance and mystery of the moon. Hope stood still, looking up at the old roofing; her heart was beating very quickly. For the first time she had heard her name upon his lips. She looked at him now.

"If," he said in a lower tone, and coming near to her, "if you will go with me! Dearest, I had not meant to speak in this way so soon, but some way it was impossible to wait longer. Don't you know, Hope, what has been my dream? I love you—God alone knows how much! And if you will come to me as my wife, you will not repent it."

His face was pale; his hands had slowly found their way to hers. It *had* been sudden, but could either of them in the past ten days have truthfully denied that their first hour of *solitude-à-deux* would produce this spoken utterance of words trembling on his lips?

As for Hope, she made no answer but to let him draw her hands about his neck, and take her closely in his arms. The touch of his lips upon hers seemed like some message from heaven itself.

CHAPTER VI.

"We shall have all our lives to talk things over, and yet I confess to a lurking anxiety to discuss myself with you, and *vice versa*."

Half an hour had gone by. Palfrey and Hope were still in the Refectory. A gentle rain had come on, one of those sudden little gusts which dash the summer sun, but it had not occurred to either of them to leave the place. True, while Hope was speaking, he had been opening her large parasol, and was, not too dexterously, trying to balance it over her dainty hat with its pink roses.

"Oh, don't mind the umbrella," said the girl after a barely perceptible pause. It was pleasant to have this first service from her lover.

"Do you call this lace affair by such a name?" he laughed, but he put it down because she desired it. "And, suppose you begin by telling me something of yourself."

"In my short life!"

"Well, how long has it been, Miss Harding?"

He watched her profile gravely.

She began to count upon her fingers.

"Ten months. I met you, be pleased to remember, sir, that length of time ago in the manor-drawing-room, was it not?"

He was silent for an instant, but Hope knew why.

"Hope," he said finally, "on the whole, your life would certainly be a more fascinating picture than mine could ever be. Child, what is it in you that gives you power to look the sweetest things, to think them, —to be of all women the most feminine,— in every way strong, and yet gentle?"

"Oh, dear," she said quickly, "you think too well of me. I am not anything but a fanciful, headstrong girl. Yes, indeed! Wait until you hear the verdict of my relations!"

"Relations are such a mistake!" Palfrey said in his deliberate way. "After twenty-one, one should be at liberty to make his own. Now *my* relations—"

"Oh yes," said Hope eagerly. They had seated themselves by this time under one of the old archways, on some steps which formerly led to a cloister, Palfrey just below Hope. He possessed himself of one of her slim, cool hands.

"Well, they rather resented my appearance in life, I fancy, to begin with, as I was one heir too many, you observe, but having to put up with me, did that most objectionable thing in a large family."

He smiled in an absent way and Hope said softly,

"What?"

"*Discussed* me. I was in a perpetual state of being *discussed*. When I was a small shaver, for instance, I would be told that my aunt Jane and uncle George had been discussing how I idled away my mornings, or that the Penns, very unpleasant cousins of mine, could not understand what I did with all my pocket-money. I must have been rather exasperating, on the whole, for as well as I remember it, I never paid particular attention to all these remarks. Only later, when I grew old enough, I discovered an innate and deep-seated prejudice against the whole set of them."

"And then?"

"Then I left for parts unknown, went west—oh, come, Hope, my darling—this will wait for another time, surely! We ought to be at the mill now, and after we have endured a *parti carrée* as long as we can I will leave you, and you must tell Mrs. De Mostyn I mean to marry you—well, day after to-morrow!"

"Heavens! What a prospect!" Palfrey was standing above her, his spare, fine face full of the deepest feeling the man had ever known. He drew her to her feet, and held her hands closely.

"Yes, my dearest, it is a prospect for me —all Heaven!—and I've known the other thing, I assure you."

CHAPTER VII.

Steven Palfrey had been entirely sincere in saying that he preferred not discussing his past; at least so far as his traditions were concerned. The man had come out from such narrow, conventional surroundings, from a boyhood of such absurd Philistinism that it had created in him a desire to bury it all in oblivion. His family, as Mrs. De Mostyn had said, were "well connected," the dreariest of American types, however; never indulging in anything but the commonplace, perfectly content with themselves and regarding their neighbors with consideration in exact proportion to their resemblance to themselves. There had been nothing stirring or heroic in the family annals except when John Palfrey, Steven's father, sacrificed time, money, finally his life, in the country's cause, and, for so doing John Palfrey had been quoted as erratic. True, many of the "connection" had served in the war, but they had never been impetuous, headlong, and foolishly enthusiastic like "poor John." But, Steven, as a little lad, knowing he was penniless, used to feel proud of the legacy of courage, heroism and loyalty which his father had left, and the one place he loved to linger in the old homestead near Philadelphia, was the room where above a high, carved mantel, his father's sword and gun and various belongings of the campaigns he went through, were hung. Some message from the dead hero seemed to reach his little boy, as he looked up at the relics in what his aunts called such an "odd" way, and he formed for himself certain ideals which he determined to accept as facts.

Life could pulsate with something finer and higher than this dreary round at home. Of this, as a lad of sixteen, he began to feel very sure, and, having no standards but those he detested, he went headlong into whatever would produce variety; studying what he liked, reading books that stimulated his fancy and held his senses captive, because they told of men and things in which the

warm current of life-blood really flowed. Various sudden enthusiasms held him from time to time. When asked why, if he liked any one thing so well as he did, he never persevered in it, he baffled his inquirers by saying, because he "was through with it." Whereupon he was pronounced fickle and unsteady, without, however, producing much effect upon the boy, who felt he would rather burn the candle of life in bold, bright beams and quickly, than grope years in the darkness of those around him. A coarser nature than John Palfrey's son, a less fastidious mind and thought would have, in escaping from the bondage of his youth, gone down hill, with his high-strung and emotional capacity so untutored. Steven was saved this, but one result was fixed. He shook off what he called "creeds," and to the final horror of all his family, declared himself unsectarian! This was the crowning act of insubordination, and having come into a small fortune —just enough to invest and probably sink, —he went West and experienced life in many varieties for three years. Oddly enough, his investments succeeded beyond all expectation. When he returned home for the purpose of bidding his family goodbye and sailing for Europe, he was a rich man.

One's pulses cannot move so rapidly at thirty-five as at twenty. Yet Palfrey, after some years of enjoyment, concentrated European life, was just young enough to mistake his indifference to women for cynicism. Therefore, it had been with a sense of complete bewilderment that he found himself violently in love with Miss Harding, and that, within two days of meeting her!

If she recalled it, how well did he! The half-lights of the room—the glimpse of wide hall and oak staircase without, and Hope coming slowly towards him—her face with its ineffable charm of mingled purity and strength—of softness, and yet of a kind of high, courageous pride, affecting him as no other woman's face ever had before—as no other woman's face could again!

A queer fancy held Palfrey captive, as, leaving Hope that first evening, he had smoked a solitary pipe in the quarters he shared with young Seaton. The indecisive, vague, restless dreams of his boyhood seemed to have suddenly found their highest ideal in this woman's companionship. The dross fell away! With her, for her, by her, he could realize only what was best in them—in himself.

"But dare I?" the man thought, "will she look at me?—can I tell her anything which shall set her away from me?"

As we have seen, Palfrey had found courage to speak and to rejoice in Hope's answer, but why, he reflected, need they discuss anything but their love, their future, the sympathies they had in common? Palfrey disliked facts at times.

CHAPTER VIII.

There is a song of Gounod's to which words of Kingsley's are set, which, in the first days of their engagement, Hope was fond of singing with Palfrey. "Oh that we two were Maying!" It thrilled the girl with its melancholy sweetness, but as she said once to her lover, gave her a wonderful sense of content.

"Don't you feel in that way?" she asked him, turning from the piano to look up a little tremulously into his face. "That it gives a feeling that we can spend all our lives together; and at last, our souls at home with God? That is so beautiful—like the solemnity of the marriage service."

Palfrey's dark brows drew together.

"My dearest," he said gently, "I want to think of our life here. Oh, of course in the next world,—if there is one—which I don't doubt, I should hold you and own you as closely as on earth!"

"Yes—but I like the other way of putting it best. And let me tell you,—when we are married—I mean on our wedding day, I shall think of that, hearts and minds and hands active together under God's guidance, and all the joyousness we choose to take out of life,—then—after—our souls at home with God. It seems quite perfect to me, dear."

She looked up at him with a smile.

"Then you shall teach me how to feel in the same way," said Palfrey, bending to kiss her hair. "You see I'm not quite of the same fine calibre perhaps, but you can help me to improve in that, as well as every other way. Hope, I feel you *could* guide me as you liked."

"Could I!" she rose and stood before him smiling, her fairness set off by her white gown and the little Colette band of amethysts about her throat, one of Palfrey's numerous gifts since their betrothal. "Remember, I may insist on my rights, some day, sir! Don't be rash!—but oh,

I want to do what is right! I love you so —well,—so *terribly* that I have to keep myself constantly on the alert lest I forget—"

"What, dear?"

"That anything else exists on earth or in Heaven but you—and me—and that seeing or blind, straight or lame, because we *are* we, we are going through life happily together."

Palfrey was almost awed by the intensity of the girl and yet her exceeding simplicity. He dared not jar upon such moods or fancies—yet he could not always answer them as she would have it. Of love,—terrible, or deep, strong, true and intense,—he felt enough, Heaven knows, and had come to regard his only really happy hours as those spent with her. But, as the wedding was definitely fixed for October—as Hope was soon to go to London, and the preparations from "Uncle Peter's" to begin, Mrs. De Mostyn rarely allowed long *tête-a-têtes*. She had so much, she remarked, to "talk over" with Mr. Palfrey.

As for Hope's own frame of mind, she was so happy that Lottie and even Lady Alicia had ceased to distress her in any way. It seemed as though all the good things of life had come with a rush to her feet, and with the power and authority to accept them, which the girl had never before quite felt.

As a child she had been conscious of strong powers of loving and feeling and enjoying, yet there had been always a lurking distrust of her *right* to take it all so abundantly to herself.

"I feel I ought to *do*," she had once remarked as a child, "not just like to *be* so much."

Hence, had come her various projects which alarmed her family, and were frequently abandoned by her to gratify the opinion of those who had brought her up.

The girl's story, so far as outward events go, could be briefly enough told. Her own first remembrances were of a pretty, old-fashioned New England house where everything seemed quietly, but pleasantly ordered. Death had come—the child would have been alone in the world but for Peter Harding, who came forward, took the little girl into his own home, and, if he and his wife were not demonstrative or appreciative of what was really the best in the child's nature, they at least provided for her suitably and with comfort, good schooling being insisted upon by Mr. Harding.

It was when Hope was about sixteen, that a surprising thing occurred. From being a rather angular, and not particularly pretty girl, she seemed suddenly to bloom into actual beauty. Strangers began to observe it before her aunt and uncle, and indeed Mrs. De Mostyn was the first to call attention to the fact that Hope was certainly a beautiful girl, and might be a remarkably handsome woman.

This fact once clearly patent to the family, they were eager to take her into society, and when Lottie Harding married abroad, she invited her cousin to visit her. The years since then in Hope's life had been spent between her uncle's house and that of the De Mostyns.

Uncle Peter had acquired wealth which enabled him to indulge various florid fancies, which, having come upon him late in life, were not always as pleasing to his friends as to himself; but in the huge house near Albert gate, Hope could always escape to her own little sanctum. Here she had been allowed to carry out her own ideas of form and color, producing a result which her special friends declared charming, and which she certainly enjoyed, if for no other reason than as a relief from the glaring colors and oppressive luxuries of the rest of the house. The fact that uncle Peter called it "Quakerish," and Aunt Anna pronounced it, "like a little curiosity shop," did not affect her. She knew it was regarded as a vent for her "peculiarities," and laughed to herself over it.

The place had become dear to her, yet on a certain June day when she found herself returning to it for the first time after her engagement, she was startled by the consciousness that she had never known half *how* dear! From many restless hours—hours when the perpetual discussion of worldly emergencies had wearied her, had she found rest and tranquillity in this room of her own with its gray and yellow tones—its dull blues—its many suggestive ornaments—pictures, bric-a-brac—odds and ends, which all seemed like souvenirs of happy moments in the girl's life, and satisfied her æsthetic sense, although so far she had no more personal connection with them than this charm her own fancy and purchase had given.

But, everything—even such trifles—would be changed now! For whatever might be in life, she and Steven would share it together. Hope smiled to herself as she moved about her own room looking at

her own belongings—and suddenly considering them worthless!

Dinner would be ready in an hour, yet the girl could not detach herself from these charming reflections. No cloud seemed now upon her life. Heart, nature, soul, might joyously expand.

CHAPTER IX.

Palfrey's engagement even to so noted a beauty, so charming a girl as Hope Harding created great surprise, until people began to say to each other, "of course so—they were the only two for each other." But Lady Alicia indulged in her little flings and pointed looks, although in her heart she knew that they were among those who deserved the good things of life and ought to have them.

Some mystery linked in Palfrey's life. Of that she was sure, and it certainly would have afforded her some satisfaction to know what it was. On the day of Hope's return to London, Lady Alicia and Mrs. De Mostyn were taking tea together at the house of the former, and in a way she had of "frightening" the truth out of any one, she remarked that it hardly seemed possible Steven Palfrey had not something in his past to conceal, since he never referred to it.

"It doesn't interest him," said Lottie, "and I have found out one thing about Steven; he will only care for what does. He sometimes has forgotten a topic of conversation while we were discussing it. Actually the other night I was telling a *really* good story, and at the end where anyone would laugh, his face was as absent as the wall."

This, however, did not offer to Lady Alicia any new light. She had known the time herself when it was difficult to laugh at some of Lottie's stories.

"Hope hates mysteries," Lottie continued, "and I wouldn't suggest such a thing to her for worlds."

"Of course not."

Lady Alicia determined on a brilliant *coup-d'état.* Why not suggest it to Hope herself? But this might not be feasible. There were some weeks before the wedding, and she would have time enough to consider something clearly. What was her motive she could have scarcely told herself, unless to revenge some of the old irritation against the girl—against Palfrey. Their very plans annoyed her—a honeymoon in Italy. Then a slow return to England, summer-time, autumn and America! Why had the charm of life been denied her? She told herself that she had been given no past, no present with anything in it she craved—and as for the future! Lady Alicia disliked lifting veils. She was alone now, and walking over to the window, looked out upon the pretty street and square, green and bright as London in June can be, and curiously enough, at that moment a hansom bowled along with Palfrey seated in it, Palfrey as usual, perfect in dress for dinner with his lady-love, and Palfrey smiling to himself as she had never seen him do before.

Palfrey, as a matter of fact, was in the best of spirits and passed the dignified servants who admitted him, with a quiet and friendly nod.

"Isn't he just the one for her?" was whispered by the second to the first footman.

"I should say so! They'll make a pair together! and h'only going to live in H'america!"

Hope was alone in the drawing-room as he entered. It was their first encounter since the day before, when he had left her rather unexpectedly, summoned in advance on business to London, and twenty-four hours of separation seemed very long to both; especially as not more than half an hour's *tête-à-tête* could be counted upon. But they began rapidly to exchange notes on all that they had been doing. Curious, thought the man, how trifles interested him now, since they concerned her!

When he said, "I bought a good copy of Shakspere's sonnets for you to-day," and she exclaimed "Oh, *did* you?" with shining eyes, Palfrey reflected that the chance buying of a book had never been so delightful. He had a little trifle for her, then, a sort of amulet to wear on a watch chain.

"Or about my neck," said Hope with a soft color, but just as she raised her eyes to his, he remarked a sudden absent look in them. She had the little amulet in her hands and looked back at it.

"What is the matter," Palfrey asked, "don't you like it?"

"Oh!" Hope's smile returned and she pressed his arm with her hand in deprecation of such an absurdity.

"It's lovely! I just happened to be thinking of something Lottie was saying to me a while ago."

"Lottie must be improving in mind. She ought to know that some one remembered a speech of hers."

"Well," said Hope, laughing, "It was not an original idea, that's true, and I thought I would tell you about it at once."

"This grows alarming," Palfrey answered, leaning around in his easy chair, one arm on its back, while he surveyed Hope in content and with an expression which certainly belied his words. The girl turned the little amulet back and forth in her hands and finally brought her eyes to his face.

"Well, it is this. It appears she and Alicia Pakerton were—*discussing* you,"—she laughed a trifle nervously,—"and Alicia said she *knew* there was a mystery in your life. Is there any?"

Hope, having asked her question, rose suddenly, for Palfrey's whole expression changed. His arm dropped and he walked over to the window.

Hope waited for a moment and then went over to him, laying her hands on his arm.

"Dear," she said gently, "Am I not *almost* your wife now? when I am, shall we conceal anything?"

He turned and held her in his arms without speaking, for an instant, but she could feel the swift strokes of his heart against hers.

"Can you not tell me, sweetheart?—especially if it was a sorrow?"

She drew back, looking at him almost with tears upon her lashes.

"Oh, my darling," he said suddenly. "*Don't* question me now—only trust me! It was a sorrow! Good God, a madness! but it is all over now, it *never* can revive! Why pain these days of our love with such a spectre, and it is laid now! *Trust* me!"

Hope hesitated, wavered an instant. That sort of instinct in the love of all true women for their husbands and which is almost maternal in its desire to shield from pain the object loved, decided her.

"I will, yes, I *will* trust you, dear heart, until with your own lips you bid me doubt you."

Chapter XII.

Long afterwards Palfrey used to try and remember the details of that evening. Hope's face—the sweet proud eyes and lips—the rich, yet soft coloring—the masses of bronze-colored hair waving back from her brow; Hope's smile as she talked to her companion at the dinner table—an elderly and rather tiresome city man—her pretty, graceful gestures, her little flashing looks at her lover now and then, which meant so much, —which seemed to deepen the color of her eyes, and make her lips involuntarily come into a smile—recollections of this kind remained always vivid and luminous, but of the rest—Palfrey had but confused impressions. The dinner-party was a large and impressive one. Peter Harding at the head of the table looked what he felt, supremely satisfied with the occasion; and his wife, a very quiet, faded, pretty woman, was evidently as well content, in her way, as was her lord. About twenty guests were assembled at that hospitable board. There were a Baronet and an Earl's widow, two city magnates, a rising author (a friend of Palfrey's) and an artist whose fame was international. Three or four prominent Americans and their wives gave a sort of vim and sparkle to the company, and Lottie De Mostyn had begged permission to bring a popular musician of the day. Altogether, it was precisely the sort of company one might have met at twenty Belgravian houses the same evening, yet Palfrey, recalling the occasion, seemed to see himself and Hope like two beings utterly apart from the rest. In point of fact, their conversation in the drawing-room before dinner had seemed to produce more than ever that sense of isolation from all the rest of the world which had formed a large part of the charm she had for him. He, the man noted for his versatility in society; his impartial distribution of favors or attentions, had suddenly become aware that all his feelings, emotions, impulses, were concentrated in one direction. He could not diffuse himself in his old fascinating, but too general way. He lived, thought, felt, cared only for that fair girl who was his *vis-à-vis* at this dinner; was conscious only of what she did, said, or looked, and an entire lifetime of experience with her, he told himself, would not have brought him to a better understanding of himself and of her than he had at this moment. He talked with his neighbors, discussed the policy of the Cabinet with the rather effusive woman he had taken down to dinner, and expressed his opinion of the Princess Beatrice's marriage, with the pretty little American lady on his right. His quiet, authoritative and well-balanced manner seemed to his companions quite the same; yet what disturbed Palfrey was the

persistent undercurrent of thought. While saying "Oh, well, a Battenberg will answer the Queen's purpose as well as anybody, and Princess Beatrice is a charming woman," he was thinking :—"Hope and I are now *impossible* apart. I am *sure* I am right in waiting until our marriage to lay my soul bare to her."

When Lady Esterfelt asked him whether he believed in Gladstone, and he turned his dark eyes sharply upon her and said, "Why—*of course!*" he was vibrating in response to one of those sudden, tender looks of the girl he loved, and maddened because they were not alone and he could say, "Hope, I wonder if sometimes God permits angels to take the form of women!" and he might hold her in his arms, and by the touch of his lips on hers tell her the message of his very soul.

Altogether, Palfrey was thankful when Mrs. Harding made a timid motion of her head to Lady Esterfelt, and Mr. Harding sprang forward to hold the dining-room open, and the ladies trooped out. He wondered how long he should have to remain. Unluckily, half a dozen men present were only too anxious to talk to him. One or two would have liked on leaving Mr. Harding's to say at some club, "met Mr. Palfrey to-night—uncommonly brilliant fellow"—or "Palfrey says the Conservatives haven't a chance," or "Steven Palfrey is wild over Parson's last picture." To quote Palfrey was a boon to many men who met him, and to do him justice, he was generally genial. To-night every movement in the drawing-room above seemed to be Hope's. At last, after listening to a long account from Mr. Harding of a "find" in sherry he had made at the Army and Navy stores, he excused himself and escaped up the wide, shallow-stepped staircase to the drawing-room, where, no sooner had he drawn the portiere, than he saw Hope.

She was standing by the tall cabinet near the chimney piece. Her hand was on the key of one of the drawers. But Palfrey, with the intuition which each had for the other, was at once aware that she had drifted towards that side of the room to escape something tiresome, and that the Indian cabinet was of no interest to her whatever.

He came towards her at once ; laid his hand on her slim, white one which rested on the brass handle of the drawer. She turned her face towards him.

"Hope," he said quietly, but with something of repressed feeling which she understood, in his voice. "I have changed my mind. I want to tell you everything. To-night I seemed to realize how utterly we belong to each other. Where can I see you alone to-morrow for two hours?"

A radiance had come into the girl's face. But she said nothing. In an instant, Palfrey continued,—

"I know—come down at ten o'clock to the Seatons. Only old Mrs. Seaton is there. We can talk in Tom's studio. You know the address?"

"Bedford Gardens," said Hope. "Yes, I will be there. Dear, I am so relieved. Do you know, it was so hard to smile and look natural to-night? But I did not want to trouble you."

"Hope!" Palfrey said : "Give me your hand a moment. No one will see us here, under the curtain."

She let her hand drop, and beneath the portiere it reached his. He held it for an instant, but Hope felt the color rising in her cheeks.

"You will come, Dear?" he said, as they moved away.

"Yes—at ten o'clock." She spoke like one in a dream. Later, when she was alone in her room, all her thoughts seemed like prayers. Was it *usual* for human beings to have this marvellous spiritual, physical and mental bond which existed between Palfrey and herself?

"It must be what God *meant* real love to be," was one of her last waking thoughts. "It is His ordinance. People who do not understand it must only travesty it."

And, as sleep came to her, there was upon her lips a prayer to be worthy of this great, good blessing in her life.

Lucy C. Lillie.

PET LORE FOR PET LOVERS



PART V.

"POOR PUSS."

" Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

THE use of the pet as an aid to health has not been considered as it deserves. No instinct is truer than that of the unmarried woman of lonely life to surround herself with pets. The health of mind and body due to the companionship of cats and birds in solitary lives has unquestionably kept more people than we suspect out of the insane asylum, and if friendless men took kindly to them, there would be fewer misers, drunkards and criminals than we have now. It seems the divinely appointed mission of our furred and feathered friends, who never grow gloomy with care, never suffer from envy, ambition, or any of our soul-destroying vices, to make us forget our worries, to inspire us with hope, and hence with health. How can we despair so long as

" How e'er the world goes ill,
The thrushes still sing in it ? "

Give but a thought to the old-time "sick room," silent, dark, overshadowed with gloom. Could we do more, if we tried, to induce depression, discouragement and death ? Happily we are learning that the mind has to do with the misdeeds of the body, and that there are no more valuable therapeutic agents than cheerfulness, happiness and hope.

But while we no longer shut out the blessed sunlight, the life-giving air, the genial friend, we have still neglected to bring into use all the helpers. What can better shake one out of his dismal depression than the antics of a monkey, at which he absolutely must laugh ? What so quickly dispel the "blue devils" as the chatter of a saucy parrot, or the pranks of a frisky squirrel ? Keep the doctor and the drugs in the background (if you don't quite dare to discharge him),—I say,abolish sighs and long faces, bring in the pets, and make trial of the cheerful-thought cure.

In this rôle the kitten is inimitable. Nothing can be so droll, and, at the same time, so graceful and altogether charming, as the frolics of two or three kittens.

" Poor pussy," we naturally call the cat. Do we know why ? Is it not in instinctive

recognition of the strange fact that this gentle beast is the most generally misunderstood creature in the world? Her reserve, her self-reliance, her inextinguishable love of liberty have earned for her a name totally unlike her real character.

And why, again, do we always give a cat the feminine pronoun? The Arabs have a legend that when the first father and mother went out into the desert alone, Allah gave them two friends to defend and comfort them; for defense, the dog, for comfort, the cat. In the body of the dog he placed the soul of a brave man, in that of the cat, the spirit of a gentle woman. Is there in this story a deeper meaning than has been suspected? The woman has never yet come to her full development; the cat has never been understood.

The old notion that puss is incapable of friendship and attachments would not be worth attention, did we not see it repeated to this day, and insisted upon as a well-proven fact. The contrary is the truth. The cat is exceedingly fond of her friends, and generous in her conduct to other animals. She is, to be sure, not demonstrative, nor does she kiss the hand that beats her; and, as we go about in our blundering way, unless we are made uncomfortable by a show of affection, fairly forced upon us, as is done by the dog, we do not notice it and conclude it does not exist. Puss does not express her emotions by barking, prancing about, and knocking one down, but her quiet rubbing against her friend, her gentle touch of the tongue, mean quite as much as the more noisy greeting.

The cat-mother's kindness to the young of other animals is notorious. She will adopt into her family and bring up with all the love and care she lavishes upon her own little ones, creatures so incongruous as chickens, ducks, foxes, squirrels, puppies, hedgehogs, and even rats. Moreover she forms friendships of the warmest sort; not only with dogs and horses, but with turkeys and fowls, readily giving up her warm bed by the fire to share the cold quarters of her friend.

It has been commonly supposed that because a cat will not learn to do tricks like a dog, she lacks intelligence, whereas, the truth is, she is too knowing to be driven to learn. She is more like the apes, who—the Africans say—do not talk lest they be put to work. It is now known that if she chooses she can learn even more tricks than a dog, and go through them with greater precision, provided she is taught by kindness and coaxing. If struck, she turns sulky; if frightened, she will do nothing.

Nor do we appreciate the usefulness of the cat. In some parts of the world they are trained to act as carriers, and then they bring a high price. In Spain, they are made free of garrets where most of the grain is stored. Every attic granary has its small door under the roof for their use, the roofs of the city are given up to them for a promenade, and many of them never come to the ground in their lives. In storehouses where grain attracts mice, puss is monarch of all she surveys, treated with due honors, supplied with food and drink, and in every way made welcome. If the whole race should be annihilated, we in America would speedily be brought to appreciate the service we have despised.

It is impossible in one short paper to give particulars of the many varieties of domestic cats. Whole books have been written about them, their points, their care, their diseases. I can hardly do more than mention the several kinds, and indicate their special qualities.

Most common, and, at the same time, most noted for its good character and general intelligence, is the tabby, or tiger-cat, as it is sometimes called. The distinguished member of the family is the silver or blue tabby, whose black stripes on a ground of silvery grey make a beautiful combination. In plainer brown and black stripes is the ordinary tabby, exceedingly knowing and teachable, and especially desirable as a companion for children.

The pure black cat, object of superstition, and "familiar of witches" as she has been called, has still many friends, and if carefully cared for, shows a coat of satin-smoothness and gloss, and a character above suspicion.

A tortoiseshell in perfection is a rare and beautiful beast of deep orange and black color, and it should be cherished as it deserves. Neither of these cats, to be of pure blood, should have a white hair in the fur. One scrap of white detracts immensely from the money value of the tabby, the black or the tortoiseshell, though it may not in the least injure their looks.

The white cat—on the contrary—must have nothing but white, to be perfect of her kind. Should this "white maiden" be blessed with blue eyes and good hearing, which some of her color are not, she is a

treasure indeed. Tufted ears are the only remaining features to be desired; high intelligence she leaves to the plainer tabbies. Well cared for, a cat of this description is enchanting, but neglected and half fed, not one of the feline race is so wretched in looks.

Beloved of all is the Maltese, of which there are many shades, from the silvery-tipped to the rich velvety hue of the darker varieties. Amber-colored eyes are the correct thing in the Maltese family, and if black lips are added, and no straggling hairs of another color show themselves, she is almost above price.

Long curling hair places the Angora cat among the aristocrats of the *Felidæ*. If kept in nice order by frequent washing and brushing, it is beautiful to look upon, though it is not so intelligent as the more plebeian pussies.

The Persian is the queen of domestic cats, with very long and silky—but not curling—hair, which hangs like a rich fringe on the tail, and waves in the air behind her as she walks. This high-bred looking creature has eyes of topaz, a ruff around the neck, and fringed ears and toes. Some Persians are an elegant Maltese color, others, a rich shade of old gold (sometimes relieved with brown), others still are white with blue eyes. Every one is graceful and beautiful. These rare creatures are occasionally imported from their native land at a heavy cost. Thomas Stevens, who saw so many out-of-the-way things on his bicycle trip, tells us that they are especially gifted in vocal power. We have been wont to consider the common cat not lacking in this respect, and though—as with Wagner's music—we need to be educated to enjoy it, yet no one can deny its variety, expression and fullness of tone. According to our traveler, however, the race in Persia

"fill the nights with music"

so greatly exceeding in pathos and power our own nocturnal entertainments, that he got up and went out, expecting to see women uttering their midnight wails for the dead. He did not see the mourners, but he did see the cats, hundreds of them, on every roof, uniting in a chorus of marvelously weird effect.

The necessity of regular feeding and kind care for our pets would scarcely seem to need mention, did we not see every day such gross thoughtlessness in that regard. Cats, above all animals that we domesticate, need regular food in clean dishes, a comfortable bed which they should occupy at night, and occasional access to growing grass. A kind thing on the part of the city mistress is to keep a pot of grass growing in the house for winter use, and be repaid by the fine condition of her pet. Pussy should be fed at least twice a day, having meat at one of her meals. She should have both milk and water to drink, especially in warm weather. Now and then, a bit of butter is good for her, and she is always fond of asparagus. These things attended to, she will keep herself beautifully clean and in good health.

A cat, no more than a boy, should be turned out at night to annoy neighbors and learn bad manners and vagrant ways. Of the heartless cruelty of leaving the poor creature to forage for herself during a summer absence, it is surely not necessary in this late day to speak.

In spite of every care, however, the pet will occasionally be ill; she then should be kept quiet, warm, and treated with homeopathic remedies, which are easy to give and not offensive to her dainty taste. A fit is readily cured by ether held to her nose.

There is one question we shall sometimes be obliged to face. Pussy, with her other good qualities, shines preeminently as a mother. Under favorable conditions, and even when conditions do not seem to favor, she delights to enrich the world with from ten to fifteen kittens every year. Now, nothing that wears fur is so charming as a kitten, but we don't care to be driven out of the country by an army of them. Thousands, to be sure, are ruthlessly drowned every year, but why should there be so great waste! Why not utilize this surplus population as food? I fancy the cry of horror that follows the suggestion!—but think for a moment. Cat-meat is eaten in many places; openly among the Chinese, and with others disguised in pies and stews as rabbit or veal. With one who eats any flesh, there can be no possible objection, except on the score of feeding, and that scruple comes with poor grace from people who accept the crab and the lobster.

Paris is ahead of us in thoughtful care of this humble friend of man. Perhaps I should not give the credit to Paris, but to two leaders of that city who have established a hospital for the sick and deserted wanderers of the streets, with a pay department for the treatment of sick pets. It

is pleasantly placed in a suburb, and has a garden. There, nearly one hundred cats, convalescent and cured, were found by a visitor, enjoying themselves amicably together in kittenish pranks, and in following their kind matron in troops.

Occasionally in our own country, a kind-hearted and solitary woman devotes herself to collecting and caring for the unfortunate street waifs of the cat family. I am ashamed to tell how she is treated; what names are bestowed upon her, even in the newspapers; how reporters make merry over heavenly charity; how landlords execrate her; how city officials break up the refuge and triumphantly drive its unfortunate inmates into the inhospitable streets again, to be the prey of boys and dogs, to suffer, to starve and to die.

Is it then beneath the dignity of man to care for the lower animals? On the contrary, is it not his plain duty to provide for the wants of animals, whom, by reducing to a state of slavery for his own benefit, he has unfitted for care of themselves?

Olive Thorne Miller.



ISRAFEL.

From Paradise what soul with wings
In yonder green spray hides and sings,
Weaving within the fragrant gloom
Song-fabrics on the mornings' loom,
Wherewith to clothe our naked woe
In gladness such as angels know?

'Tis Israfel returned to us,
Making the world melodious:
He, he it is who sows the air
With seeds of music everywhere,
Until the charmed space around
Is sweet with blossomings of sound.
In ecstasy the fields lie mute,
Spelled by the magic of his lute;
The trees are hushed the while to hear
The cadence falling liquid-clear,
As 'twere a meteor of night
Flinging itself from heaven's height;
The winds hold in their breath, lest they
Cheat of one dulcet note the day;
And through the meadow, lisping low,
The naiads silver-sandalled go,
Or pillowed on her purple streams,
Lie drinking music's wine of dreams;
And I, enraptured, in the dell
Pause, listening to Israfel.
Unconscious of all else beside,
Dreaming I drift upon the tide
Of melody until my eyes
Picture him there in Paradise,—
When lo, there comes a sudden hush;
Tis earth,—and yonder soars a thrush!

Frank Dempster Sherman.



BRYN MAWR COLLEGE FOR GIRLS.

WHEN Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, who died in 1880, selected Bryn Mawr as the site of "a College that should give to women all the advantages so freely offered to young men," he proved himself sagacious, humane, and, despite the sober tastes of the devout Friend, a true lover of The Beautiful.

Bryn Mawr ("High Land") is too extensive to be called a village; too dignified and populous for the name of township. It lies invitingly along the line of the Pennsylvania Railway, and is reached by a steadily rising grade of ten miles from Philadelphia. Certain stipulations—all reasonable and beneficent—control individual inclination in the erection of cottage and mansion. The results are apparent in a fast-growing community of refined and homogeneous people,—a settlement which is ideally harmonious.

An excellent road leads from the station to the youngest of American Girls' Colleges. The ground on which it stands is historic. The "Gulf Road," bounding one side of the forty-odd acres of campus and bramble, was laid out by William Penn. Valley Forge is less than a dozen miles away, and this was the highway over which communication was held with Philadelphia during the most terrible winter of the Revolution.

Taylor Hall, the chief of the group of college buildings, crowns the highest point of the hill-range that gave Bryn Mawr its name. It is of gray stone, and elegant in design and finish. Two things are borne in upon the visitors' consciousness before he has traversed twenty feet of the corridor leading from the entrance to the interior of the house. This is a HOME, and the projector was a Quaker cosmopolite.

Space, comfort, and neatness that goes hand-in-hand with coziness, thorough ventilation, just taste and cheerfulness were impressions received while we waited in the Reception-Room for the coming of the President, and were deepened by each hour of our stay.

The portrait of the Founder hangs in this parlor, a pretty, neatly-furnished apartment of which we thought little after the eye caught the view from a bay-window opposite the door. A magnificent sweep of country, plains, villas nestling in groves; glimpses of distant water, rolling hills, here a spire and there a tower—all bounded by faint-blue undulations of far off mountains —are the principal features of the picture framed in every window of the stately pile. Breezes from every quarter bring health at all seasons, and coolness in summer. On the windy afternoon of our visit, there was a song in a different key on each side of the building, murmurs and shouts that enhanced the serene brightness and even warmth of corridor and rooms.

In the libraries, the shrill plaining of the gusts, muffled by the sashes, made by contrast a luxurious seclusion for the groups of students, most of them in academic gowns and caps, who sat about the tables. Some glanced up at the sound of approaching footsteps, answering the President's grave salutation as silently and courteously; some seemed unaware of the party's entrance. None stared, and all looked as if the conventional school-girl titter and whisper were impossible.

The main library is twenty-six feet wide by twenty-seven long; each smaller annex is eighteen by twenty-six feet. The collection of books crowding the shelves numbered, in 1885, the date of the opening of the college, 6,200 volumes, representing an outlay of $4.200. Now, $3.000 per annum, irrespective of salaries, is the appropriation from the interest of funds invested for the increase of the library. The sum is divided judiciously among the various departments, the head of each presenting yearly a list of needed works. Melville Dewey's inimitable system of cataloguing works perfectly here, as everywhere else. The literature of each language is mapped out, from the earliest vestiges extant, to the present day, a symmetrical outline of subjects and authors being thus given. Scientific and technical works are massed near the doors of neighboring laboratories for convenience of reference. A plan has lately been presented to the Trustees, and will probably be adopted, for the erection of a Laboratory Hall which will leave the rooms now occupied by scientific apparatus etc., for the growth of the libraries. Ninety-five different periodicals—in various languages, and none of them technical—are to be found regularly upon the library-tables. The students have free access at all hours to the shelves. The bindings are neat, substantial and *good*.

The recitation-rooms, each with its rostrum and encircling chairs, the latter supplied with adjustable desks, the walls, hung with maps of latest date and improved attachments—are like those of other colleges —always excepting the window-pictures, the free flood of sunlight, and the pure yet genial air. This last was so free alike from chill and the stuffiness common to rooms where students congregate and tarry for hours daily, that we hearkened eagerly to our courteous cicerone's description of ventilation-methods the results of which are so satisfactory. Fresh air is admitted in careful abundance, and heated air escapes through Venetian ventilators. The type of sick headache which attends upon the inspiration of foul, devitalized air is unknown to the hundred-and-ten pupils who attend lectures in these rooms.

From the Chemical Library, with its range of books embodying the annals of Chemistry and Physics, we passed into the Chemical Laboratory. Even here, there are no disagreeable odors, no clutter of instruments and appliances. Each student has the regulation supply of tools—heat, reagents, chemical materials and apparatus for work, her own microscope and retort. The shelves are laden with phials, boxes, tubes and other accessoriess needful for study and experiment.

The course of undergraduates in this department is equivalent to that of the same class in Johns Hopkins University. Besides this, three years of graduate-study in each laboratory are offered.

While lingering here, we obtained a suc-



cinct abstract of the plan of study and everyday life among the young women whose lives have fallen in these pleasant places. It presents some interesting novelties.

For example—the students are more free to come and go than their brothers in their respective colleges and universities. Before visiting the city, they register names and intention in a book kept for that purpose. If they have calls from young men in their private sitting-rooms, the matron of the dormitory to which the girls belong is requested to act as chaperone. These are absolutely the only binding rules. If the students do not attend lectures, or make proper use of their time, they fail at examinations, and are "dropped" beyond recall. The modest boast that Bryn Mawr has a system of government without arbitrary laws and without punishments quotes as justification of the innovation that, in the four years of her existence, no real offence against decorum has been committed. It is assumed that those who present themselves for matriculation are not mischievous, ill-regulated madcaps, but rational, self-respecting young women, capable of self-government. Once enrolled, and attuned to the reigning spirit of the seminary, "*noblesse oblige*" would seem to be their motto.

The "Group System" of studies made popular by the "Big Brother"—Johns Hopkins University—that has served as an exemplar to the youthful sister, was adopted by Bryn Mawr College in her first semester. It embraces major and minor electives. A year's course in the study of any subject comprises five weekly recitations during the semester.

The Seminary-Room, fitted up with carpet, long table, chairs and blackboard, is for lectures delivered to advanced pupils in Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, and Anglo-Saxon. A corresponding apartment is devoted to modern languages. Lectures upon French and German literature are delivered in those tongues by native professors. Spanish and Italian are rendered by the students into French.

At least one-half of the girls are studying purely for the love of learning and the desire for self-culture. Of the remaining half, a majority are fitting themselves for teaching. All show, however, a disposition to *specialize*, on Ancient Languages, History, Political Science or some branch



TAYLOR HALL, BRYN MAWR, PA.

"A College that should give to women all the advantages so freely offered to young men."—*Dr. Joseph W. Taylor.*

of Natural Science, such as Biology, Chemistry, or Physics, while Mathematics are preferred by a creditable minority. This specializing, we were glad to be assured by President Rhoads, must be built upon a solid foundation. There can be no surface-work, no skimming, no smattering. Comparatively few expect to study medicine—a circumstance that surprised us somewhat. Women's Medical Colleges accept two years' study in the Chemistry and Biology classes of Bryn Mawr as an equivalant for a like period in their own courses on these subjects.

Knowing, as I have said, that medicine is not yet a favorite calling with the girls, whose general refinement of appearance and demeanor impressed us strongly and agreeably, we were hardly prepared to find the Experimenting-Room of the Biological Department the most interesting of the series. It comprises three rooms, one of which is devoted to lectures. On the walls are anatomical and botanical plates colored and uncolored. There are "specimens," retorts, bottles, cases—all the usual plenishing of such quarters—but in *un*usual order. Each pupil has her microscope, staining-apparatus and dissecting-tools. Each must "take" one year of scientific study—Biology, Chemistry or Physics—as a *sine qua non* to graduation.

I wish I could paint for others the scene in one of the three chambers as I beheld it that brilliantly-clear afternoon, when the wind piped and strummed against the picture-windows, and the sunshine flashed upon glass globes and tubes and polished steel; touching here a rounded girlish cheek, there a bowed head, yonder the rings on a shapely, busy hand, and, still smiling, ran up to the feet of a skeleton, so knock-kneed and wry-necked as to suggest that he was trying to wriggle loose from his impalement, and make for the window out of which he seemed to gaze. Passing from one object of interest to another, glancing, with a word of apology over this and that worker's shoulder, and emboldened by the invariable courtesy meted out to the intruder, I paused, at length, beside a young girl who was examining through a lens and making a drawing of something labeled—"*Medulla, Human.*"

"The *Medulla Oblongata?*" I asked in the sub-tone employed by every one in the busy hush of the rooms.

The worker raised a face bright with thought and kindliness.

"A section of it. At the base of the brain,"—in the same guarded key.

Without invitation I dropped into a chair, and took through her microscope my first view of this dreadfully important portion of the American's anatomy. Of the tiny, terrible thing which, if wearied, means agony of headache; if strained, dementia or idiocy; if bruised, death!

My professoress, *pro tempore*, gave me with modest grace, more information respecting her "subject" than I ever got from physiological books, illustrating what she said by her drawing, in which the often-heard-of mysterious gray flakes which, some bold thinkers will have it are visible thought, were colored a pale-brown. We were still speculating over microscope and sketch whether or not the particular flakes in this "section" might be a poem in process of growth, when my guide-friend to whom I owed the visit to the College-Home, reluctantly reminded me that the sun was almost out of sight, even in Bryn Mawr. I brought away the memory of scene and talk with me. Setting and rising suns cannot rob me of that.

Hurrying, of necessity, past the awful octopi; the coral insects caught at work and forever fixed upon the branches of coral brought from Naples; the incubator, and fifty other curious studies, we passed on to the chapel 63 x 45 feet in dimensions, every window of which was ablaze with sunset glories.

A tablet set in the wall is inscribed:

"In Memory
of Joseph W. Taylor,
Founder
of Bryn Mawr College,
Born 1810.
Died 1880."

Not a word of sentiment or eulogy.

What need? That, too, is well done.

In the President's private office, adjoining those of Dean and Secretary, and commanding, through a large bay-window, what is perhaps the finest view of all we saw, we talked in frank seriousness of the religious influences brought to bear upon an institution where love and order seem to rule without the intervention of moral machinery.

"The Founder," says an entry in my note-book, made as the syllables left Dr. Rhoads's lips,—"was a member of the Orthodox Society of Friends. A devout Chris-

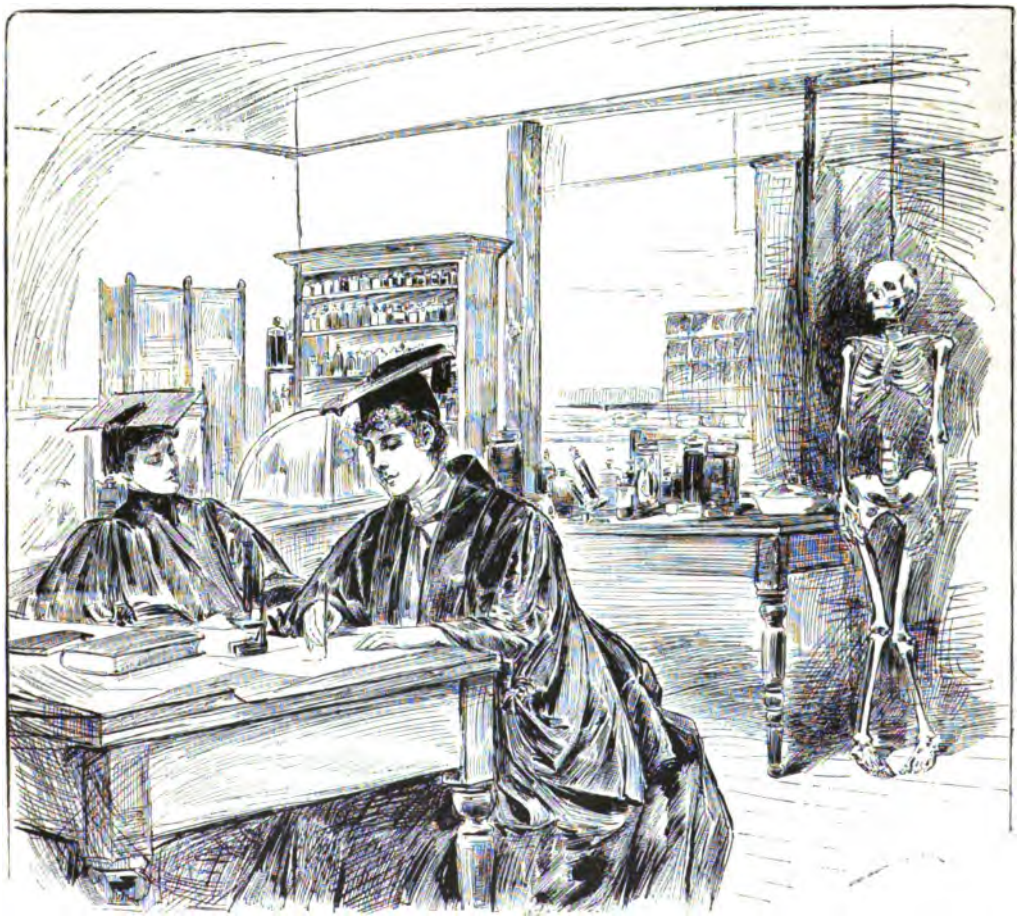
tian himself, he wished that all connected with the management of the college should instil the doctrines of the New Testament. His views on the subject of women's education were summed up in this one of his sentences:

"'True refinement of mind and manners, is essential to complete the character of woman, and subjection to Our Redeemer can alone perfect this.'"

Family worship is held at nine o'clock every morning in the chapel. The Scriptures are read, then a hymn, and a prayer is offered. Nobody is compelled to be present, and there are no forfeits. At least eight-tenths of the pupils attend the simple service. On Sunday, carriages are ready to take students to neighboring churches selected by their parents or themselves.

A large majority of students take daily exercise in the beautiful gymnasium. The hall is 30 x 80 feet. The apparatus is complete, but especially adapted for the use of girls. Each person who desires to avail herself of the advantages of the gymnasium, is examined tri-yearly by the Directress. whose business it is to see that none overexert themselves. There is a running-track around the gallery for rainy-day exercise.

The health of the Bryn Mawr pupils as a rule, improves decidedly from one semester to another. Up to date, no cases of illness from over-work have occurred. The members of the graduating-class of '89, twenty strong, leave the college in firmer health than was theirs at matriculation. Social recreations are varied and numerous. Tableaux, lawn-tennis, skating, driving, walking and riding-parties (some of the girls keeping their own horses), hare-and-hound hunts, "at homes" in private and general sitting-rooms, birthday gatherings, where the regulation costume is fancy dress; accepted invitations to afternoon teas and evening-receptions given by Bryn Mawr residents, combine with the genial, graceful home-life of the institution to prevent the scholar from becoming the recluse.



There are five established fellowships: Greek, English, History, Mathematics and Biology. The prize-winner who holds one has her tuition free for a year and $350 in cash. She who stands first among those who take the degree of Bachelor of Arts is entitled to $500 with which to prosecute her studies abroad.

Merion and Radnor Halls are dormitories. We had time for only a brief visit to the first-named. In the recollection of sickening whiffs of sewer gas that had met us in the labyrinthine passages of a spacious Hall, connected with another women's college, we noted gratefully in Merion Hall the pure freshness of corridors and rooms. The ventilation of the building is ingenious and perfect. The air enters the ventiiating-tube ten feet above the ground, under slight pressure, through a main shaft, moderately heated in winter from the boiler house. A flue from each room connects with a duct, which enters the great shaft thirty feet above the earth.

The dining-room is made cozy by window-benches and blossoming plants. The suite of apartments allotted to two girls, consists of a couple of single-bed dormitories, one on each side of a common sitting-room. The rooms into which we glanced bore the stamp of girlish tastes and womanly contrivance. In one, a rocking-chair drawn to the window, with a low, broad ottoman beside it, suggested "cuddling" and petting. In another, a vase holding a single rose, was set beneath the photograph of a white-haired man; upon a lounge in a third, lay a square cap and black gown, as the ov ·er had tossed them off, and a work-basket o. ·he stand near by was heaped with bright woo. Pictures—good engravings and family phc ɔgraphs—were in all, instead of the medley of theatrical celebrities, smoking-caps, pipes, foils, and base-ball gloves, that individualize the quarters of the boy-collegian.

That same evening, I enjoyed the coveted pleasure of a long, familiar chat with about a dozen girl-students in the drawing-room of a friend. Through their ingenuous friendliness of speech, I got a glimpse of the Innermost of their academic life that delighted me even more than had the outward aspect. They were charming, warm-hearted, intelligent young creatures, full of generous resolve and worthy ambition, yet unconsciously furnishing in word, look and manner, evidence that the feminine element, in its best and noblest form, is brought out by the training received in this College, which has no rule except the gospel of love and peace, and no penalties except the sad permission to leave a home the offender undervalues,—a permission for which, as has been remarked, occasion has not yet arisen.

The fortunate dwellers and workers within the edifice,—the corner-stone of which was laid by the cosmopolitan Quaker who believed in "Our Redeemer,"—are in process of development, physically, mentally and spiritually, into the stature of the Perfect Woman.

Marion Harland.





RAIN IN SPRING.

I have grieved for the rain to-day—
Steadily blotting the world from sight,
The world that has been so fair and gay
And now is covered with blight.

It has put out the tulips' fires;
In the calm still air of yesterday,
Fiercely they burned, like one's heart's desires,
Now they are faded and gray.

It has muffled the lily-bells,
Whose music had sounded so sweet and clear,
But now, no longer it thrill and swells,
Each lily-bell holds a tear.

The fallen apple-blossom snow,
That tried to bring back winter in vain,
Whose great flakes covered the ground below,
Has melted before the rain.

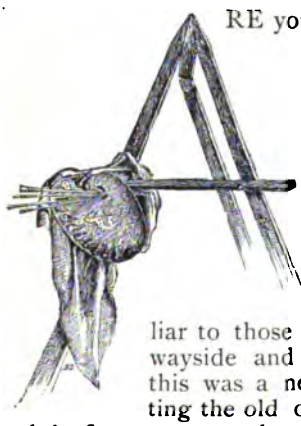
Even Narcissus bends a space,
Then lifts up its wet, rain-beaten head,
And shows me a thin transparent face,—
The face of a white flower,—dead.

So I grieve to-day for the rain
That has wrought all this sorrowful thing.
Yet rose-buds at their calyxes strain,
Seeming to shout like a glad refrain—
"The King is dead, long live the King!"

Bessie Chandler.



A SUMMER LOFT.



RE you two girls doing sceneries?" asked a gentle voice over our shoulders.

We had been half conscious of a silent form behind us, but felt for it that hardened indifference peculiar to those who sketch by wayside and highway. But this was a new form of putting the old question, and its subtle flattery arrested our attention and awakened our sympathy. When we turned from our work and looked at the little old woman in her faded calico gown, with the light beaming in her eyes and tremulous smile, we felt sure that, hidden away behind the wrinkles that etched her worn face, there was an ancient dream-land, obscured perhaps by the mist of years, but still spanned by the bow that unites youth and age, and, mentally, we elected her our patron saint.

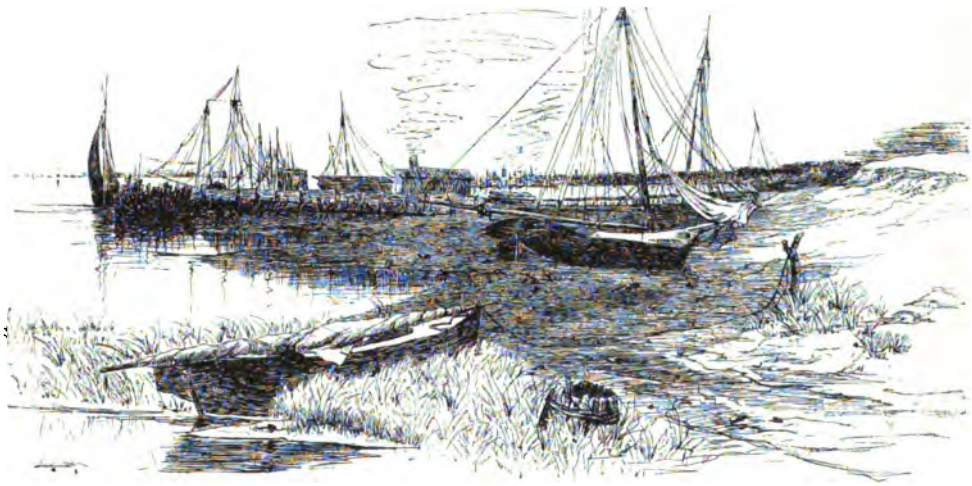
She of warm imagination and gentle address, was only one of many who formed an admiring circle around our sketching-stools, and to whom we were a nine days wonder, receiving homage from all, and noticed by the weekly paper, as "two female artists who have come down from the city to take the place." This sudden popularity was quite a new rôle for us. There was a certain sense of unworthiness, too, as we saw these simple-hearted folk reverently touching their hats as we passed.

Wishing to spend a few weeks in a spot where conventionalities were unknown, we two, Dry Point and Aqua-Fortis, had deserted our studios, leaving the spiders to weave charitable webs of mystery over unfinished studies, and escaped to this remote place by the sea. It was an experiment with us both. There was a mixture of doubt to add interest to the undertaking, for our acquaintance was still in its infancy, and up to this time had been bounded by studio walls. We had inadvertently discovered that we were each seeking for a sketching ground, so had boldly cast our lots together. I say boldly, for no sooner was the decision made than it was followed by many a qualm as to its wisdom, and a mental examination of each other's qualifications for a daily companion.

Dry Point was blessed with an uncle who lived in the very place of which we were in quest, an unfrequented island on the Jersey coast, teeming with "subjects." He had placed at our disposal a large room over his country store, unoccupied save by a few articles of furniture. This was cer-

tainly alluring, and we determined at least to give it a trial. So we made the venture for a week, which, somehow,spread itself into six.

All the fears and doubts which had been forgotten in the excitement of our trip, awoke with renewed vigor as we mounted the stairs at the back of uncle Oliver's store, and emerged through a hole in the floor, into the large upper room which had been represented as unoccupied. Before us surged a confused mob of bedsteads, washstands, bureaus, and every possible country-cousin of the domestic chair. They seemed to be pushing and elbowing each other aside with a fixed determination to assert their individual rights, and escape to the world through the medium of the stairway. There were chairs rampant and



chairs couchant ; there were chairs to the right of us, and chairs to the left of us, and chairs in front of us, and—a circumstance which Lord Tennyson certainly did not mention in regard to the cannon—there were chairs above us. Dangling by legs and backs, suggestive of acrobats in a circus, were rows upon rows of them suspended from the rafters as if they had swung themselves up there over the heads of the crowd, and were making their way to the front by miraculous means.

Evidently the riot act would have to be read ! The heart-sinking gave way to a determination not to be beaten in such a strife, and casting aside travelling bags and umbrellas, we plunged into the fray. There was a vigorous onslaught, a swift and inglorious retreat of the enemy, and a final triumph of law and order. Obstreperous furniture was now standing meek and orderly at one end of the room—rebellious chairs in the custody of more mature bedsteads, impudent washstands frowned down and held in check by over-towering bureaus, while the camp-stools had shrunk into mere nothings and made little heaps in dark, but secure corners. We had to confess, however, that there was a look of superiority and triumph in the chairs hanging from the rafters, and they haunted many a half-waking minute through the weeks that followed.

After the conflict we found ourselves in legal possession of one-half the room. We selected from the ranks of the conquered the best they afforded for our housekeeping. We drew a lounge from a secluded nook and appropriated all the easy chairs. Uncle Oliver displayed a set of unsalable shades by putting them in our windows, and we thought this an equally good place for his patent mosquito screens, which were unpopular by reason of their price. A few bits of bright drapery, a handful of wild flowers, a favorite book or two lying on our table, easels set up, paint-boxes opened, and things began to assume a homelike air. The feeling of largeness and bareness gave way before the first sketch tacked upon the walls. Day after day these increased and multiplied, till there were sketches of marsh and glimpses of sea, snag- trees and sea-pines, stranded vessels and gray sand-dunes on every side. Over these hung here and there bunches of seaweed and branches of sweet-smelling spruce, while, like a huge dusty cobweb, an old fishing net wove the rafters together.

Our room became so attractive and novel in appearance, that Uncle Oliver soon found us as good as an advertisement. He never ceased wondering at the transformation of his loft, nor could he resist the temptation of inviting his customers to a private view of our studio while we were away at work. We often returned to find our furniture sold from under us, and made daily guesses as to the next article chosen. We maintained that the sales were due to the draperies, and warily decorated the least attractive pieces of furniture.

Heaven's first law fought shy of Uncle Oliver's store, and seemed not a little afraid of certain political meetings which were in constant session back of his counter, meetings between very democratic iron pots, saucepans, shovels, rakes and hoes, while, a little further on, an opposition meeting was held by more fragile and aristocratic basins and ewers, with lookers-on of mugwump watering-pots, who seemed forever putting their noses into other people's business. On his shelves continually countermarched regiments of glass sugar-bowls, butter-dishes, coffee-cups, tea-pots, wooden spoons, toasting-forks, and ornamented drinking-mugs bearing the usual mottoes, "Forget-me-not," and "A birth-day gift." Another corner was devoted to rolls of oil-cloth, shades and wire-netting. The ceiling was festooned with hats of all sizes and shapes, balls of twine, children's spades, toy buckets, and innumerable other sea-shore objects, giving it a festive and holiday appearance.

This was the village rendezvous where longshoremen dropped in at all hours. Seated upon a coil of rope, or a keg of nails, they discussed, in slow, leisurely fashion, those local matters which most nearly affected themselves. For matters which stirred the outside world they had a silent contempt, born perhaps of that sense of the littleness of the world that must come to men whose weather-beaten faces are turned constantly toward the limitless sea. When they told some incident of wild weather, of ships driven ashore and lives lost or saved, their hands came out of the deep pockets into which they were apt to sink in moments of meditation, and their tones lost something of their slowness and were pitched in a higher key, so that we in our room above, often caught snatches of stirring tales.

Here the men of the place bought brads and ten-penny nails, and the women indulged in cheap soap and writing materials. When Uncle Oliver asked us to "mind the store" for half an hour, we had the novel excitement of dealing out some of these, and felt a strange pleasure in discussing the most suitable pattern in oil-cloth for the top of someone's kitchen-table, or in displaying our eloquence on the merits of a patent stove-lifter, though again there were moments of confusion and mental despair when a customer asked for "bits" or "acorn butts."

Our little loft was rich in the posession of seven windows looking over Little Egg-Harbor Bay, or out toward the ocean. We could see, on the one side, the surf beating in a long line of white, and tossing wreaths of foam about the boiler of a wrecked steamer, as it stood there firmly imbedded in the sand, withstanding the ebb and flow of the tides. On the other side stretched the salt marsh, over which the sun sank into the waters of the bay, streaking the low-lying meadow with many tints at evening, which in the daytime still seemed to linger among its grasses.

Nature has been lavish with her gifts to this long, narrow island, set between bay and ocean, yet it has the unstudied appearance of a whim, a work of thoughtless mood. If such a paradox were admissible, we would call it a passive creation; nothing is put, everything is left. The beach is almost without color, a cool gray stretch of sand, clean as if freshly laid each day. On this smooth surface every wind weaves in monochrome new tracings, every wave leaves new treasures of weed and shell,—shells white and gray, with but a suggestion of pink in their pearly linings, weeds that come up from a watery home all dressed in carmine and pale green and glistening with salt drops. As these prisms vanish before the sun, what was once color is now but another gray speck amid the mass of somber hue; even the insects look like grains of sand skimming along the water's edge.

Corresponding to the seven miles of sand on the one hand, are seven miles of marsh on the other. The level plain is no longer a dull gray, but rich in glowing colors; a thousand shades of green in Summer, and of red in Autumn; beyond, one sail after another, rocks idly on the bay until some passenger "goes off shore." What joy the passenger feels! What a sense of ownership he has when seated in the bow of one of these! What pride in its speed! and what a satisfaction at each less fortunate

sail passed on the way, and when on land how we admire its repeated reflection on every wave!

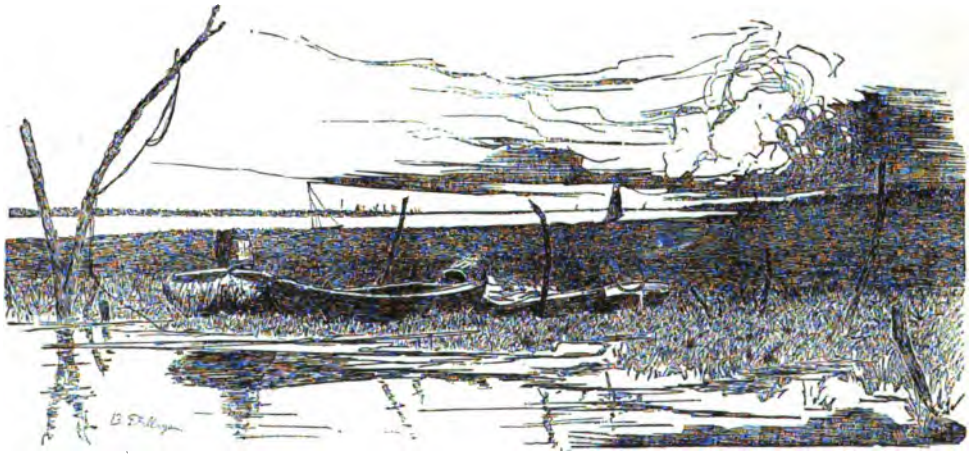
"Oh happy ship to rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip.
Oh happy crew, my heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew."

It was with some misgiving that we established ourselves at the board of a woman who informed us that she took boarders "whenever she was a widow." She had a name that easily resolved itself into Deadeye, and it was by this sobriquet that we henceforth called her. She was tall and thin, and wore an abundance of false hair, which towered above her face and suggested an ancient warrior with visor raised. She had the faculty of always being fresh from the flour barrel, of which fact she bore unmistakable evidence on hands and dress. The former were often in a state of entangled doughiness when she came to welcome us, which duty she religiously performed three times daily. That she did not receive us with an embrace is, only, I believe, because we ignored her open arms. She often regaled us with tales of the gallantry and wit of the place. Among other topics served up as sauce at our meals, came inevitably "the Literary." We wondered whether Columbus found, on landing at San Salvador, a "Literary" among the natives, and were the savages formed into a "band?"

Mrs. Deadeye would sit down on her sofa and begin—

"Such a pity you weren't at the Literary last night; it was just splendid, wasn't it, Mrs. H——?" addressing the only other boarder. "And you ought to have heard the 'Chronicle,' it *was* so funny—wasn't it Mrs. H——? Something in it about you, I don't precisely recollect what—anyway it was something about you—about your painting pictures, or painting the place, or —well I don't precisely recollect, but it was very funny, you ought to have heard it. And there were some more jokes in it, one about Conover." Here Mrs. H—— received a knowing wink and the eyes of both were fastened upon Aqua-Fortis.

"Conover" was Mrs. Deadeye's next-door neighbor, the beau of the place. We—quite ignorant of his reputation,— had engaged him to take us sailing, and while on the water, Aqua-Fortis in an unlucky moment, had burst into Irish song. This had so bewitched our young skipper, that on landing he refused to take compensation.



Thereafter he used to chop wood opposite the kitchen door during each meal and in full view of his charmer. This zeal for work vanished as soon as she left the table, and he recovered from the effort by frequent games of croquet in which she was invited to participate—Dry Point included on sufferance.

No wonder Mrs. Deadeye winked at Mrs. H—— and Mrs. H—— winked back again!

"You'd have laughed if you'd 'a been there; they had a conundrum,"—another look toward Aqua-Fortis—"which would you rather have, a turn-over or a Conover?"

Knives and forks were laid down and we ceased laughing only to begin again. Mrs. Deadeye saw her success! If the joke was so funny at breakfast, how much funnier it would be at dinner, how irresistible at supper! So again and again we had it served up to us.

The menu at this widow's board was al-

most as remarkable as was she herself. One day we were astonished by a dish which so appalled us by its flotsam and jetsam, that we quietly ignored it and contented ourselves with boiled eggs, with whose true inwardness we felt she could not interfere. She watched us with anxiety for a few moments, hovering about the room and leaving little marks of flour on everything she touched. At last the strain was too great. Dry Point solemnly handed the mysterious compound to Aqua-Fortis, who quietly declined and returned it to its original place; Mrs. Deadeye's face fell.

"I thought you said you liked dressed lettuce?" she exclaimed in a disappointed tone.

Confusion and blushes betrayed our ignorance.

Having discovered that strawberries had finally found their way to this lone corner of the earth, we began to praise them as our favorite fruit, for our wildest flights of imagination suggested no disguise for these. That evening they appeared on the table; we smiled and thanked her for her thoughtfulness, rejoiced in their advent, and made ourselves generally agreeable over the feast in store for us. In the course of time we came to them—the horror with which we discovered that they were sugared with the brownest of brown sugar was only excelled by the generosity with which this had been done. We looked at each other with a ghastly smile, but we had either to eat them, or eat our own words, and we preferred the less humiliating diet. They continued to be served to us with the regularity and persistence of Mrs. Deadeye's successful joke. When they appeared at breakfast we informed her, with a courage equal to, but certainly differing from George Washington's, that we never ate fruit in the morning.

The water was another horror; it might have been a direct importation from that country whither toads and frogs immigrated when Saint Patrick drove them out of Ireland. After having done without this rare article for several days, until we began to feel like the survivors of a wreck, we were one morning walking down the village street when the wandering eyes of Aqua-Fortis fell on the sign of a small ice cream saloon. A brilliant idea struck her, ; was not water always served with ice cream, and might it not be pure? Speedy action was the result. She shot across the street and disappeared through the shop door. Dry Point watched this proceeding in astonishment, and, after a moment of hesitation, followed to discover the cause. There stood the brilliant reasoner before a large water-cooler, drinking copious glasses of the mild beverage.

Her thirst was not yet quenched, when a decrepit old man emerged from a back room, and seeing a rather severe-looking individual with eyes riveted on some suspicious-looking bottles on the floor behind the counter, hastened to explain—

"'Taint nothin' intoxicatin'; besides, they're all empty."

Dry Point blushed at the impression given; like Tray, she was in bad company. She lifted her chin with a lofty air, scanned the shelf of candy-bottles over the head of the old man, and summoning her most lady-like smile, said:

"We came in to see if you had any lemon candy?"

O Sapphira!

The ancient shopkeeper mopped his bald head nervously. "No," said he, "but we expect some to morrow."

The natives were in a constant state of expecting to-morrow whatever you wanted to-day.

Aqua-Fortis looked over the rim of her fifth glass of water. "Wouldn't sour balls do as well?"

"Why to be sure!" said the energetic tradesman, dropping his bandanna in the excitement of a possible sale. "Of course, they're just the same. I don't suppose you mind its not being in sticks? And these fit the mouth so beautifully."

Out came the family purse and a stock of sour balls was laid in.

We walked down the street in silence, Aqua-Fortis in a profound study over the uses of lemon candy, Dry Point with her chin still in the air. The question was a weighty one and too much for the brilliant brain of Aqua-Fortis.

"What *did* you want of those dreadful sour balls?"

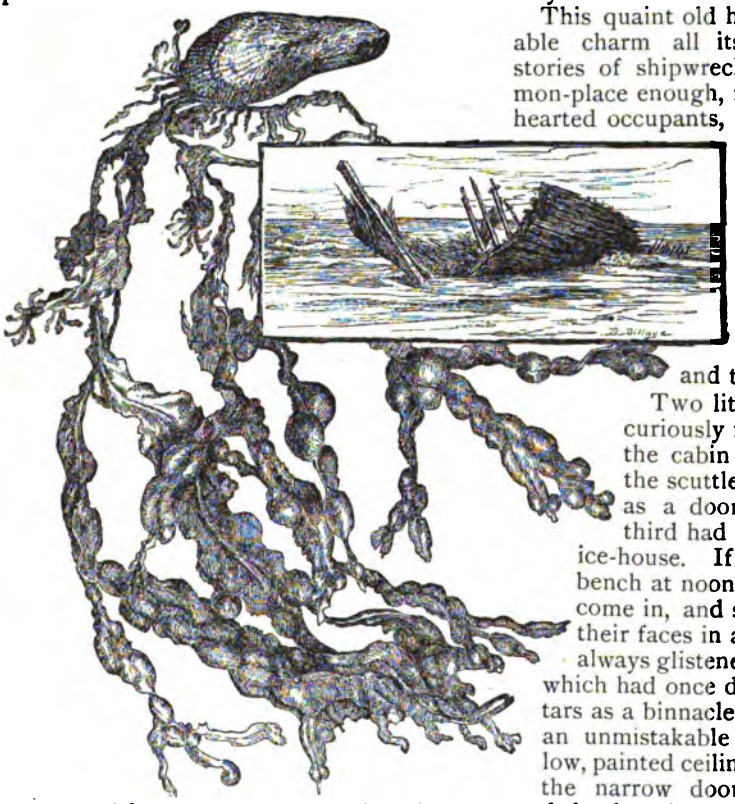
Dry Point opened her large blue orbs in wonder at such obtuseness.

"I felt the necessity of asking for something after your bouncing into a shop in such an unprecedented manner and making yourself so thoroughly at home, so I looked along the shelves, and took particular pains to ask for that which was most conspicuous by its absence. I didn't expect you to spring that sour-ball trap on me!"

The firm of Brilliant Brains and Happy

Thought have put up the shutters and gone into bankruptcy!

This taste of good water, the strawberry episode, the complicated menu, the continuation of stale and pointless jokes, and the monument of devotion and shattered hopes at the kitchen door, all determined us to seek our fortunes elsewhere. The question was how to break the news to Mrs. Deadeye. We at last devised a plan of making her own words her downfall. If she considered us so fond of young men, why not make them the ground for our departure?



At breakfast a silence came after the established joke, followed by an embarrassed cough from Dry Point, who, having broken the ice in this time-honored way, boldly plunged in.

"Mrs. Deadeye, you know we girls came down here for real fun," she said. "Now boating seems to be the principal amusement of the place, and we can't boat without young men, but we see Captain Miller has boats and lots of young men, so we have decided to go over there and try it for a while."

It was a bold stroke and Mrs. Deadeye's breath was fairly taken away. No sour-ball sequence being proposed, we departed amicably and speedily.

Captain Miller's house, where we next dined, was to our eyes, the most picturesque on the island. It stood aloof and independent in its unique architecture, as if scorning the newer houses which had sprung up during the past few years. The old willows that fenced it round had a refreshing air equally in contrast to those modern cottages, with their coffin-like flower-beds with clam-shell borders, which invariably ornamented the approach to the door.

This quaint old house had an indescribable charm all its own. It suggested stories of shipwreck and adventure, common-place enough, no doubt, to the simple hearted occupants, but to us, full of romance. It was quite as good as Peggotty's cottage, which once fired our young imagination, for though not a wreck, it was composed of many that had come ashore here and interwoven their planks and their histories.

Two little windows looked out curiously from a room formed of the cabin of one steamer, while the scuttle of another was used as a doorstep; the ballast of a third had been converted into an ice-house. If you stood by the long bench at noon, you could see the men come in, and stooping over it, wash their faces in a large brass basin that always glistened there in the sun, and which had once done service among the tars as a binnacle. The interior, too, had an unmistakable air of the cabin, the low, painted ceilings, the swinging lamps, the narrow doors with curious knobs and hooks, the cushioned seat that ran along the side of one of the rooms, and the swelling floor that seemed to heave under our feet, as all these things had once done, with the surging tides.

Here Captain Miller came ashore twenty years before, like one of these ship-wrecked vessels, and tried to piece out his fortune as he had done his house, with odds and ends; fishing a little, farming a good deal, sailing from place to place, and picking up stray jobs here and there, occasionally finding something useful in the wrecks that came ashore, or turning their old iron into

money. Thus, in his Crusoe fashion, he had bought so many acres of the island, that he was regarded by the inhabitants as "a man of propertie."

To us he was a hero, with his simple, generous ways, and there was a natural refining influence in his gentle voice, which you could see reproduced in his children, who, untrammelled by the conventionalities of the world, gave, in their free hearty way, the invitation—"Come over, girls!"

Hunting out the rare bits in this island, and daily conveying our impression to canvas, we led a kind of ideal existence. Few, save those who have spent hours in the shade of a sketching umbrella, alone with nature and their own thoughts, can have any idea of the charm of such a life, or how each faculty is intensified and quickened by their close relationship and silent communion; with the sound of the breaking sea coming faintly to you through the still warm atmosphere, and over there on the meadow, the single note of a bird, mingling with the faint hum of insects, and the whispering of grasses at your side, you feel as if nature was made for you alone, and as if you were listening to secret communications from her lips. With eyes inspired by this semi-clairvoyant state, you see before you no longer a solid stretch of green marsh; your brush wanders into aureoline, with its soft shades of yellow, and emphasizes with touches of burnt sienna. But all our days were not spent in filling our canvas with the salt-scented marshes, tempting as they were.

We had heard, that far up the beach, lay the wreck of the "Zetland," a schooner that had come ashore in a November gale, and which we could discern on a clear day, a mere speck of black on the gray shore, suggestively like a figure waving a welcome to us out of the distance. The fascination grew, as day after day, it seemed ever on its journey toward us, but never reached us. We felt compelled to go out to meet it and learn its secret.

With our sketching materials packed in their smallest compass, we stood one early morning not long after, on Captain Miller's steps, awaiting the coming of a cart that bore laborers up the beach. No one was abroad in the still village save Mrs. Miller and ourselves. There was a slight chill in the air, the freshening of a new day; the sky was streaked with pale blue tints, verging upon green, and the clouds that skirted the horizon were flushed with pink, showing how lately they had awakened from the night.

A strange quiet reigned, and the long village street, with closed windows and doors, looked drear and desolate, till the sound of wheels came rattling around the corner, and our cart drove up, heralded by a little Scotch terrier. We jumped in among the picks and the shovels, and took our seats on the rough board where we shook about as we jolted along over the road to the beach. The firm strand lay glittering in the still morning light with a sheen, left by the out-going tide, like that on silk. The beach was very wide here, and came down to the sea with a certain reserve, which made even that less bold.

The cool air of the morning, the scarcely awakened sun, the plash of the sea at our side, the regular beat of the horses' hoofs as they crushed the wet sand beneath, all went to produce a feeling of isolation and possession of the world. We were filled with great gladness as we looked from end to end of the beach and saw nothing to dispute our right. Behind us, across the strand and over the water beyond, we could see a dim outline of houses, where South Atlantic City lay asleep in the sun. Before us there was no sign of life, except that black speck that had tempted us to this morning adventure.

Every now and then a wave bigger than its fellows came rolling in under our wheels far beyond us, leaving a line of foam whipped up on the sand, and making us dizzy as it ran back again. The horses tossed their heads, and the shaggy little terrier trotting at their heels, snapped at the receding waves. The haze removed further up the beach, in the far distance the figure grew more upright, and the waving hand resolved itself into a great rib of "The Zetland."

The tide was out when we reached our destination; the wreck lay high on the sand, a pool of water reflecting the black ribs and moss-draped sides. Promising to return at six, the workmen wished us luck and went their way, rejoicing, no doubt, that they were not condemned to a day of smearing paint on pieces of canvas.

There was no time to lose. We forgot for the time, the glories of the morning, and were alive only to the wonders of the better half of "The Zetland;" the rest with many gaunt, upraised arms, lay further up the beach, pleading its cause to high Heaven. With an eye to the rising tide, we

made marks on the beach to note the advance of the creeping waves. As we painted, these were obliterated one by one, our stools sank slowly in the shifting sands, the sea came up and wetted our feet, and we were driven back to the underbrush and tangle that edged the marsh.

Here we fell to work on new subjects, but we were not long in discovering that we had hit upon the retreat of our enemies, the mosquito, the gnat, and the green-headed fly. They were down upon us like the Philistines. We beat wildly at them with our paint brushes, bestowing as much paint upon the surrounding sand as upon our canvas until "a wind came up out of the sea" and drove the foe further back.

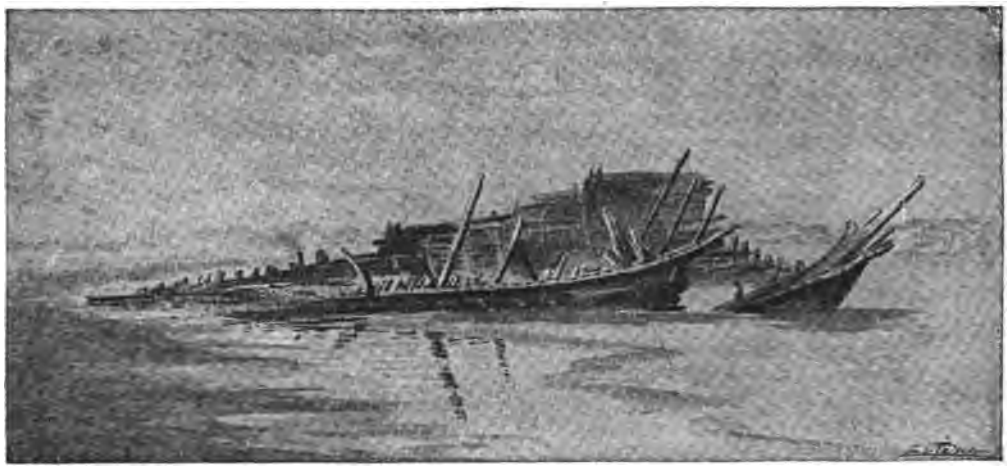
When we returned later in the day, the hard beach was covered by the tide, and after a little plodding through the sand, our driver turned his horses' heads towards the land, and we took our way through the most enchanting road, cut through the woods, that in this part of the island lay just back of the sand-dunes. It was uneven and rough, but how delightful! The trees reached out and smote us with fragrant branches, the sweet fern sent up its incense as our wheels crushed it in passing, streaks of sunset gleamed through the interlacing boughs, the low, sad-colored marsh was visible here and there through openings, and the stillness of evening was over all, and the freshness of the already falling dew.

So the time rolled on as steadily as the waves beating on the shore. The weeks to which we had limited ourselves, were almost spent, our money was gone. What should we do? There were no picture-dealers here, but the inevitable buyer of painted shells must be in some near lurking-place, and we, with a store at our command! We would tempt him with the objects of his desire. We put the thought into action at once and decided to give up half of each day to hack-work, that we might spend another week by the sea. We turned ourselves into a factory and soon became expert; sea, sky, rock, tree and sand each had a special color devoted to it, which we mixed in large quantities. With the sky-palette one devoted herself to a long line of skies, which were passed on to the other to have the requisite number of shores added, and so on until completed. We painted the boat, the school-house, the bath-houses and the wreck, the wreck being especially popular.

Uncle Oliver, having been bribed by a sample gift, readily consented to put up a shelf in his store on which our wares were displayed amid the soaps and the brushes, the ten-penny nails, and the oil-cloths. The prices were to be regulated by public opinion, so when our first customer laid down a clam shell and picked up a conch, saying, "Oh this is lovely, but it costs more, I suppose, it must be so much harder to paint inside," we quickly took the hint and added an appropriate amount. Conch-shells were immediately in great demand.

Thus the question was settled, and the weeks were lengthened out into six. We must not fail to mention that a particularly hideous specimen of the hotel, painted by order, on a clam-shell, is still unpaid for.

Blanche Dillaye.
Edith Loring Pierce.



AN OLD NEW YORK HOMESTEAD.

OAK HILL, UPON THE LIVINGSTON MANOR.



FAIR Alida (van) Schuyler, daughter of Philip Petersen Schuyler* of Albany, married, first, Rev. Nicholas van Rensselaer, and as his widow, espoused, in 1683, Robert Livingston, one of the most remarkable men of his century.

His family sprang from a Hungarian root. "Livengus" is among the names of the knights who followed William of Normandy across the Channel. A Livingston, George of Linlithgow, lost title and estate through his devoted partisanship of the losing side in 1645.

Robert, his grandson, was the son of John Livingston, a Scottish clergyman resident in Linlithgow, until his removal to Holland after the sequestration of the family estates. Callender House, in the neighborhood of this town, was one of the residences of the family. The name occurs frequently upon the grave-stones in the burial-ground of the parish church.

John—otherwise "Messer John," otherwise "Dominie" Livingston, visited America, to "prospect" for the foundation of a family estate in the New World, a design frustrated by his death soon after his return to Scotland,—about the year 1672. Robert sailed for this country in 1674, and settled in the Dutch Colony of Beverwyck (Albany.)

In 1675, he was Town Clerk and Secretary of Indian affairs. In 1680, he presented to "his Excellency Sir Edmund Andross knt., Governor Gen'l. under his Royall Highness of New Yorke and Dependences in America," an "humble peticou" for the grant of a "Certain tract of Land Lying upon Rolef Jansen's kill or Creeke, upon the East side of Hudson's River, near Cats kill belonging to the Indyan Proprietors not purchased by anybody hitherto and your humble Petitioner being Informed that the owners are willing to dispose of the same with the runn of Water or Creeke," etc. etc.

The "peticou" is superscribed ;—

"Granted to be Purchased according to Law And upon A Survey thereof Duly returned a Pattent to be grannted him for a Bowery or farme there as desired. New Yorke the 12th of Novemb'r 1680,

E. ANDROSS."

This modest demand, promptly granted, was the tip of the camel's nose thrust into the wigwam-window of the Mohican Indians owning "3 Flatts with some small Flatts" together with sundry "Woodland, Kills, Creeks" and the like extending "Northwards, Southwards and further Eastward, keeping the same breadth as on the River bank." The land was paid for in guilders, "Blankets and Child's Blankets" shirts, cloth, "Ten kettles," powder, guns, twenty little looking-glasses, fish-hooks, awls and nails, tobacco, knives, strong beer. "Four stroud-coats, two duffel coats and four tin kettles," rum and pipes, ten pairs of large stockings and ten pairs of small, not to mention adzes, paint, bottles and twenty little scissors.

The deed was signed July 12, 1683, in Albany, by Robert Livingston, a Dutch interpreter, two Dutch witnesses and—each by his mark—four Indians.

Tamaranachquae, an Indian woman, stipulated, before signing, for the right to plant and sow for four years on a certain "little hook of Land."

This first grant was for 2000 acres of land on Hudson's River.

Letters patent for another tract of 600 acres were issued to Robert Livingston, Aug, 27, 1685. In 1686, the tracts were erected into a Lordship or Manor, giving a "Court-leet, Court-Baron, and other dignities and privileges."

The Attorney-General for the Crown endorsed the "pattent" to the effect that it had been "duly perused and found to contain nothing prejudiciall to His Majestye's interest." There was a good deal to be perused. Besides the usual legal verbiage and iteration, there is mention of "black Oake" and "white Oake Trees marked L," of "Timberwoods Underwoods Swamps Moors Marshes Meadows Rivoletts Hawking Hunting fishing

*See "An Old New Jersey Homestead," in May No. of THE HOME-MAKER.

fowling" (with never a comma between) of a "Marsh lyeing neare unto the said kills of the said Heapes of Stones upon which the Indians throw upon another as they Passe by from an Ancient Custom among them," of "Mines Mineralls (Silver and Gold Mines only excepted)"—and so on, through about 3000 "words, words, words," winding up with statement of the obligation on the part of "the said Robert Livingston, his Heires and assigns forever," to pay a yearly rent or tax of "Eight and twenty Shillings Currant Mony of this Country," to the Crown.

Thus far, the world and his adopted land had dealt generously by the son of the Scotch Dominie.

The first discord in the chant of praise to him who had done well for himself comes to us in a note from the Earl of Bellomont, resident Governor of the Colony, addressed to the London Board of Trade,

"2nd Jan'y 1701.

"Mr. Livingston has on his great grant of 16 miles long and 24 broad, but 4 or 5 cottages as I am told, men that live in vassalage under him and are too poor to be farmers not having wherewithall to buy cattle to stock a farm."

The *sequitur* to this note was the removal by Lord Bellomont of Robert Livingston from the office of collector of excise in Albany, and the statement, also accredited to the Earl-Governor, that the collector deserved, on account of "great frauds" practiced in and out of office, to be suspended from His Majestye's Council. Lieutenant-Governor Nanfran took up the accusation upon Lord Bellomont's death in 1701 (2). In his indictment he declares that the story of the ex-collector's connection with "Capt. Kidd the pyrate" had never been disproved; that Livingston was guilty of fraudulent and contumelious conduct, and desertion of His Majestye's service and province. For these causes, singly and combined, he was suspended "from being one of his Maj'ty's Council of this province until his Maj'ty's pleasure be further known therein."

The next blow was a demand from the Assembly that he be deprived of *all* his offices, five in number, and his estate be confiscate. In 1705, arrived Queen Anne's warrant reinstating him in every office. The Council, thereupon, declared his position of Secretary of Indian affairs a sinecure, and refused to pay his salary. Rob't Livingston's petition to Lord Lovelace, "Governor-in-Chief of the Province in New Yorke East and West Jersays &c," for payment of moneys due him for services rendered as Indian Agent, contains the mention of the prudent neutrality of his wife's brother when Livingston's petition for the "arrears of his said salary" was laid before the Council. He thus quotes the entry on the Council-Book, Sept, 15, 1708.

"It is ye opinion of his Excellency & all ye Council (Except Coll. Schuyler who gave no opinion therein) that ye Petition be disallowed," etc., etc.

The indefatigable Lord of the "Mannor" next offered himself as representative to the Albany Assembly and was elected in 1709,—a position he held for five years. In that time, he secured the repeal of every act injurious to himself, and triumphed completely over detractors and persecutors.

In 1710, the parent government transported a colony of 3000 Palatines (Hessians) to a tract of land lying on Hudson River. The Queen, no longer needing them as mercenary troops, lent willing ear to the proposition that they should be settled near the Canadian frontier, as a passive safegard against French and Indians, and to make "Turpentine, Rozin, Tarr and Pitch" for commerce and the British navy. It is an interesting and somewhat amusing story, that of this troublesome colony, many of whose names are perpetuated in the denizens of East and West Camps and Germantown, New York. Robert Livingston sold to Governor Hunter as Representative of the Crown, for four hundred pounds sterling, enough land to furnish a plot of ground and a cabin-site to each emigrant family, and obtained the contract to feed them at sixpence a head, *per diem*. Liberal rights of way were reserved in the ponderous deed recording the transfer, also, hunting and fishing-privileges, and liberty of digging, taking and carrying away stones from the river beach. Stipulation was further made that no pines should be felled within six English miles of the Livingston saw-mills.

Notwithstanding the minute provisions of the contract made with Livingston for victualling the Palatines, he so far managed to get the best of the bargain that Lord Clarendon wrote to Lord Dartmouth in 1711, his conviction that "Livingston and some others will get estates; the Palatines will not be the richer."

I wish it were consistent with the bounds

of this article to go into the particulars of the further connection of Robert Livingston with the Hessian settlement. If he made money out of the Crown and them, they were a fretting thorn in his side until the day of his death.

In 1721, he moved, as "Sole Proprietor of the Manor of Livingston," for the establishment and building of a Church upon his estate, and for calling "some able and pious Dutch Reformed Protestant Minister from Holland" to officiate therein. The Chapel now standing at Staatje (Little Village), about a mile and a-half below the site of the Manor-House, is built over the vault of the ancient church. The Chapel—a new structure—took the place of the "Livingston Reformed Church of Linlithgow," erected in 1780. Generations of Livingston dead rest within the vault, which was bricked over for all time, within a few years, by Mr. Herman Livingston, the present proprietor of Oak Hill.

The original Manor-house stood at the mouth of what was at the time of the grant, known as "Roelef Jansen's Kill," and afterward received the name of Livingston Creek. It was low-ceiled and thick-walled, a colonial farm-house with outbuildings for negro slaves and other laborers. An odd and yet authentic tradition is that Robert Livingston kept his wealth of ready money on the floor in one corner of his bed-room. There was no lock on the door through which, when open, children, servants and visitors could see the piles of Spanish coin heaped up in apparent carelessness. The story goes so far to as give $30,000 as the amount of the deposits on one occasion in this primitive bank, and to add the astounding information that the proprietor, who was at once Board of Direction, President and Cashier, never lost doubloon or dollar by the dishonesty of those who could easily have made draughts upon his "pile."

Robert Livingston died in 1722. In listening to the story of his life, the wonder arises that he yielded finally to any foe, even the King of Terrors. His was a crafty, far-reaching intellect; in will-power, he was sublime. He grasped audaciously, and held with a grip councillors and nobles could not relax. When deprived at home of offices and titles, he went abroad in one of his own vessels, to sue for justice at the foot of the throne, and brought home in his pocket the papers reinstating him in position and fortune. Upon the return voyage he was in imminent danger of shipwreck. In recognition of his signal deliverance, he set aside the family crest—, a *demi-sauvage*, with the motto, "*Si je puis*,"—and assumed a device of his own,—a ship in distress, with the legend, "*Spero meliora.*" To hardihood, enterprise, and keen intelligence, he must have joined a magnetic personality of which history, written and oral, gives no hint except by recording his magnificent successes. Buccaneers, Indian savages, phlegmatic Dutchmen, peers and princes seem to have been powerless to resist his influence when confronted by him, however they might plot for his ruin in his absence.

Yet it is not a comely, or in any sense an attractive visage that gazes at us from the Oak Hill portrait of the first Lord of the Manor. In full-bottomed wig, and official scarlet robes, he looks the astute, sardonic, rugged-featured Scotchman, born to drive and domineer when he could, and to outwit, where force was futile.

At the death of this extraordinary man, his will bestowed the lower section of the Manor (Clermont) upon his son Robert, the Manor proper descending to the oldest son, Philip.

Philip Livingston's will (dated July 15, 1748) left the Manor to his son, Robert, known in the family as Robert Livingston Jun'r. Robert's estate, by a will bearing date of May 31, 1784, was, at his death, divided among his sons, Walter, Robert C., John and Henry.

Robert Livingston, Jr., inherited with the Manor and name his grandfather's pluck and persecutions. The immense estate, great now in value as in extent, was the subject of controversy between Massachusetts and New York. The correspondence carried on by lawyers and governors is voluminous and entertaining.

In 1795, about 260 descendants of the emigrant Palatines, "Inhabitants of the Town of Livingston in the County of Columbia," demanded from the New York Legislature an investigation into the title by which the Livingstons held their famous Manor. Much of the petition is taken up with the recapitulation of the terms and limitations of the original grants which, it alleged, were for but 2,600 acres, whereas the descendants of the said Robert Livingston claim under these letters-patent, 175,000 acres.



OAK HILL ON THE LIVINGSTON MANOR.

About one-third of the petitioners signed the instrument with their marks, instead of writing their names. At the foot of the recorded document is the briefly-significant note:

"*** On the 19 March, 1795, the committee of the Assembly reported adversely on the above petition, and the House concurred in the Report on the 23d of the same month."

Judge Sutherland prefaces his able "Deduction of Title to the Manor of Livingston" by a note to the then proprietor (in 1850), Mr. Herman Livingston, in which he gives the number of acres originally contained in the estate as 160,000. "All of which," he adds, "have been sold and conveyed in fee simple, but about 35,000 acres."

This "deduction" was consequent upon a celebrated Manorial Suit contesting the validity of the Livingston title, in which Judge Sutherland was counsel for the proprietors. A MS. note upon the fly-leaf of the pamphlet before me informs the reader that "John Van Buren's fee from the Anti-Renters was $2500, and $20 per day from the State during the trial."

Marion Harland.

(*To be continued.*)



LIVINGSTON COAT-OF-ARMS.

WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

HOUSEKEEPING IN GERMANY.



ONE of us spoke German, and every one advised us to go into a Pension for the first six months of our stay in Deutschland. But I said, "No, in my opinion Pensions were never intended for people with eight children. I wanted a home, let it be ever so temporary a one."

So, morning after morning, Paterfamilias and I set forth from our hotel with a long list of desirable apartments in our hands and—climbed stairs. That is my principal recollection of the days we spent house-hunting—stairs, stairs, stairs, till I am sure, had they been piled one flight atop of another, we could have easily brought down the moon for the little Prince of the nursery legend, and Dr. Spanker's services need not have been called in—till the next time.

Our climbing was finally crowned with success, and we became the temporary owners of the second floor of a villa with a very handsome entrance, large, pleasant rooms, plenty of them, and, what we had scarcely hoped to find in Germany, a bath-room with hot and cold water and a shower-bath. Kitchen, store rooms and servants' rooms were in the roof, and there was a dumb-waiter.

Next came the furnishing, done after a fashion new to us, but very common here. We went to a *Mobleur* and said:

"We have rented such an *Étage*. Will you go and look at it and tell us what you will charge per month for furnishing it handsomely."

This method is better than renting apartments already furnished, for while it costs about the same, one has more choice as to the furniture. I must acknowledge that our ideas and those of our *Mobleur* as to what was "handsome" did not always correspond. Still by dint of rejecting some things and insisting upon others, we were finally pretty well satisfied, and when we had rented a piano, bought a few bits of porcelain and some fanciful pieces of bamboo furniture to lighten the general effect, ordered in a quantity of plants, and scattered photographs, books, magazines and some embroidered scarfs about, our rooms looked very bright and habitable, especially as we had an open fire in the large dining-room where we sat during the day, and also one in the salon. That was another unlooked for pleasure. We had not expected to "see a fire" at all.

I must here speak a good word for the much maligned porcelain stoves. We like them because they give us such an equable temperature. Our rooms scarcely vary a degree in the twenty-four hours, and as we open our windows very frequently to freshen the air, we have not the feeling of closeness so often complained of. Our rooms were all ready to move into, and now came the servants. Any woman who has been, like myself, under bondage for years to a large family, the resulting large house, and many servants, will sympathize with my joy at finding my four older children in boarding-schools, and only at home on Sundays, the laundry-work all done out of the house, carriage and driver furnished by an obliging livery-stable. I need only have, besides my nurse, whom I had brought with me from America, two servants, a cook, and a chambermaid, who would also act as waitress. But here, as usual, began my woes. The cook, I must confess, was engaged chiefly because she could speak a little English. Paterfamilias' verdict the first

time he saw her was, "You'll never make anything out of *that* girl. She is hopelessly stupid," and repeated said verdict after the fashion of his sex, every time he happened to see her. But we "women folks," (my cousin and I) thought we knew better and insisted that she was "willing" and would soon fall into our ways. Patience was the only thing needed.

Paterfamilias, having seen us fairly settled, sailed back to America a few days after, reiterating his "hopelessly stupid" at almost the last moment, and we—"had patience." It was needed. Aside from the fact that it is usually customary, in well-regulated households, to have the breakfast dishes washed before dinner, it was rather necessary in our case, since our "handsome furnishing" included a rather limited supply of dishes, except wine glasses. Of these we had "full store" and a good many over.

One day we were called to dinner, and found everything, including some beautifully cooked mutton chops, on the table, but the dishes from which it was to be eaten had not yet been washed. Another day, a visit to the kitchen showed us potatoes put on to boil, while the chickens, which were to form part of the same meal, had not yet been plucked. It is useless to multiply instances. Forbearance ceased to be a virtue, patience gave out, we echoed the "hopelessly stupid," and resolved to be free.

But discharging an incompetent servant is by no means the simple matter in Germany that it is in America. Unless you can prove dishonesty or some very flagrant fault, (and that involves so many disagreeables—visits to the police stations, etc., that one would avoid it if possible), you must pay them full wages, board and lodging for two months. You cannot even give them warning, until they have been with you one month. Then, at the end of another month you may be free. Or, you may pay the above mentioned indemnity and discharge them at any time. This we concluded to do, as we felt that two months of this life would land us in a lunatic asylum. A friend found us another cook, and—exit "Milly."

Since then, some three months ago, our views of German service have been rose-colored. The amount of work those two girls do, would paralyse our American "help." Our floors are parquetted and every inch of them is gone over every day until they are as polished and slippery as glass, and I feel inwardly thankful that our rugs are many and large. Every rug or strip of carpet is wiped off daily with a slightly damp cloth, the paint kept free from spots, the furniture rubbed and beaten, metal fixtures of every kind polished to the last degree of brilliancy. And all this *without ever having to be told.* You can call either maid from her work at any time, and send her to the other end of the city with a note, or on an errand of any kind, while the hearty cheerful "*Ja*" with which she responds to such demands, seems to indicate that nothing makes her so happy as to do you a service.

I fear I shall excite envy in the hearts of my stay-at-home sisters, when I say that for all this I pay the cook $5.00 per month, and the chambermaid $3.75. Remembering the wages paid for average American help, this makes me feel "mean," but native housekeepers insist "you must not pay more. You must not spoil them." So I submit to the customs of the country, comforting myself with the reflection that all they have to buy, chiefly clothing, is very cheap, while all the dear things—fuel, light and food—are furnished for them. Their food is given out almost like soldiers' rations. A friend, an old housekeeper, who provides rather more liberally than is usual for her servants, gave me her allowance for each person, and advised me to make it mine. Here it is:

One pound coffee per month.

Quarter-pound butter per week.

Half-pound meat daily.

Two bottles of beer (cost for both bottles 3 cts) daily; 2 *drier brod* (a kind of roll) daily, and all the rye bread they wish. They also have an allowance of 10 *pfennigs* (2¼ cents) daily, for cucumbers or some relish of that kind for their suppers. They never touch any of the family food unless we tell them to take something that has been left. At Christmas, they have given them nuts and apples and a kind of Christmas cake, of which they are very fond. No true Sachsen will be without this cake at Christmas, and the very poorest people pay the baker a few *pfennigs* weekly the year through, that they may have it secured.

We heard a great deal before coming over of the cheapness of living in Germany. I have tried no place but this, but I must say I think the cheapness resolves itself chiefly into the fact, that people knowing they are only here for a time, are contented to live in a very different way from what they do at home. I am inclined to think

that one keeping up a large establishment, with as large a staff of servants, and the same scale of expenditure as at home would find little difference. The great cheapness of some things is counterbalanced by the greater cost of others.

When we first came here we were so delighted with the many and tempting varieties of German bread, rolls and cake that we fancied we should never tire of them, and so fascinated by the sight of all kinds of beautifully cooked cold meats in the neat shops, and by the possibility of buying one or two slices of any kind, that we rebelled in spirit against being the responsible heads of a large family, compelled to keep house in prosaic fashion, and wished we were a pair of Bohemian students that we might have a room somewhere as near the roof as possible and live picnic fashion.

But time brings satiety and even as responsible heads we soon found we had had enough and began to sigh for home-y things. German cooking, aside from the breads, soon palls on American taste. It is too greasy, and all meats taste alike, no distinctive flavor to make you sure whether you are eating beef, mutton, veal or lamb. It all tastes of pork. Poultry we fancy has a rank taste, and as we ate our New Year's turkey we were patriotic enough to think it far from equal to our own American bird.

How many times have we sighed for our mainstays, our "Common Sense," our "Dinner Year Book," our "Breakfast, Luncheon and Tea," for our cook is quick to learn new ways, and lives only to please us. But alas and alack! those treasures were foolishly left behind, and the best we can do now is to eat our way through all recipes furnished by the HOME-MAKER. May they be many and palatable!

Alice S. Hill.



CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES.



"TIME is money," and it is in recognition of this fact, that the writer will make a few remarks as to the time required for cooking. It is a very frequent criticism on recipes for economical cooking, that they are given without any recognition of the fact that women who need such strict economy have very little time to give to cooking. This is quite true, but it is also true that the careful cooking required to make the best use of meat, takes very little more time than the hit-or-miss style and it saves money. How, I will explain later; at present I want to dispose of the idea that good cooking necessarily takes long. I am not talking of fine or fancy cooking, but of the making of plain soups, stews, puddings, etc., and I admit that to the inexperienced reader—and it is evident that the greater number of those who indulge in the criticisms are quite inexperienced—it would seem that a process which involves three hours' cooking and the carrying out of various directions must take a great deal of time, and so it would,

if you sit down and watch the pot. I have known girls who have stood by the mush, spoon in hand, till it was done. This simple dish would thus absorb a great deal of time in the making, but the mush did not require it. Another girl would clean a room, lay the breakfast, or do a dozen little things the while, stopping for a moment as she passed through the kitchen to stir the mush.

Now a busy woman about her work in the morning does not want to spend unnecessary time over preparing the dinner, and for this reason, in these papers I have not spoken of dinners in courses, even though they may cost no more, because the making of soup, of one substantial dish and a pudding, may really be too much, because the preparation of each separate article takes time. So does the dish-washing. But whether you have one dish or three, (and for working people I should say one good hearty dish is better than three slim ones) let it *be well cooked*, and I think we shall find that the very little time it need take will be well spent. If any work has to be slighted, let it not be the dinner. Strange to say, this is the average woman's first impulse when busy. "I'm too busy to bother with cooking, we'll just make shift for to-day," is familiar to many a little household. But health is so valuable, so dependent on what we eat and drink, that it is fifty times better the windows should grow dull, the carpets be unswept, than anything connected with the food be neglected. Yet how rarely a woman lets her work go undone. The fatal keeping up appearances has much to do with this, or at least had in forming the habit of mind that leads to the feeling that the house must be kept spick-and-span but that the meals can be "hurried up." "The stomach has no windows" and keeps the secret of its ill-usage well.

In boiling a piece of meat you are told to watch it till it reaches the boiling point, then to draw it to a part of the range where it will just simmer; perhaps if your directions are given by a very careful writer, this point is reiterated once or twice,and to the uninitiated reader it may seem as if very much time has to be spent over the kitchen range in order to do this watching. The truth is, that half a minute's stop, as she passes from one task to another will suffice to assure her that the meat is not in danger of boiling too fast; even when directed—"after the meat has reached the boiling point to place it in a cooler place and watch for a few minutes to see that it is where it will neither boil too fast nor stop boiling altogether;" it is not necessary to stand over the pot, unless you are about to leave the kitchen for an hour or so, and have finished work in it. Otherwise, an occasional glance at short intervals until you have satisfied yourself you can safely leave the pot to take care of itself, will suffice.

It is the same with a stew, by which I do not mean one of cold meat, but of fresh meat. It sounds quicker to say "take a pound of meat, cut it up, put it in a saucepan with a pint of water, an onion, a carrot, etc., and let it cook slowly three hours," than to read that "the onion is to be cut into slices, the meat also then placed in a saucepan and allowed to come quickly to the boil (to keep the juices in) then watched carefully to find out exactly on what part of the range it will just simmer." This process really takes no longer, only the more minute direction, while it ought to make the work far easier, really does seem to indicate a slower process. Sometimes you are told to fry the vegetables before using them; now undoubtedly this does take a few minutes, but the gain in producing variety and appetizing gravy is so great that it ought not to weigh in the balance. Of course some one will say "but if a woman has not the time, how can she give it?" To which I repeat, neglect something else, not your food.

A dozen ills you may not be able to brave are due to ill-prepared food.

Variety is one of the chief objects, or ought to be, of cooking. One reads with a sort of sickening sympathy of the farmers' monotonous food in certain parts of the Union, where "hog and hominy "make the bill of fare day after day. And time ought to be found for producing a proper variety. Yet, I am inclined to think where the housekeeper is an inexperienced cook, that sufficient variety can be had from a change of food each day, without its being necessary to have a variety of kinds on the table at once. I know in this I am differing from most writers on food, who advocate dividing the dinner into three courses, soup, meat, and dessert. To a woman accustomed to cook, very little time suffices to prepare such a dinner, but the one unaccustomed and to whom it is quite a slow process to peel and trim vegetables, would require to give the better part of her morn-

ing to it. If she has the time to spare, it will be well spent this way, but although it is a woman's duty to put the preparation of food *before any other household work*, we must seek the happy medium in this as in other things.

Now as to the pecuniary aspect of careful cooking. There are many women to whom time is literally money, women who embroider,do needle work, or earn money in any of the ways open to women. To the one who earns money easily, it would certainly not be true economy to stop work in order to cook dinner at all, and such women burn the candle at both ends in trying to do their own work and earn money besides. It is for them to consider how far what they make will compare with what they might save by making the husband's money go as far as it will.

Many women, however, in order to help along, do work that is very poorly paid, and by which they cannot earn ten cents an hour. Yet they look upon it as a waste of time to lose one hour over the dinner, although the loss would be but ten cents. Now, if twenty cents worth of fish or meat, and an hour's time, will make as good a dinner, as thirty cents will do without the time, in what way do you save? This is looking at the matter from its narrowest point of view; but, remember that the hastily fried steak you may have sent for, will be eaten without relish by husband and children, first, because it being the ideal quick dinner, it is so often on the table, and secondly because it really is hard and tasteless, and terribly indigestible.

If by using a pound and a half of sausage-meat, making it into small rolls and laying them in a batter made with two eggs and two scant cups of flour, and two of skimmed milk, (no baking-powder) and baking it, you make a pleasant change from fried sausage, while it will go as far again, are you not saving money? and saving your own health, too? for, hate the kitchen or the cooking as you may, it will be a distinct gain to you to get away one hour from that weary sewing machine.

I will ask some earnest women who really *want* to know what is best, and are not only anxious to defend bad habits by arguing that anything better is impossible.

I am sorry to say there are many who cry "Fudge! who can find time for all that nonsense off paper?" who have no better or higher motive than to save the trouble of thinking or trying, and the change the result might call for. I will ask such women to try with me the following experiments and time themselves:

Put half a pint of split peas and half a saltspoonful of baking soda in two quarts of cold water over the fire at nine in the morning. When they boil put them where they will gently simmer. Between ten and eleven, (the vegetables must be added at eleven, but can be cleaned at convenience), peel a large turnip or two small, a large carrot and two good-sized onions. Put in a frying-pan a tablespoonful of butter, or pork, or beef-dripping; when hot, slice the two onions into this fat in slices as thick as a dollar; split the carrot in four, and slice it, also the turnips. Let them fry till brown, stirring them once in a while, during the performance of other duties. When they are beginning to brown nicely, but not burn, cover the pan for a quarter of an hour, drawing it to a part of the range on which it will gently cook; then stir among the vegetables a small tablespoonful of flour until all the fat in the pan is absorbed, and turn the vegetables into the peas. Now add two level teaspoonfuls of salt, one of sugar, a quarter-one of pepper, and stir well when you see the whole simmering softly. It can be left for two hours, stirring occasionally to prevent burning, and adding a pint more water if too thick.

This is delicious soup and may be served with the vegetable or strained.

Now make the same soup in the following way, carefully noting the time in each case.

Put half a pint of peas in a saucepan in two quarts of water and a saltspoonful of baking soda, let them come to the boil, then place the saucepan where it will simmer gently. Prepare the vegetables at your convenience; they will need to go into the soup at half past ten. Scrape one large carrot or two small, peel two turnips or one large and one onion, split the carrots in four and slice them a quarter of an inch thick, do the same with onions and turnips; when the time comes add these vegetables to the peas, and leave them to simmer gently two hours and a half.

This soup will be very good indeed but it will lack a tone and flavor which the other will have and which I think will amply repay the difference in the time expended, which by the clock you will find is not so great as it sounds.

These soups are admirable without

meat, but a ham bone may be put to stew with the peas, or if you wish for meat for the sake of nourishment, a pig's hock and foot nicely cleaned can be boiled in water till very tender, the water can be skimmed and made up to two quarts and the peas added. The foot should be ready to fall apart when the soup is cooked and it should be served with it.

Fried balls of sausage-meat very small are also very nice in pea-soup.

Perhaps there is nothing so important to family health and finances as the bread we eat, and as it is one of the articles in which there may be much saving or much waste, it will form the subject of the next paper.

Catherine Owen.



"FORTY-SEVEN AND TIRED!"



ARE you quite sure I am making no mistake?"

I was leaving the ticket office of the P. Railroad when these words arrested my attention, and, turning, I saw, for the first time, the heroine of this sketch, Emma Mary. She was a little woman, dressed in a rusty black gown, short coat and black bonnet; in her arms she carried two little bundles hugged to her breast, one done up in a newspaper, the other in an old shawl; her hands were covered with grey cotton gloves whose frayed fingers clutched an old pocket-book and the ticket she was in the act of purchasing.

"Are you sure, sir?" The voice and accent were English, and its tones very weak and timid.

"Quite, Madam," replied the gruff official, with a frown that drove the poor little creature from the window.

"Deary me," I heard her murmur, "however will I do it? There, there!" soothingly, as she squeezed the bundle in the shawl, "Don'you commence to cry."

Which good advice she evidently was unable to apply to herself, for she furtively, with the fingerless gloves, brushed away tears from her own eyes. All this time her face had been turned away from me, but I could no longer bear her apparent forlornness. I touched her on the shoulder. Gentle as the touch was, she started hurriedly, and turning, said: "Excuse me, Ma'am, did you speak?

"You seem to be in doubt about your ticket," I replied, "perhaps I can help you."

"O, thank you, Ma'am. I want to get to the—its the 'Ospital, Ma'am. Luke couldn't come with me,though for that,I am used to being alone, and the children are too little; I am just out of bed, Ma'am, and the doctor sent me for to get the sea air. It's the

last chance, so you see I had to take it," apologetically, as if she felt that leaving the children was the unpardonable sin. "You see the baby, Ma'am," undoing the shawl and disclosing a little mite of about five weeks: "it ain't over hearty and I have Bright's disease and 'eart-failure and several things, though the doctor says I shall pull through, thank God."

All this was poured out in a moment, and then she held out the ticket. I took it from her and found it to be for a Hospital by the sea, of which I had been a manager for years.

"Yes, you are all right; I know about this place; I think you will like it; I will give you a line to the matron. I am sorry I am not going your way. Sit down while I write it."

She sat down with the same patient trust in me, an entire stranger, that I afterwards learned she had displayed to everyone during life. For how could she learn to suspect others who had never deceived anyone herself?

I wrote to our matron as follows:

"My Dear Mrs. Claxton:

Please take good care of this patient; I am particularly interested in her. Will you show this note to our good Dr. B. and report to me next week of her condition, and oblige F. H."

"And now, what shall I call you?" turning to my new acquaintance.

"Well, Ma am, me name is Mrs. Baxter, and I shall be ever obliged to you. Oh," drawing in her breath hurriedly, "I do get such pains in my side that I can't speak; I have always been so tough. Well, Ma'am, seventeen children—Mary Jane the eldest and this," touching the shawl bundle, "the youngest, that I can't think whatever has come over me. You see, I think it's the hard work; Luke, my husband, is a backward man, no push, no ambition, and what with the cows, and the pigs, and the chickens, milking, cleaning the house and the stable, and nursing and mending the children, it does tire one, especially when one is *forty-seven and tired!* That's it, I guess—*forty-seven and tired.*"

Here the whistle blew, and I hurried Emma Mary with the addition of an old and most shabby carpet sack, which I had not before noticed, into the train.

As it moved out of the station she called "God bless you, Ma'am. Good bye, the baby says," and she actually waved the little shawled bundle at the window quite too energetically for its comfort, or my own, for the matter of that.

I received the following week our matron's report:

"Mrs. H.

Dear Madam: The patient, Mrs. Baxter, is very ill, and the doctor fears she will not get well, although he says there is no immediate danger. She tries so hard to get well that it is quite touching, but she is beginning to get discouraged, and told me last night she 'guessed it wasn't much use.' I hope I need not assure you that we give her every possible attention.

Respectfully yours,

Martha Claxton."

My friends in the mountains where I was summering, wondered at my haste to get away from them, and laughed at the idea of my having any real attraction in a poor shabby little stranger, whom I had met but once. Despite their ridicule, I left them two days after I had received Mrs. Claxton's note, and soon found myself installed in my usual quarters at A., not far from the Hospital. The first morning after my arrival I walked down the avenue leading to the sea. As I passed the trim nursery-maids, pushing perambulators, with their smiling little inmates, and carriage-loads of gay people, whose very horses with arched necks and rattling chains, seemed to bid defiance to dull care, I fell to contrasting the lives of those whom I met with the little creature whom I was about to visit, and wondered, as I had often done before, if the Omnipotent Himself did not weary that the innocent and weak seemed to have such heavy loads to carry. At this point in my reflections, I reached the Great House with its little people, some hopping on crutches, others dragging a useless limb; little pale faces from the city alleys, pinched and wan from hunger and bad air, pitiful in their old youth with the stamp of their parents' sin full upon them; and, as I walked between the rows of "Mothers' Cottages," as they are called, and stopped a moment, first at one door and then at another, to enquire of the ailments that had sent them to the sea-air, this other sad thought came—How many women had borne children! How few really deserved the sacred name of Mother!

My "little woman," as I called her, had been moved to The Memorial House, where very ill patients were always taken.

I found her sitting by her bed, upon which the little baby lay, smaller if possible than when I first saw it. She smiled

as brightly as ever, but the sunken eyes filled with tears as she grasped my hands and squeezed them tightly.

"O! Mrs. H., but you have been kind to me. I know it's your doin, all the attention I have had. God bless you, ma'am, for it. I ought to have got well, but I just couldn't. Forty-seven and tired it still is, Ma'am, though I ought not to say it in this picturesque place. I know I ought to be well, if I ain't."

"How is baby, Mrs. Baxter?" as I sat down beside her.

"Well, Ma'am, no better, and they tell me she won't get over it. I believe, though I hope you won't blame me, I am most glad of it. I have named her Elenora Alice after two babies as I met here; we baptized her last week. but she ain't to live, I feel shure, and if a body ain't rich and edicated it's better so. I am poor and I wouldn't unlady myself to compare myself with you; I know me betters when I see them, but you will excuse me when I say, we have hearts and it hurts some of us poor ones like me when we can't rise. You see, I commenced at sixteen and I ought to know."

I looked at her more closely as she spoke and I could see that when she "commenced," as she called it she must have been very pretty. She was of the type we call apple-faced, round, with bright cheeks and sweet blue eyes; the color was faded now, and the skin grown sallow, but in the tired, tear-washed eyes there gleamed a spark of vivacity which she once told me she inherited from a French grandmother.

"These flowers," touching some I had laid in her lap, "they bring back old days to me; perhaps you would care to hear my story, since you have took such interest in me. Most people do like me, though I don't know why. The doctor likes me, and stays with me so long; and nurse likes me, don't you, Ma'am?" turning to that functionary with appealing eyes.

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Baxter," was the hasty reply, and to my surprise I saw the woman touch her cheek as if to brush away a tear, a weakness which she evidently felt beneath her.

"Well Ma'am," on receiving my reply that I wanted to hear all about her and that I had come to spend the morning.

"Back many years ago in England I lived with my feyther and mother on the little farm; my! I can see the long kitchen with its brick floor and shining pewter dishes ranged on the dresser, the chairs standing against the wall, and a table by the window with a little white curtain, the hearth so red, and the great cat always sitting by the fire-place. Mother was allus so neat that we children had to be ever so careful. Feyther was a good man but strict, and when Jem came courting me—he lived with his people on the next farm—feyther said, 'it was no use,—he would'nt listen to it.' You see, Ma'am, Jem's feyther and mine had quarrelled years ago about a bit of land, and feyther never forgave him because he got the best of it. Jem's mother took our part but it was no use. It aint like this country; a woman aint worth much and she must bide her maister; so they separated us, and Jem he went to sea. The night before he went, he asked feyther to let him bid me good-by. He gave me a little carnelian heart; I got it yet, Ma'am; I be most ashamed to say it, I being another man's wife and mother of his seventeen children; I kept it though; I never could bear to part with it."

"Well," drawing a long breath,—"word came the next year to Jem's mother that her boy and mine was drowned, and I never shall forget how we stole out together one dark night and made a little mound with our own hands, and we called it Jem's grave, though, laws me! it were'nt any bigger than a baby's. My Jem never could have laid in it, he was six feet high if an inch. Time passed; I got to be sixteen, but I never felt young any more. The courting between Jem and me and then his death had made matters worse between us and our neighbors, and feyther laid all the blame upon me, so when I met Luke, though he was so much older, I kinder felt he took an interest in me and so I told him how unhappy I was and he proposed to marry me without asking feyther, as Luke said he thought he would refuse him too, so we ran away. Oh! I know it was wrong but I have been punished, Ma'am. Feyther and mother never saw me again. Mother died first and then feyther, and when Luke found out I had nothing left me, (the farm went to the others,) he got tired and said we'd best try our fortune here in the new country. T'aint been much of a fortune. We'd one baby after another, and plenty of hard work. Luke was never lazy, but he were'nt strong, and I was, so I saved and I scrimped until I began to lay a penny by me, though to tell the truth we often went

hungry; then I heard of the Savins' Fund and was'nt I proud when I took my first five in! you see, they don't give interest on less. I am most afraid you won't believe me, Ma'am; babies, hard times and all, I saved up enough to go into the Building Society, and now I part own a house; though," with a sigh, "I need not say *I*, because Luke has it in his *name;* he said as how, though I had saved the money, it would'nt look mannish for him to let me own the house; and we have cows and a pig and chickens; they are all kinder mortgaged, but I am paying off as fast as I can, but it do take work, I tell you. You see we sell milk, and Luke carries around, so he has to be dressed up. I bought a white jacket second-hand, Ma'am, at the pawn shop, and made him a white apron like the honey man wears. I guess you have seen him, only I did not ask him to wear the white cap. Well—" with a little laugh—"because I knew he would'nt; and then I black his shoes to have all regular, and so I starts him off every morning and evening; first time he saw the clothes he says: 'Well, woman, you be silly!' but I says, 'If you don't look clean and trim Luke, people wont buy the milk.' So, what with cleaning the stable for him, and doing jobs for him, I get him to wear the clothes. He was getting on real well just before this last baby was born; you see we only got six children now, I guess the good Master thought we'd too many for our little house. Well, as I said, we was getting on, when I got a paralytic, and for awhile I couldn't get around, one foot was quite useless; then little Tommy got burned, and things got upset, and the baby came; I was ten weeks in my room, and one day I heard Luke tell the nurse that he was tired of having a sick woman in the house, so I sent her away and tried to do for myself. So one morning I went out to the pump to draw water, when I s'pose the turning the handle of the pump was too much for me; anyway a neighbor woman hearing the baby crying, came to see what was the matter, and found me almost dead, lying quite still with my eyes tight shut. She screamed for help, and they came and carried me in, and some kind lady said I must be sent away, and somehow it was managed to send me here. I am quite a lady with flowers and attentions and a regular nurse, to say nothing of your kindness, Ma'am."

Here the nurse appeared with the dinner tray, and I left the little woman, promising to return on the morrow. The next morning I had an early summons from the matron. The baby had died in the night, and Mrs. Baxter seemed much worse.

Immediately after breakfast, I hastened down determined to stay all day, if necessary, little thinking that the end was so near, as she had seemed so bright the day previous, and nothing could have stayed her eagerness to talk.

When I entered, she opened her eyes, which had been closed, and I noticed the great change which had come in the hours of night. Her face was white and drawn, though the eyes were still bright and quite clear; her hands moved restlessly, and she spoke almost immediately, first falteringly, then nervously, and almost as rapidly as ever.

"I am glad to see you, Ma'am; I have had a hard, hard fight; life has been hard, and yet I don't want to die. Can't they save me, don't you think? The children, whatever will they do? Willie was always croupy, and Bessie a most careless child; then Tommy's burns are still tender, and little Emmy's a great one to fret; pray to the dear Lord to let me live 'till Christmas. Poor as I was, I allus had a little tree for them, and if I go, they won't have any Christmas, 'cause Luke thinks Christmas is all nonsense. Yes Ma'am," in response to my question, if she would like me to read, "please read me the twenty-third Psalm." As I read: "*The Lord is my shepherd,*" she joined in with me, "*The Lord is my shepherd,*—but what a bothering old sheep I have been!"

"*I shall not want,*" I read. "No, I have never really wanted—that is for a long time,—sometimes we've been hungry, but bread always came. "*The green pasture,*" ah!—that sounds good,—to think of me, poor me, lying down and no one coming after me to wake me! Why, at home I couldn't rest a moment but some little one would cry for 'mam,'—ah! whatever will they do? They will call me, and I will be resting, and they won't make me hear; Oh, Oh!"

"*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me,*"—I read on softly, hoping to calm her, and for a little while there was that sad silence that the presence of death brings.

She had become exhausted, and lay quite

still. Occasionally a tear would steal down her cheek, and evidently her thoughts wandered. "Why, Jem, is that you?" she murmured, and then softly, "shoo! Bessie, don't be afraid; hold on to mother's hand; the way be getting dark."

The clock on the mantel seemed to tick loudly, and up the stairs came the black cook's voice, chanting in a sad monotone: "O Lord! the trouble I've seen!" Emma Mary turned at the sound. "That's it, Mrs. H——, the trouble I've seen; even when I was a little girl I never had no fun. Won't you please light the lamp, nurse? it's getting dark, I can't see who it is! Why, it's feyther and mothe r! Ah, me! forty-seven and tired. I ain't worth much having, Lord."

I had begun the hymn, "*Just as I am*," thinking to quiet her.

"O, I'd like to wash me clean! Take my hand, somebody, please! What is it that about holding the hand? my teacher used to read it."

I repeated, "*For I will hold thy right hand.*" "Yes, that's it; is my right hand clean? I'd like to wash me clean, but—it's the Lord Jesus!"

The story is told; a few of us followed to the grave the heroic little soul, who had battled so hard for dear life. When I saw the stolid Luke, and heard his matter-of-fact arrangement with the undertaker, for the cheapest possible coffin, to be paid for out of the burial fund, to which she had always subscribed, I felt how much lay in her oft-repeated plaint:

"*Forty-seven and tired*!"

Felicia Holt.

(The foregoing sketch comes to THE HOME-MAKER with a private letter, from which the following extract is taken:

"I give you the story just as I got it. You have seen Emma Mary in the flesh (what there was of it), and will be interested in the sad little *true* tale. We laid the heroine in her grave in the church-yard, where she wished to lie, last Tuesday. Yesterday the widower came to see me, and asked if I '*did not think the coffin and the plated handles very becoming*, and if I didn't think *she* would have liked them!' Poor, faithful, loving, *tired* Emma Mary!")



CHOICE RECIPES.

FRIED SHAD WITH SAUCE PIQUANTE.

Split the fish as for broiling, and, with a sharp knife, divide it into pieces nearly as wide as your hand. Roll these in beaten yolk of egg, when you have salted and peppered each,—then, in finely-powdered cracker, also salted and peppered, and set them on the ice for three or four hours. Fry them in deep fat to a yellow-brown, drain off every drop of grease, and lay lengthwise on a hot fish-dish.

To make the sauce, beat up three tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, with three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice (strained), mix in, at the last, the same quantity of finely-minced parsley, beating all together until the sauce is green. Have ready eight half-lemons, emptied of pulp and juice, fill lightly with the sauce, and lay about the fish when served.

You can garnish smelts and halibut in the same way.

"FROM SOUTHERN KITCHENS."

The recipes in this series are especially nice, and none are given that have not been carefully tested. The writer, being a graduate in the art of cooking, knows the importance of exact and careful recipes, and also would impress upon the novice—the veteran has discovered it for herself—the absolute imperativeness of *literally* following the recipe.

If the best result is to be obtained, there must be no experimenting, no subtraction from, or addition to the quantities given Be sure that a recipe is good and then do not deviate from it "a hair's breadth."

Tea Rolls.

One quart of the best flour.
One gill of fresh yeast.
One tablespoonful of white sugar.
One egg.
One tablespoonful of butter.
Salt to taste.

Milk and warm water enough to mix it into a rather soft dough.

When thoroughly mixed, put into a half-gallon bucket, place the top on it and then set this inside of a larger bucket,to keep the air from chilling the sponge. Keep it in a warm place until it rises, then knead over *well.* Break off the dough into sixteen pieces of equal size, mould as biscuit and roll out about an inch thick. Put them in a well-greased pan, rub over them melted butter, or sprinkle lightly with warm water, cover the pan up closely and set in a warm place to rise. When they are twice as thick as when rolled out, put them in a hot oven and cook twenty minutes.

Bread always rises when baking. Made up at nine o'clock in the morning, these rolls will be ready to knead over by four and can be baked three hours later.

Dainty Crackers.

One pint of the best flour.
Salt to taste.
One teaspoonful of cream tartar.
Half a teaspoonful of soda.
Three ounces of butter or sweet lard.

With sweet milk mix up into a dough half of the flour and butter, and roll it out. Take half of the remaining butter, cut it up into small bits and put about over the dough, sprinkling over the butter half of the flour, fold the dough over and roll gently. Then put on the remaining butter and flour as before and roll. Fold over and roll twice more, the last time rolling it little more than an eighth of an inch thick. Cut into strips half an inch wide and six or seven inches long, lay in a pan and bake to a pale brown ; arrange prettily on a plate and serve with chocolate.

Pilau.

Boil a pair of fat young fowls. When done, take them from the pot and let the water boil down to a pint. Wash a pint of rice, put it in a pan, pour in the chicken liquor and set the pan in the steamer. The liquor should be well salted and the rice should be stirred occasionally with a fork. It will be done in an hour and every grain will be distinct. The fowls may be served with egg sauce.

Breakfast Muffins.

One pint of flour.
A pinch of salt.

Fresh milk enough to mix to a thin batter.

Three eggs beaten light and added to the batter just before baking.

Grease well three sets of "Gem" pans, fill with the batter and set them in a very hot stove. In fifteen minutes they should be done, and if properly made, as light as possible. No lard must be put in them.

Fricasseed Chicken.

Two fat, tender pullets, nicely dressed and cut up as for frying.

Put them in a saucepan with salt and pepper, a quarter of a pound of butter and three pints of water. Let them cook until

done, but not too done. Take the chicken out and put it in a covered dish to keep warm. Have ready in a bowl the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs rubbed smooth and mixed with two raw yolks. Into the bowl slowly pour the liquor (of which there should be about a pint and a half) stirring it all the time. Return it to the saucepan, setting it back on the stove where it will cook gently. Have a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth with butter, and add this. When the gravy is thick enough take it up at once and pour over the chicken. It should not cook rapidly and should be stirred *all* the time.

Stuffed Tomatoes.

Select average-sized tomatoes, round and about the size of an ordinary apple. Cut off the stem-end and, with a spoon, carefully take out the pulp and seed, leaving only the walls of the tomato. Make a very nice stuffing of equal quantities of bread crumbs, minced up cold chicken, and cold ham, and the chopped-up tomato. Season with melted butter, pepper, salt and mustard. Mix well and taste it to see that it is highly seasoned and very nice. It should be moistened with cold gravy, cream or water, so that it will not be too stiff. In each tomato, before stuffing, sprinkle a pinch of salt and one of sugar, then stuff them and set them close together in a baking pan. Pour over each a teaspoonful of melted butter, and set the pan in the oven to bake for half an hour.

Rice Pudding.

Beat six eggs with twelve tablespoonfuls of sugar, then add gradually two teacupfuls of rice that have been boiled soft, and one tablespoonful of butter. Flavor with grated nutmeg or lemon. Add last, one quart of fresh milk, pour into a baking dish and when you put it in the oven, cover it so that it may not brown too quickly. Just as soon as it is done remove it from the oven; if allowed to remain in too long it becomes watery, but if taken out as soon as done it will be firm all through.

Preserved Strawberries.

Lady-finger strawberries are fine for preserving; they are firm, have a fine flavor and keep their shape well. Try some preserved in this way:

Select large berries that are just ripe, measure three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Let them cook a few minutes. Take them up as dry as possible and spread on new tin plates, setting them in the hottest sunshine possible for three days. Boil the syrup until the juice is thick, and spread over the berries. After three days, put the preserves in glasses and paste them up with waxed paper.

Blackberry Cordial, (for Medicinal Purposes.)

Express the juice from blackberries and to every pint of it add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. To every two quarts of the juice add a quarter of an ounce each of mace, allspice, cinnamon and cloves, slightly bruised. Boil these ingredients to a rich, heavy syrup and add, when cold, an equal quantity of French brandy. Bottle, and cork tight.

Tea Cakes.

One quart of flour.
Two teacups of sugar.
Four eggs.
Four tablespoonfuls of butter.
Two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar.
One teaspoonful of soda.
Cinnamon for flavoring, or lemon if you prefer it.

Molasses Fruit Cake.

Four teacups of sifted flour.
One and a half teacup of soft sugar.
One teacup of molasses.
One teacup of butter.
Six eggs well beaten, whites and yolks separately.
One teacup of raisins, stoned and chopped.
One teacup of currants, washed, picked and dried.
Flavor with grated rind of lemon or with mixed spices.

Jelly.

To a packet of gelatine that will make two quarts of jelly, put one pint of cold water and let it soak for two hours. Then pour on it two pints of boiling water and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Add to it one cup of the best Madeira or sherry wine, one pound of white sugar, one three-

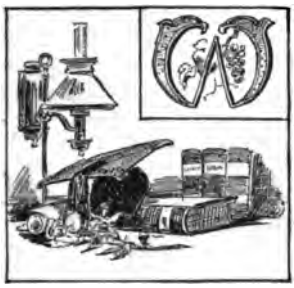
inch long stick of cinnamon, the thinly pared rind of two lemons and the juice of three. Let this cool until just milk-warm.

Break three eggs, draining the whites carefully into a bowl. Into that bowl, put a teacupful of the jelly and mix it well, then pour it into the rest of the jelly and stir it in thoroughly. Pour it into a porcelain kettle and set it on a slow fire. Stir constantly until it begins to boil and rise up towards the top of the kettle. Then lift it off and let it stand a minute or two. There will be a foam on top of it which must be skimmed off, the lemon peel and cinnamon must be taken out and the jelly run through a flannel jelly-bag. It takes a very little time to run through and is exquisitely clear and beautiful and very delicious.

The egg-whites must not be beaten. This method of making jelly is not half so laborious as the old-fashioned way and the result is just as satisfactory. All that one desires is perfect jelly, and this is absolutely perfect.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

A ROOM THAT DID YEOMAN DUTY.



WHEN we moved into X—, a month after the city had indulged in its May-day hegira, we found we could have but little choice in the selection of a dwelling. We could take either a small, compact, little flat, that in location, rent and general appearance, suited us to a "T," or its alternative, an old-fashioned, out-of-the-way house at which we would not have gazed an instant, but for one recommending quality — its roominess. For we are a large family. We decided, however, upon the flat, hoping by the exercise of a little ingenuity in home-arrangement, to make the old atonement of quality for quantity.

As soon as we were located, and the various sleeping rooms allotted us, we turned our attention to one room which we found must do yeoman duty as sitting-room, sewing-room, library, and nursery. It must, in truth, be a living room.

The floor was Georgia pine and the walls tinted. We were particularly glad of this, for in a room that is constantly used by a large family, the air cannot be kept as pure and healthful with carpeted floors and papered walls. Aside from the startling theories about floating dye-stuffs, poisonous exhalations, etc., we know from experience that dust will settle in carpets, to rise and irritate the lungs when disturbed, and that wall paper is apt to become sour from the paste.

For the center of the floor, we cut an old ingrain carpet into strips and had it woven into a large rug that we bordered with a band of felt, heavily lined, so that the rug is not displaced by every careless step, or sweep of the dress. In the middle of the rug, as the central figure of the room, we placed a square table that, as a combination of use and ornament, we think cannot be excelled. It was designed at home, and may be said to contain the working capital of the entire family. It is a combination of table, work-box, writing-desk, book-rack, and general-utility stand. When closed and not in use, it has a quiet, conventional look with its pretty scarf, but when in full operation it is awake all over.

On one side there is a door that lifts and another that lets down to form a sloping shelf, as shown in Fig. 1. The upper door is lined with looking-glass and the lower one that forms the shelf is covered with felt and is used as a writing-table. On each side and back of the writing-table are divisions for ink-stand, pen-rack, stationery, etc. The opposite side of the table has a hinged top that lifts up, disclosing a

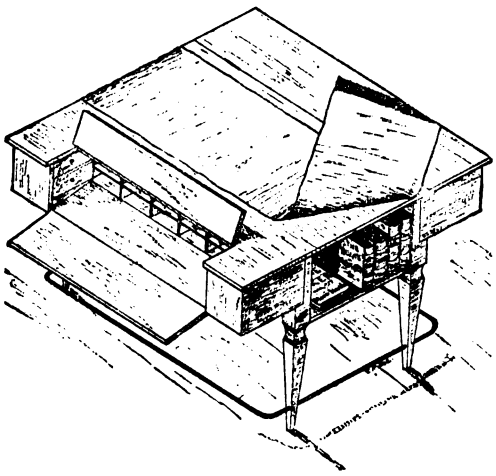


FIG. 1.

compartment filled with thread, needles, work and all the work-basket furnishings. There are two shelves for books, and, running under the shelves, at a convenient height, is a brass rod for the feet. The table is of polished cherry and looks not at all like a work bench, although it serves as one in several different capacities.

The room is of a fair size for our number—there are nine of us—but we found that when seated about, at our various occupations, reading, writing, or sewing, that we experienced the trouble that is so common in sitting-rooms. Only those who sat next the windows had sufficient light. The others had either to strain the eyes or bend about in uncomfortable positions in order to see. If the shades were rolled to the top, the room was sufficiently lighted, but in that case, those who sat near the windows were troubled by the broad glare. After much cogitation we hit upon a scheme that has worked so admirably that it will surely be pleasing to home-makers who have experienced our difficulties.

We bought two pieces of matting, each half as long as the window, and had them mounted at top and bottom with strips of cherry. These we hung by cords over pulleys fastened at the top of the window frame. When we want the window entirely shaded, we draw one of the matting panels down to the bottom of the window; this lifts the other panel to the top, and the window is covered. Each panel is controlled by raising or lowering the other; and any part of the window may be covered. Fig. 2 represents the shades as we generally keep them during the day, viz.: with the upper and lower parts of the glass exposed.

The room is perfectly lighted in this way, and, by a simple lifting or lowering of the ball on the lower panel, we find ourselves able to keep out vagrant rays, or to catch, if we will, the last sunbeam.

Under each window there is a hinged shelf of polished cherry, as shown in Fig. 2. These shelves are for the baby with her scrap book, or for any one whose work demands exclusive territory. With the floor and windows thus provided for, we had the feeling that the room was half furnished, but there yet remained to be added the chairs and those "thousand-and-one" things that make up life in a living-room.

We had already two patent rockers, and we made two more by a patent of our own. Sawing off all of the rockers that projected beyond the back legs, we fitted the rockers that remained on the chair into curved and grooved pieces of wood that rested on the floor. Two strong springs—one on each side—fastened the under part of the chair seat to the grooved strips, holding the chair in its impromptu sockets. When the sockets had been

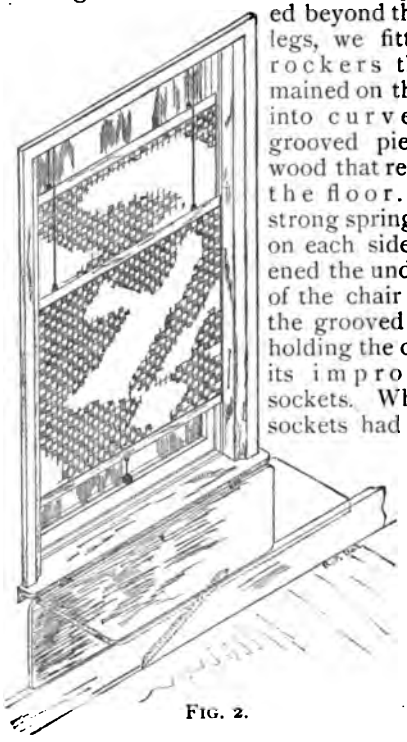


FIG. 2.

stained to match the woodwork of the chair, the appearance was not unlike that of the usual "patent" rocker. The saving of space by this arrangement was great; for not only do long rockers "take up," but they ride about as one rocks, making involuntary little journeys about the room.

Our other chairs are of the various "easy" kinds, and to them we added four ottomans for the four members of our fam-

ily who go to school. These ottomans have hinged covers, and inside are kept books, slates and papers.

The sofa, aptly styled by Marion Harland "a cumbrous monument to popular prejudice," we did not want, but we did desire a lounge ; so we compromised with a divan. A divan that is always a divan, one on which a person may slumber peacefully while the interior of his couch is being overhauled. The cushioned and pillowed top is stationary, but the front is hinged and lets down as shown in Fig. 3, disclosing a shelf on which rests the cutting table. Below this and on each side are spaces for games, magazines, and the dress that, in our family, is "under way" every day and always.

On the wall we have an ornament that we call our "joy-forever." The foundation is a piece of polished cherry two feet square. Across the face of this, strips of galloon are stretched diagonally, about three inches apart, and secured at short distances by brass tacks. The whole is hung on the wall by a gold cord. Whenever we receive a fancy card or photograph, we "stick" it under one of these galloon strips, and it straightway becomes a new bright spot in the room.

On the back of one or two chairs, we secured a slumber roll, and, as a touch of daintiness, and to protect the chair from the buttons on the backs of the children's dresses, we have double tidies, stuffed with a thickness of cotton batting and a little sachet powder.

Then there are the usual sitting-room accoutrements; the dust bag, the key-board, hanging pin-cushion, paper-rack, book-shelf, and calendar. The sewing-machine is also present, though, when off duty, concealed under a *Directoire* drapery. And as our mantel is a broad one with a deep lambrequin, it harbors the machine at night when we wish the room to present an appearance of elegant repose.

All the various conveniences, such as waste-paper basket, scrap-box, etc., that could be fastened to the walls were put there.

Of course, it was not actually necessary to economize space so closely. We might all have brought our various possessions into the sitting-room, and when we were done with them, have laid them around wherever we could find a place,—the children's books in one corner, some one's work in another, drawing materials on the table, cutting board against the wall, scrap basket under foot and, scattered about, miscellaneous collections of toys, books, and boxes.

But we do not like to live in that way. Even when we are busy we like to have floor-space on which to move about; and we were willing to plan and contrive, so that we could have a place for everything, hoping that some occasion might find everything in its place. Our home-pilot frequently reminds us that "order is Heaven's first law," and she says she firmly believes that Wordsworth was thinking of that when he wrote of "the kindred joys of Heaven and Home."—*Augusta Salisbury Prescott.*

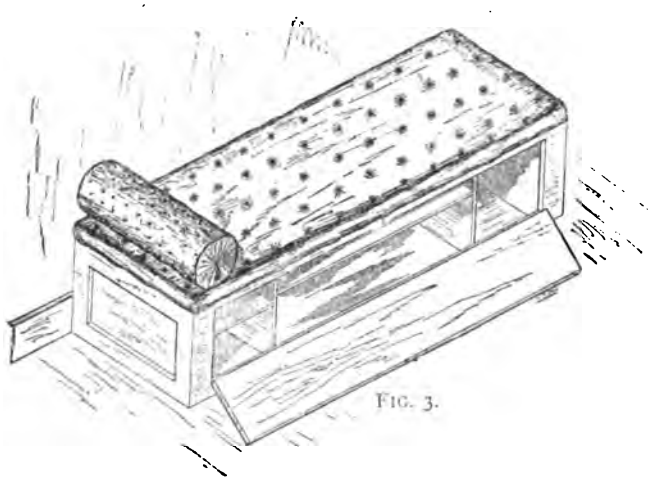


FIG. 3.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Ornamental Designs for Chimney Backs and Book Shelves.

In our own home, the chimney projects about one foot into the parlor. This was a staring blank surface and the feminine wits of the family were taxed for a design to relieve this blankness. A gray toned academy board was procured exactly the size of the chimney back; on this was sketched, in sepia, an outline of rustic roofs and chimneys; over these are circling swallows in their wild, and apparently meaningless waltz, which they indulge in just before they retire down their chimney homes. This design has been much admired.

Another chimney back was covered with red velvet flock paper, with a narrow frieze of shot gold. Over the red surface, dried ferns were artistically grouped, outlining the words:

"East or West
Hame's best."

Rustic lettering was used, and the words trail across in two diagonal lines.

If a more elaborate design is desired, take Longfellow's words:

"Then stay at home, my heart and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest.
O'er all that spread their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky,
To stay at home is best."

A broad satin ribbon outlined daintily with needle or brush, with the following line, is very pretty over the curtain in front of Queen Anne bookshelves. Or, it may be carved out on the wall above an easy chair and set of bookshelves.

"Oh for a booke
And a shadie nooke
Far from the cryes of the streete."

This should, if possible, be done in old English or Gothic lettering.

L. B. Chittenden.

Does Life Insurance Pay?

Can The Home-Maker *par excellence*, furnish light upon a matter which, I am sure, intimately concerns very many less important home-makers? My neighbor B. startled me the other day by suddenly asking—"Have you a policy of insurance upon your life?"

Now, B. is not an insurance agent, one of that genus, up here in Massachusetts, thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, the oily-talking interviewers who, with death and the lightning-rod men, have all seasons for their own. I think B. has a sincere interest in me, an interest which has manifestly increased since I brought my little wife to the trim cottage next door to his more stately home. At his inquiry, my first impulse was to throw him off by an evasive reply; but I found immediately that he had taken his own question as "a foundation for a few remarks," as Parson Barnes puts it; and that I was to be treated to a fifteen minutes' exhortation upon my duty, as a recently married man, to buttress the future against mishaps, by providing Mrs. W. with a money consolation which might now serve her in anticipation of my possible death, and prove of more solid comfort if, in her life time, that anticipation should be realized.

I listened to B. with all respect—although I confess that my view of myself as a *post mortem* subject was not attractive—and promised to give the matter consideration.

And now as to the request for light. Is it a wise thing for a young married man, with his future of home and fortune all to make, requiring all the capital he possesses, to bind himself to the payment of a sum of money for an indefinite number of years, in order that at his death—let us hope in this instance a long way off—$3,000 or $5,000 may be found to his credit in the books of a Life Insurance Company? I have consulted the tables, and I find that for the latter policy,—$5,000—the annual premium, if taken this year, will be $125. A friend about 60 years of age tells me that at 6 per cent. interest he has more than paid the face of his policy, and that, as he hopes to live at least 15 years longer, he is now engaged as a silent and unrecognized partner,

in making money for the Insurance Company, and is tied to that privilege for the remainder of his life. His children are grown and taking care of themselves, and the $5,000, when it does come, will but poorly compensate for the denial he has suffered for those who will at that time either have sufficient of their own, or regard him as of more value dead than he was when living.

The subject has started a multitude of thoughts in my mind. Do not Life Insurance companies offer a substitute for personal thrift and economy? Is it not absolutely necessary for their existence, and for the grandeur of the style they maintain, that they shall receive very much more than they give in return? Are they not built up upon the excess of the demand they should justly make in order to pay their policies? Is not the system of lapsed policies—happily to a measure now restricted by law—an injustice? Would you, from your observation of the matter at large, advise a young man to bind himself for life, despite all possible contingencies, to an annual payment, which for the present at least, he feels would be a severe curtailment of his capability for other directions? I shall feel indebted for a common sense utterance on this matter, not from the stand of the glib Life Insurance agent who can make the wrong appear the better side, but from that of an impartial friend of our homes and of those who make them.

J.R.W.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Answer:

The above is from a sincere inquirer who is one of the oldest subscribers to THE HOME-MAKER, having taken it from the first number. Under the pleasant vein of his letter, lurks a seriousness bordering upon anxiety that moves the editors to grave consideration of a subject so important in its results upon families and homes. They propose, therefore, a candid discussion of the query to readers interested and disinterested personally, in the theme. Communications bearing upon it will be published in July and August numbers. The editors advise that dispatch as well as frankness be used in sending replies to this office.

One remark is in order before throwing the field open to the public. "J. R. W," leaves out of sight the consideration that life is brief and uncertain, and that the man who dies in sixty days,—or six hours—after his policy is taken out, is as sure that the whole provision stipulated for in the papers will be paid to his family as if he had lived to be sixty years old, and paid in the entire sum, principal and interest.

"BREAKING UP FOR THE SUMMER."



DR. PECKHAM'S note of warning in the May No. of THE HOME-MAKER, against the criminal carelessness with which summer resorts are selected indicates an evil so general as to excite alarm in all who love and would protect the Home.

That a deadly, ingenious ramification of tubes should bring sewer-gas to the very nostrils of our sleeping children by setting up the stationary wash-stand in every chamber of the city-house, is bad enough. But there are improved "traps" and valves, and rubber covers that attempt to modify the evil, and the housemother sees to it that fresh air from without—the best that the crowded town can give—is freely admitted to the bed-room by night.

In the country, the danger of malarial disease and every form of drain-poison is the more imminent because nobody dreads it. With the casting away of business and household cares at quitting town, parents are apt to dismiss prudent common-sense; to take it for granted that, because the air of country-meadows, mountain-top and seaside smells sweet and feels fresh, there are no neighbouring sources or pollution. It is but a few years—perhaps three—since we were shocked into a spasm of sense on this head by the decimation of a Pennsylvania township by typhoid fever, the wholesale poisoning of a community in one of the

healthiest situations in the country. There had been a sporadic case of typhoid in a farm-house high up on the hill-side. The rains washed the drainage from the infected slope into a pond which supplied the lower town with drinking water. Our fathers would have said that the five hundred slain "died by the visitation of God." We know that they fell, instead, into the hands of their brother-man.

Last summer, the half-dozen boarders in a pretty farm cottage upon a breezy upland not fifty miles from New York, became slightly or seriously ill, as the state of the system regulated, in consequence of drinking from a polluted spring. The host and hostess denied the agency of the water in producing the prevalent disorder, until confronted with the truth that the contents of pitchers and glasses, after standing a few hours, became offensive to smell and taste. Then it transpired that the family drank habitually nothing but *boiled water*, and had concealed the precautionary circumstance from the guests.

This is, perhaps, an aggravated instance of the risks taken (for others) by those who add to ignorance of sanitary laws, haste to fill their pockets and swell savings-bank accounts with civic gold. It cannot be gainsaid that the man has not been found who lives near reedy fen, or filth-saturated beach, who admits that the land he owns can, or will, or ever did breed disease. The summer-boarder takes his life in his own hands, when he engages lodgings for the season. Health-boards and plumber-experts have no thought or part in the jurisdiction and the daily living of suburb and rural district.

A few simple rules, untechnical and non-professional, may be useful as an appendix to the timely caution of the Editor of the Household Health Department.

1. Avoid the vicinity of marsh-lands and stagnant pools. If the evening air smells dank and rank, it is unwholesome. If, at morning, your bed-room walls are clammy, and linen towels damp, you are not safe.

2. Test the drinking-water of the place before engaging board. That it is clear, sparkling, and, when freshly-drawn or iced, tasteless and odorless, is not an indication that it is not impregnated with noxious gases. Let it stand until flat, and of the same temperature as the room, then smell and taste it for indications of organic or effete matter. If the cause of unpleasant odor or flavor be an infusion of vegetable matter, the evil may be corrected partially by boiling. It is the excellent custom of some parents to let their children drink no water, while away from home, that has not been boiled and then cooled. Babies certainly, should have no other in summer.

3. When possible, secure a room where you can have a fire on wet days and cool evenings. An open wood-fire is the best ventilator that can be put into a bedroom. The blaze made by the proverbial "two sticks" has barred many a door against diphtheria and malarial fever. One judicious mother, who brought up seven children to healthy man and womanhood, who had never had a case of dangerous illness in her nursery, and whose home was not entered by Death for over thirty years at a time, used to say that the only respect in which she differed from her neighbors was in her habit of having a fire, night and morning, in the room where the children were bathed and dressed from the first of October until the first of July, and whenever else the spirit or the weather moved her to kindle it.

4. Take with you into the country some tested and trustworthy disinfectant. I know none more efficient and more easy of transportation and use than the Sherman "King" Vaporizer. It can be "charged" for three months, closed, and carried in a corner of the trunk wherever the traveler goes. Set up in stuffy hotel bedrooms, in farm-chambers opening towards creek or morass, or in the sick-room, it does its beneficent work gently, without the disagreeable odor of thymol or copperas or carbolic acid, and, I believe, effectively. There are other "germicides," or what claim to be such, such as chloride of lime, camphorated powders, and the like, but they are bulky, liable to break in boxes and hampers, and proclaim their presence aggressively wherever used.

5. Avoid in warm weather, hot soda biscuits, feasts of fat things, pastry and stale fruit; draughts, sitting on the grass while heated, and whatever else predisposes the system to the attacks of that which walks in darkness, rather than wastes at noonday.

6. Cultivate cheerfulness. Be optimistic, trustful in GOD, and in your kind. Fretfulness engenders bile. A resolute, sanguine spirit that "polishes up the dark side," when it cannot find the bright, is a catholicon all over the world.

Marion Harland.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

BREEN.



BREEN was just sixteen years old. Twelve happy summers had flown over her head since that first forgotten one long ago, when she crawled all over the floor in the little honeysuckle-wreathed cottage out in the green country, and was named after its maiden mistress, great-aunt Belinda.

I say twelve, for three years ago something terrible had happened to Breen.

Before that time, she had been a cheerful and merry little maiden, with dancing blue eyes and a thick plait of brown curly hair that bobbed up and down as she flew busily from one thing to another, singing bird-songs in a bird-like voice that was a marvel to all who heard it.

"Breen must certainly take lessons," her father was wont to say as her restless bits of fingers wandered over the great pianoforte, improvising the sweetest bits of melody, set to quaint bits of verses, all bubbling up from the pure depths of her happy heart and brain. So it was all arranged that on her fourteenth birthday Breen should become the pupil of a famous vocalist and composer, when all at once the terrible thing happened that I have already spoken of.

For four long weeks she lay battling with that dread foe—diphtheria,—and when at last she emerged, white and weak, from the conflict, and proved herself conqueror, it was discovered that her beautiful voice was ruined forever. Breen was deaf. For life, the doctor said.

Not a dreadful blank deafness, but one that would fluctuate with the calm and excitement of her nervous system. She could still hear the birds sing, but when she touched the piano it was all one horrid mingling of meaningless sounds. She might often catch the faintest of whispers, and yet be unable to understand a word of a remark uttered in the loudest of tones.

Poor Breen! That was what everyone said, and yet to Breen herself, sitting upstairs in the darkened room, with her throat and ears bandaged, trying to shut out with her ten thin fingers that ceaseless, monotonous, tormenting roar, like the sound of summer surf upon the shore, this pity was the hardest to bear of all.

"I am something different from other people. I am something to be pitied now," she would say to herself, the hot tears oozing from between her thick eyelashes, as she tried hard to be grateful for all the nice things sent in by kind friends to while away her hours of bondage, and could only think instead of the long, long years stretching before her, to be lived somehow, —of her lost youth,—lost, ere she had fairly gained it. Poor Breen!

The bandages were taken off by and by at the doctor's bidding, and Breen herself was ordered out of doors, to take the pure air and sunshine. All her long, brown hair was cropped close to her head, and curled in pretty babyish fashion over her white forehead and big blue eyes. Breen was prettier than ever, but it was a pathetic, unchild-like prettiness, that contrasted sadly enough with the rosy, care-free countenance of a few months before.

Her parents were wealthy, ambitious people, who headed the social affairs of the large town, fast growing into a small city, and her two elder sisters — Lilian and Maud,—fair, frivolous looking girls,—occupied the same position, in the coterie of youth and beauty boasted of therein.

Breen had hitherto been considered too young to go into society with her elder sisters,—but now that she was sixteen, it was decided by her fashionable mamma that she was to be brought out at a din-

ner-party to take place, a few weeks after her sixteenth birthday.

"The doctor says it will not do to let her grow morbid,—and besides she *must* come out some time or other," decreed the mistaken matron; so Breen, begging and praying to be let off, and yet longing in every fibre of her girlish body to be liked, and admired, and to have and wear pretty things like the rest, hesitated, wavered, and then in a kind of eager dread, consented, and had lived in a feverish fit of alternating exaltation and depression ever since.

It was all very well when she stood before the mirror in her own little room, in the clouds of white tulle, just brushed here and there with a snowdrift of lace, from which her pale face rose like some frost-touched blossom, with the sorrowful droop of the roseleaf mouth, and the sweet forget-me-not blue eyes shining through a mist of tears.

It was all very well while she stood in the safe shelter of her mother's wing, and was only obliged to bow and smile in response to the murmured salutations she could not catch.

It was not so dreadful either, when Dr. Brand, her kind old physician, whom she somehow could always manage to understand without much difficulty, took her in to dinner, and under these favorable circumstances, and the encouraging fact that no one had as yet seemed to take much notice of her, Breen, began to breathe freely, and even to chat a little in a friendly way with the worthy doctor, who gave a kindly nod of his head occasionally, to stimulate, without checking, her flow of good spirits. But in the midst of a shy laugh that brought out all her pretty dimples, Breen saw to her horror, an exquisitely dressed young man, with hair parted in the middle, and a finely waxed moustache, observing her intently through his eye-glass, until, catching her eye, he leaned forward—apparently about to address her.

A slight pause ensued,—the young man repeated his remark,—a trifling one about some concert that had taken place recently. All eyes were turned in her direction,—and Breen, sitting in an agony of wounded pride and mortification, blushed redder and redder, and finally blurted out;

"Yes,—no,—I don't know."

Then, catching an irrepressible titter from one of Maud's school-girl friends, she straightway rose from the table, fled as if pursued from the room, and cowering down in one corner of her chamber, sobbed as if her heart would break.

"It's no use,—it's no use—I can never be like other girls!" she moaned, pressing closer and closer against the wall, as though to hide herself entirely from view. "Oh Lord!—Oh Lord! help me to bear it. I am so alone—*so alone*,—and lonesome, and left out of everything, Lord!" repeating it over and over, till by and by she sobbed herself quiet, and got up from the floor, and took off her pretty dress, and hung it away in the darkest corner of the big closet, where she hoped she should never see it again.

Lilian and Maud were very kind to her when they came upstairs, and carefully avoided all allusion to her unlucky escapade,—instead, relating various little triumphs and successes of their own; but after that, Breen was urged no longer to join in their social pursuits. Gradually from persistent refusal, her name was dropped from all cards of invitation coming to the Brevoort family, and she herself shared a like fate in social memory. She was rarely seen, even by casual callers, who sometimes remembered to inquire for her, and by degrees the epithets, "cold," "odd," "supercilious," began to be applied to Mrs. Brevoort's youngest daughter.

Knowing this, and her mother's distress at the same, Breen did try hard not to mind. She joined Lilian and Maud's girl-friends when they called upon her sisters, and sat silently by, longing to take part in their girlish chatter, and feeling the uncomfortable restraint her mute presence imposed upon them, with every nerve of her sensitive nature.

"Why don't you talk, Breen?" Lilian would ask after their guests were gone. "Do say something, if only about the weather, and not sit like a marble image of Minerva."

So Breen did not come down any more, though she knew Lilian did not mean to be unkind. Instead, she took long solitary walks, accompanied by her beautiful St. Bernard, Max, who had been her constant companion and playmate from childhood, and was now doubly dear to her in her strange, new loneliness. She read, and studied, wrote essays, and solved mathematical problems, with a feverish energy that astonished even herself, till one day—a fair December day—looking from her window at the clear blue sky and dancing

sunbeams, the pure mantle of crystal snow wrapping the earth in snowy whiteness,—listening to the far-away clang of sleigh-bells, sounding faintly upon her dulled ear,—she pushed her books suddenly away from her till they fell in a confused heap upon the floor, and clenched her hands hard upon the desk before her.

"I—want—to—have—a-good time," she said slowly through set teeth—her eyes gazing large and burning upon the beautiful wintry scene before her. "*A real good time*,"—and then her head fell on her hands, and lay there silently, for Breen was only sixteen after all.

Lilian and Maud came home that day, full of a new plan all their "set" were enthusiastically discussing. There was to be an entertainment, consisting of tableaux, choruses—bits of opera, etc :—given in the old Town Hall, for the benefit of the new one, a very magnificent structure, for whose completion a certain amount of funds was lacking.

Lilian was to take a prominent part, and so was Maud. There was even a private little talk of giving Breen the part of a nymph—in one of the fairy scenes, one to which no one else seemed particularly suited.

"But then she won't hear the prompter when the curtain goes down on the second scene, you know," decided Lilian, reluctantly. "She would only get herself into a horrid mess, and feel dreadfully about it afterwards."

So the matter was dropped then and there—and Breen never heard anything about it.

No one knew of the possibilities lurking within that clever brain of hers. The talent for impersonation that often caused her to while away many a lagging hour,—by arraying herself in classic drapery, and reciting whole pages from Homer, or Virgil,—in her eyes would only have made her ridiculous to the rest.

There was now afloat in H—town-society, a general impression, that, added to all her other peculiarities, Mrs. Brevoort's youngest daughter was a blue-stocking. Thereupon Breen,—on having the remark pridefully repeated to her by her ambitious mother, who was sorely disappointed in her afflicted youngest daughter, had hurriedly made a bonfire of all the logically written essays, and really exquisite bits of verse, that would surely have brought her fame if printed,—and locked away her writing desk and all its contents,—forever, she said through indignant tears.

Poor foolish Breen !—she did not know there was within her that divine quality that would always make her what she so ardently desired not to be,—different from other people.

"I suppose we musn't leave Breen out altogether," said Lilian hurriedly, the night of the entertainment. "The poor child will feel lonely all by herself, I'm afraid. I'll tell you what, Maud—we'll leave her in charge of the ante-room — the janitor is sick, you know, and there will be really nothing to do but keep run of the things. Breen is such a careful little soul."

So Breen, wrapped in a big woollen shawl, sat in the chilly ante-room keeping watchful guard over the piles of carefully assorted costumes, while groups of gay girls dressed as wood-nymphs, Scotch lassies, and court ladies, hurried to and fro, on and off the stage, followed by the continuous roar of tumultuous applause, as the curtain rose on scene after scene, till the last on the programme arrived,—a burlesque on one of Shakespeare's plays, that employed the entire youthful company upon the stage. Breen for the first time that evening was left alone at her post.

It was very still out there by herself in the big ante-room. She could occasionally catch a faint sound of music and laughter from the front of the hall, and shivered a little as the night air blew late and chill.

She was even growing a little sleepy, when she suddenly sat bolt upright, broad awake, every faculty aroused and alert, as it seemed to her that she smelled smoke.

Only faintly, it was true, but her heart gave a great leap as she remembered one of the selectmen's words to her father a few weeks previous, with regard to the advisability of tearing down the old building when the new one should be completed.

"With its insufficient means of egress in case of fire or other calamity, the building is nothing but a death-trap. Some day it will catch fire and blaze up like a tinder box," said he.

She peeped cautiously upon the stage, where the play was in full progress. All was right there, as was the case in the dressing-rooms, and the long store-house at the back of the building. It was just as she was crossing from this part of the hall to the ante-room again, that her keen eyes noted a tiny wreath of blue smoke, curling

faintly up between the edges of the floor and a big trap door that led into the under part of the hall, that was not exactly a cellar, but more like a big unfinished basement, divided into rough partitions.

Breen did not faint nor cry out. She stood and thought rapidly. There was not a soul in the back of the building save herself. She could only gain help by going upon the stage in front, and she knew what the word "Panic" meant, in that big hall, with its narrow windows and doors, and the crowd of humanity within its walls.

All this passed through her brain like a lightning flash, and then she lifted the heavy trap door with her slender might, and peered down.

It was as she thought. The fire was beneath the flooring.

A long box of shavings and light kindling wood, had formerly extended across the centre of the narrow compartment into which she just glanced, but that glance showed her a steadily increasing line of smoke and flame, that had even lapped a tiny tongue or two around one of the supports that held the floor above in safety. She remembered too, the big tin vat of oil which the janitor always kept in the little closet at the left, for lighting the building, towards which the flames were slowly advancing. There was no time to think, or plan; and only one thing to do.

Beyond that cruel line of flame was a large cistern, always well supplied, the only water contained in the building.

Breen flew into the ante-room, caught up the thick woollen shawl, and wrapped it closely about her from head to feet, then snatching a bucket that stood near by, she once more lifted the trap door wide, swung herself on to the stairway, and let it fall behind her with a heavy clang.

"Dear Lord, help me to save them all!" she breathed as she disappeared from sight.

Half an hour later, the curtain had been rung down for the last time, amid the most overwhelming applause of the evening, and the troops of lads and lassies had marched off the stage, laden with bouquets, and blushing with gratification at the successful terminus of what had undoubtedly been a brilliant evening's entertainment, when, by and by, amid all the *melée* of girlish voices and laughter, somebody suddenly discovered that Breen was missing.

"Oh! I suppose she's taken some freak or other and gone off home," said Lilian carelessly. "Yes, it's tiresome, I know, but——"

The words froze on her tongue, and her face grew white with horror as she saw something come staggering towards them that the others failed to see.

Was that Breen—*Breen*, with her short, curly hair burned to a crisp all over her pretty head,—eyebrows and eyelashes gone,—her dress hanging in singed and tattered fragments around her scorched limbs, her hands covered with cruel blisters, and her face disfigured by a bright scarlet flush that o'erspread it from brow to chin?

There was no time to ask, for the next moment she had fallen headlong to the floor, and a dozen terror-stricken girls were crouching round her, powerless with fright, knowing not what to say nor do.

"Breen!—Breen, where have you been, darling? What have you been doing?" cried Lilian, her lips close to the fast dulling ear that heard not, to the glazing blue eyes that saw not.

But the parched lips opened and shut once, and again, and a faint glad smile of infinite satisfaction illumined the poor burned features with a radiant light.

"There's — some—use—in—being—the —one—to—be—left—out—after—all," she whispered weakly, with a long fluttering sigh, and then Breen was "gathered in"—into that beautiful Somewhere, where she, at least, will never be one of the "left out ones."

Celia Perry.

CARE OF THE TOILET.

HAIR.



A WOMAN can hardly hope to have long, silky, luxuriant hair, that "crowning glory" without health. Still, thin, dry, uneven hair may be very much improved. If it has been neglected for a long time, begin by trimming the ends evenly. Every night for a week, wash the hair in warm water, with from 1 to 3 tablespoonfuls of aqua ammonia to a large bowlful, rubbing the scalp vigorously. (Ammonia is a good tonic for the hair, but don't use it too strong. Experiment for yourself). Dry quickly and brush well. One hundred strokes with a good brush in the morning and another hundred at night will make an appreciable difference in a short time. After the first, once or twice a week will be often enough for washing the hair. Don't use soap; you may prefer borax to ammonia.

Blonde hair is sometimes improved by a judicious use of soda. Trim the ends once a month; if very much tangled, cut the snarl out. It is unnecessary to add that the old instrument of torture—a fine tooth-comb—is banished from civilized toilets. Avoid oils, pomades, etc., though if the scalp is very dry, use a pint of sweet oil, with ½ oz. carbonate of ammonia. If the hair is falling out, use 8 oz. *Eau de Cologne*, 1 oz. Tinct. Cantharides, ½ dram each of Oils of Lavender and Rosemary. Rub one or two tablespoonfuls of this into the roots of the hair, while giving the nightly brushing.

HANDS.

Roughness and redness of the hands sometimes result from defective circulation. In such cases, try regular out-door exercise, warm plunge-baths followed by brisk sponging with cold water, and a course of hot foot-baths at bed time. The average girl sometimes has to sweep, dust, wash dishes and do other things more necessary than pleasant, but she need not have hard, rough hands, for all that. Let her have a pair of loose gloves for sweeping, etc., and a mop for washing dishes. When her work is done, let her wash her hands in warm (not hot) water, and then rub on a little vaseline or glycerine before wiping dry. Pure glycerine is too strong—dilute with an equal quantity of rose-water. Sweet almond oil will soften almost any hands. In obstinate cases, rub it in at night and wear loose gloves. For removing vegetable stains, try raw potato; for fruit stains, lemon juice, or oxalic acid. This last is a poison, and should be kept out of the reach of children.

For cleaning and whitening the hands silver-sand is recommended, but yellow cornmeal will be found quite as satisfactory. Immerse the hands in warm water with a handful of the meal, rinse, and rub with glycerine.

Daily care should be bestowed on the finger-tips. Don't depend on the cheap "manicure cases." Get a good pair of nail scissors at a reliable hardware-store. Those in the boxes are usually rough, and of poor steel.

The polisher is of wood, barely covered with chamois. If you have one of this kind, cover it an inch deep with wool, put a bit of chamois over this, and it will be useful. Never trim the nails without first holding them in warm water for some minutes—then, carefully push back the flesh at the roots of the nails, and trim off any dead skin. Never insert any sharp instrument under the nail; if brushing will not clean them, wet, and scrape off a little soap, then with the little ivory nail-cleaner take out dust and soap together. Trim the nails in oval shape; don't—and I use the word in its most authoritative sense—*don't* point them! Then with a little powder, polish till they are lustrous. A box of Diamond powder will last a long time. Five minutes daily will improve the nails wonderfully. A hand, soft, warm, firm, not pallid, but pinky-white, with each nail, "a rose-leaf with a silver crescent in it," is indeed a thing of beauty.

Why is it that so many bestow care upon their hands and ignore their feet? At a certain fashionable watering-place last summer, one could not fail to be impressed by the deformities of the fashionable foot.

One who had not seen it, would regard with shuddering incredulity the statement that ladies of wealth, fashion, and presumably of culture and refinement, exhibited to the public gaze feet adorned (?) with corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, and every variety of ugliness. And the owners of these objects regarded them with complacent admiration because their ill-shaped nails were polished till they shone.

The feet should, of course, be included in the daily bath. Two or three times a week one should have a hot foot-bath ; ten minutes is long enough. The nails should be trimmed lower in the middle than at the corners, and the feet should occasionally be rubbed with almond oil.

Shoes should fit closely, but not tightly. Loose shoes are as damaging as tight ones. But above all things, don't have a shoe too short. A short shoe is the cause of ingrowing nails, bunions, and makes an easy, graceful walk impossible.

Just here I want to quote a well-known physician, for the benefit of those who have a general air of being "fagged out." "If I could say only one thing to every girl and woman in the world, for their health and appearance, it would be this—"Never stand when you can sit."

Let us see now what we have in the way of general principles. A girl who wishes to be beautiful must not neglect regular bathing, exercise, plenty of nourishing, simple food, and regular sleep ; she should not be so concerned about her appearance that she forgets to be agreeable, or she will lose one of the first requisites of beauty. She should, if possible, have some pleasant occupation that leaves her small leisure to think of herself, for selfishness and vanity are sworn foes to beauty. A bright and gracious interest in others is a great beautifier, but it must be *real*, not assumed.

Never allow yourself to appear in a careless, untidy costume. If you have but a calico dress, let it be clean, and well-fitting, however simple. Dress with reference to your circumstances. Two or three plain, well-made gowns are worth a score of cheap flimsy imitations of really handsome ones.

Avoid strong perfumes. The pure, dainty freshness that comes with perfect health and cleanliness is far more desirable than any "extract." If you can afford to get the best, choose some one delicate odor, make it your own, but use it sparingly. Few things show lack of innate refinement more decidedly than the use of strong and pronounced odors, or even an excess of good perfume.

Just one word about cosmetics, powders, etc. Don't use them unless you *must*.

H. T. D.

READING FOR THE BOYS, AND TO THE BOYS.



A FREQUENT question in our home at the tea table is, "Can you read to us this evening, Mama?"

It began in this way.

One boy of ten years is very fond of reading, and day after day would find him, when out of school, in the house stretched at full length on the floor, reading some story.

His brother, two years older, cared little for reading, much for out-door sports, and the evenings at home were sometimes dull, and a little oftener, came the request to go out after tea, which was seldom granted.

The mother who had read to the children as very little ones, now thought she would try its charm again, and took Ivanhoe. The Talisman followed and four other of Scott's novels in succession. The Song of Hiawatha, The Story of Liberty, and a few other books came in, and then Cooper's Spy and the Leather Stocking Tales.

The mother was as happy as the boys, for Cooper's and some of Scott's novels she was reading herself for the first time, and the delight of her hearers more than doubled her own pleasure. The long drawn breath, the low ejaculation of, "O, that is fine!" and the sigh when the reading ended—were like applause.

Then too, the closer union of the brothers in this mutual interest and pleasure, a pleasure that left no evil behind, this was a rare reward.

They are evenings to be remembered: the lamp on the table before the open fire, the three chairs drawn up beside it, the rapid reading, and the eager listeners.

The oldest daughter retreats to her studies, the father to the library, and the youngest of all is in bed, while the boys are becoming acquainted with great authors and great characters in history; studying English Literature and History without knowing it.

A book-case is gradually filling with books of interest to them. There are Scott's novels, Cooper's and Dickens', into which they have dipped a little, a row of the bound *St. Nicholas*, The Story of Liberty, Great Scientists, Alice in Wonderland, Water Babies, and a number of other volumes. To these will soon be added one of Hawthorne's stories for the next venture, and some edition of Shakespeare for children. Many of these books show signs of much handling, for when an hour in the house comes, what is more natural than, after drawing up an easy-chair to the fire, to open a book that has been read and re-read, and get rested and warm over its pages?

The reading aloud and the attractive book-case are crowding out poor literature, while a taste is forming for the best, and books brought into the home are shown and talked about with both parents because of the interest the boys know is taken in their reading.

But no book however delightful gives so much pleasure as this reading together, and the mother thinks it is the hour after tea, with rapid reading, so that the story does not drag, and above all the magic charm of the great writers themselves, whose witchery weaves the spell alike around reader and listeners, which is giving a new delight, a new force to the saving influence of home. *M. R. J.*

OCCUPATIONS FOR GROWING GIRLS.



ONE mother whom we call Mrs. Carey, had two "growing girls." In fact, Bessie, the eldest, grew so fast that at the age of thirteen she was several inches taller than her mother. She was a delicate child, too. A severe attack of scarlet fever left her with a chronic throat trouble, and in the winter she was obliged to spend much time in the house. She had grown so rapidly that she, too, was "always tired and seldom well." She was also a voracious reader, especially as she lived in a neighborhood where there were few girls of her own age, for company. What was to be done?

At the outset, Mrs. Carey, having a small income, was obliged to economize in many ways and avoid all needless expenditure. Yet she said to herself,—"my children shall have dolls, miniature cooking and washing utensils, dishes and furniture, and instructive games, and I shall consider money well spent which is used in buying anything that makes common work interesting, and helps to fit my girls to become good housewives."

Therefore, just as soon as Bessie could sew, she was given the prettiest doll, with lovely brown eyes and golden hair! The lips parting a little, showed such cunning teeth, and although it cost a little more than a homely one, I am sure the money was well invested. Now that doll was an inspiration! Mrs. Carey would not dress it; Bessie must see to that.

Fashion plates were consulted, pennies were saved to buy suitable material for a wardrobe, and Bessie immediately began to cut, fit, and make an outfit. She also learned to crochet, to knit and to embroider on flannel, and that doll had everything in the latest fashion, chamois skin mittens with embroidered backs, hoods, caps, cloaks, mittens, silk stockings, gowns, embroidered underclothes, hats, muffs, and muslin bonnets, and of each article it might be said, "And oh! she looked so sweet in *that*."

The result is that at thirteen, Bessie knows how to do nearly every kind of sewing, fancy work and darning and now begins to take a real pleasure in designing tasteful garments for the little sister who came several years later. As regards reading, Mrs. Carey had always thought it a good investment to take one or two of the

best magazines or papers for children, but she did discourage the reading of miscellaneous fiction. When one examines into the lives of our most celebrated women, she almost invariably finds that their young minds fed on the solid meat of what is called "classical English"—standard works consisting of poems —travels — biography — history. I doubt if a child would arise so dizzy and bewildered from a perusal of something like "Prescott's Conquest of Mexico," as from the reading of some modern sentimental novel. Too many books find their way into Sunday-school libraries which are unworthy the space they occupy.

In reference to the use of the pen Mrs. Carey thought that even the little six-year-old could begin a correspondence with absent relatives, so this became a source of much improvement and enjoyment to both the girls, during the long winter months, and Bessie soon acquired an easy and pleasant style of writing.

Plenty of games were also provided which furnished much innocent amusement. Chief among them was a very entertaining and instructive "Geographical game." In the summer,out-of-door games were encouraged, and all of these were shared by the brothers also.

Bessie had always a fondness for cookery. Therefore, when quite small, she was provided with a rolling-pin, moulding-board and little tins. She used to study 'Common sense in the Household,' and many small cakes, pies, and biscuits found their way to the doll's table, with its neat white cloth and pretty dishes. What, if occasionally she made a litter or wasted some good material? Mrs. Carey tried to be patient, and when Bessie was twelve, she was able to bake pies and other things, fit for the grown people to eat.

Out-of-door gardening was not despised. Flower seeds and roots were provided, and each boy and girl had a garden. In order to raise a missionary fund, Bessie planted a few kernels of corn given her by her teacher, and the following autumn there resulted an ingathering which brought forth a hundred-fold with rejoicing.

Mrs. Carey was very fond of music, and while she possessed little musical talent herself, yet there was so much musical ability in her family and in that of her husband, she had thought that Bessie, of course would inherit it. So at the age of ten the best teachers were provided and every opportunity was given to Bessie. But, alas! after two or three years of fitful devotion to the cause it became evident that she would never become a skilled musician. Too many parents make a mistake by supposing that because the daughter of Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. succeeds well, and is becoming skilful with the violin or piano, therefore Kitty or Mary C. can do the same. Not so, thought Mrs. Carey.

"My dear Bessie," she said, kindly and lovingly, "you seem to have little talent in this direction, and your practice has become an irksome task. Therefore, although you must not entirely drop this, for the present you may spend the most of your spare time on drawing, which seems to be your specialty."

So Bessie was placed under the care of one of the best teachers of drawing, and began to draw from nature and from models and to do some good original designing.

Bessie has two friends, Evelyn and Janet. Some of their idle moments during the past winter have been spent upon a book. Evelyn is writing the book, Janet composes the verses which head the chapters, and Bessie is illustrating the work with original drawings, and none of these girls are past fourteen. Think how many hours which might have been idly spent, have thus been used to develop what may be the talent of each one.

These young girls, with hearts and minds constantly busy with their studies and with cheerful work and play, have little time for those foolish and sentimental thoughts in which so many young girls indulge, and are fast growing into healthy, busy, and happy womanhood.

"Hug the baby while it is still your own," embroider its clothes if you will—but keep the growing girl "your own," also, and so train her that she will have some ideas about making her own clothes, and cooking her own food. Yet do it in such a way that it will afford a constantly changing round of occupations instead of becoming a monotonous task. And you mothers who cannot leave each girl a fortune, use your money during this transition period of her life, to develop symmetry of character which will fit her to become a useful member of society. Do not try to make her follow some particular line just because some other girl does well in it; but if she has any especial talent, cultivate it, so that she may be well fitted to support herself if left alone in the world.

Laura Le Balyard.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Few Last Words on Round Dances.

EDITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER:

Although the "silver threads among" my coal-black locks are becoming very conspicuous, yet your cordial invitation to a "symposium"—a *dance* symposium—is too irresistible to be—resisted! The very thought of it brings back the old-time joy to my heart and the old-time tingle to my toes.

You will have such a rush of acceptances to your Party that I know I must squeeze myself into a very small corner, but I do very much want to join the "all hands round" with you, and tell you something of the way one mother managed her dancing girl.

When I was quite small, I one day heard my mother decline for me an invitation to a child's party, after politely inquiring and learning that it was "assuredly a play-party," and giving as her reason that the often rough and probable "kissing" games of promiscuous play-parties were, in her opinion, much more productive of careless ideas concerning the relation and attitude of young ladies and young gentlemen toward each other than parties for dancing, and until her daughter was old enough to go to such, she must be content with the little home-gatherings where mothers and children all played together. Of course, the good lady who extended the invitation went away inexpressibly shocked; but it was my first lesson in discrimination and self-respect.

Later, I was sent to a dancing-school, and as I read "C. W. M.'s" comments, I felt almost as if she were describing "Monsieur E.'s" dancing-school in the city of my birth. No girl could have gone out from such teaching as we there received with any doubt as to how a *gentleman* holds a lady in the waltz; how also, with perfect ease and graceful dignity, to render him "partnerless" who held her in any less pure or courteous way.

I have faith in the adage, "to the pure all things are pure," but there is a purity which is mere youthfulness and thoughtlessness, with, alas! no firm foundation, and there is a purity which is the result of such careful training that, like the *mimosa sensitiva*, it instinctively feels the touch of harm and draws within itself.

The question of all questions on this whole "amusement" subject is,—how shall we mothers teach our children to have self-control, self-respect, and keen yet kindly discrimination, yet guard them from that "worldly wisdom" which will mar the gayety and gladness of young, unrestrained life?

With hearty appreciation of "THE HOME-MAKER," Truly yours, *N.*

MESDAMES EDITORS:

Of all amusements, what more simple and beautiful than the dance? When indulged in at home, among invited guests, nothing could be more harmless or healthful.

To those who have witnessed the stately minuet, so popular a century and less ago, or dancing as indulged in, fifteen years ago, the round dance of to-day is certainly shocking as seen in the public ball-room. It does not seem to be a matter of enjoyment or graceful motion, but one of strife to see who can go the fastest and jump the highest.

Now, when a young lady is seated after a waltz, she is breathless, pale from severe exertion, and fairly has the side-ache, when instead, her face should be aglow with the exercise, her breathing full and free. It is the all-night, miscellaneous dance that does harm physically and morally.

This winter, a young lady of refinement and culture, daughter of a millionaire from a large eastern city, was spending a few days in a small western town, and one evening attended a public ball. One of the miscellaneous sort, it proved to be, where tickets of admission were sold. In the course of the evening she danced a square dance in a set with a bill-poster, a barber and the bar-tender of a small saloon.

One can choose partners for the round dances, and they seem less harmful when indulged in with moderation, but the modern dancing gymnastics are keeping up with the rapidity and advance of civilization, until soon the old-time beauty, grace and enjoyment of the dance will be entirely destroyed. *N. E.*

LOW-NECKED GOWNS.

THE following letter comes too late to be inserted entire. It is designed as a part of the Symposium on Round Dances, but touches so pertinently upon a cognate subject that the editors cannot resist the inclination to insert a portion of it.

* * * * What is it that makes dancing repulsive to the sensitive nature? What is it that lends vice to otherwise harmless pleasure?

It is the vulgar *un*dress of the ladies. People talk about the "wicked men"! I say it is, to a great extent, the woman of to-day who, by her improper costume, is accountable for much of men's vice. A man truly respects a woman who has fortitude enough to enter a reception-room in proper dress.

A few months ago, about the beginning of our winter season, while in conversation with a young friend who was showing me her new party costumes, I remarked, "Well, it's really beyond my comprehension, how, with the utmost composure, you can enter the ball-room in that low-necked, sleeveless thing. *I* never could wear even what the other girls call *modest* basques."

"Oh, yes, I understand how you feel; I felt that way myself at first, but one becomes hardened, you know. It's just like this, May:—You really feel quite naked at first, but after traversing the ball-room once or twice, and seeing how much worse the other dresses are, you begin to feel as if you had something on."

That from one of our well-known society belles!

If mothers become so indignant at men for "evil looks," etc., why do they not clothe their daughters respectably?

I imagine there are not many places where dresses are "murdered" in a more extravagant manner than in our own "Fair Athens of the Pacific" and in San Francisco.

As "babies cry for Castoria," so let our mothers cry for dress-reform and adhere to its teaching. How many will second me in this?

M. P.

OAKLAND, CAL.

HOME-WORK FOR HOME-MAKERS

BY MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

RIBBON-EDGED GLASS BOX—TAPESTRY-WORK—CELLULOID DECORATIONS—LETTER FOLIOS—CROCHET LACE: ADVICE COLUMN.



AS an ornament for the parlor table and an excellent receptacle for a few photographs, a ribbon-edged glass box of suitable size is to be recommended.

To make it, procure from a glazier two panes of best, clear glass, eight and a half inches long by six inches wide; two strips for the sides, three inches wide and eight and a half long, and the end pieces, which should be three by six inches.

Bind each piece all around with feather-edged ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide, in some bright color. Do not use gum or any other sticking medium, but fold the ribbon over the edge of the glass, stretch it tightly and secure by taking a few stitches through and through the doubled ribbon at each end. Having cov-

ered and secured one edge, turn the corner neatly, and do the rest in the same manner. Put all the pieces together in box form, and join by taking a few stitches at the corners. Sew a small bow of ribbon at each corner, and strings to tie in the middle of the front. Glove-boxes are made in the same way with a change in the proportions, and a quilted satin sachet fitted to the glass which forms the bottom.

Other glass boxes made in the same manner in triangular form are used to hold trinkets or bon-bons.

Tapestry-Work.

UNTIL recently, only thoroughly skilled workers have made much success of tapestry work. But now, the material can be bought prepared for embroidering, and no one need fear to attempt the undertaking. The pattern is first stamped and then filled in with silk transverse lines. These are worked over with cross-stitch like that once used for samplers. A little practice is necessary at first to enable the worker to keep the stitches even; but the knack of doing it properly is easily acquired. The silk filling is shaded just as the flowers or leaves of the pattern demand, and the cross-stitch should be worked in the same color as the line. Panels, curtains, cushions, chair-backs and many other things are made of tapestry worked in this manner, the great durability of both material and decoration being strong recommendations to favor.

Celluloid Decoration.

A BEAUTIFUL bag or wall-pocket for holding photographs or any of the small floating articles that accumulate in a sitting room, is made by using for the foundation a small hemp satchel, such as children carry to school. The outside is covered with a soft satin puff made still softer in effect by a thin sheet of wadding tacked upon the back. Upon the cotton may be sprinkled violet powder, or any other perfume. After the puff is sewed on and tacked down irregularly in several places, prepare the decoration by tracing upon the unglazed side of a sheet of celluloid, a floral design rather bold in character; as small flowers and foliage do not adapt themselves well to the purpose. A Japanese lily nearly in the natural size, and one or two of its leaves, or one or two flowers of the narcissus, or two stems of poppies with leaves, will be very pretty. Having traced the pattern, paint it in the colors appropriate to it, and then cut the spray out and fasten it lightly to the satin puff.

A similar decoration is charming when traced upon a shirred silk lamp shade, but it can only be used upon a shade that is put aside at night when the lamp is lighted, heat having, as is well-known, a very disastrous effect upon the celluloid.

Letter Portfolios.

THE easiest way to make a portfolio is to procure two pieces of bookbinder's board for the covers, and let the folds for the ends be put in at a bindery, or, after the boards are covered with whatever material is chosen. Have eyelets set in thickly. Any shoemaker will put them in for a trifle. A cord or narrow ribbon can then be laced through, leaving space enough for the boards to spread sufficiently. Either watered silk or heavily brocaded satin will make a very handsome covering for a portfolio, but for actual service, nothing is more satisfactory than brown linen. It can be ornamented with a motto drawn within a scroll, or in a very simple but thoroughly pleasing manner, by drawing a group of envelopes thrown down with apparent carelessness, and bearing, as can be seen, the address of the person for whom the portfolio is designed. The top envelope should show the whole address, the others, being more or less covered, can show only portions of the words. These may be traced over with indelible ink or worked in outline stitch with black or brown silk.

Crochet Lace.

THIS pattern is given at the request of several correspondents.

Use Clark's cotton, number forty, and a very fine steel needle.

Make a chain the length required.

First row :—One double crochet in every stitch of chain; break off the thread at the end.

Second row :—Begin with a double crochet in the first double crochet at the right hand side of the work. Every row is begun at the same end throughout the pattern ;* Fifteen chain, miss seven, one double crochet in the next ; Repeat from * to end of row ; break off thread.

Third row :—One D.C. (double crochet) on the first D.C.; Three chain, a picot of five chain, one D.C. in the first of the five chain ; Two chain, one D.C. in the seventh of the first fifteen chain ; Three chain, a picot of five chain, one D.C. in the first of the five chain ; Seven chain, a picot of five chain ; Seven chain, a picot of five chain ; the picots are continued in the same way, and the directions for making them need not be repeated ; Three chain, one D.C. in the fourth of the first seven chain ; Three chain, a picot ; Seven chain, a picot ; Three chain, one D.C. in the same loop of the first seven chain that the last D.C. is in ; Three chain, a picot ; Three chain, one D.C. in the seventh stitch of the first fifteen chain ; Three chain, a picot ; Three chain, one D.C. in the D.C. ending the first fifteen chain ; Three chain, a picot ; Three chain, one D.C in the seventh of the next fifteen chain ; Repeat from * to end of row ; Break thread.

Fourth row :—This row forms the scallops for the border. Fasten with a D.C. in the fourth of the first long loop of seven chain, lying between the third and fourth picots ; Nine chain, one D.C. in the fourth of the next loop of seven chain, between the fifth and sixth picots, and with it the corresponding chain, between the seventh and eighth picots, taking them up together as one long loop ; Nine chain, take up the stitches of the two next loops of picots together, and work in this manner to end of row ; and break thread off.

Fifth row :—*Three D.C.S.; A picot of five chain, one D.C. in the first of five chain ; Four D.C.S.; Picot of five chain, four D.C.S.; A picot, three D.C.S.; Repeat from* over nine chain.

There are three picots in each scallop. This completes the pattern.

ADVICE COLUMN.

M. E. WAFRA CITY, CAL.—Whether or not to have cherry or ebonized wood for your screen frame, is entirely a matter of taste. If you do not care to spend time in fancy work, try covering the panels with rich brocade, or with India silk shirred at the top and bottom.

J. K. L.—Yes, you can buy cretonne to match your paper in the very new patterns. Your room that is already papered with rose sprays on a buff ground, could be tastefully furnished with striped buff jean furniture covering.

S. B. D.—Your silk shawl can be used to advantage as drapery, hanging at one side of the mantel, or draped over the back of a sofa and coming over one end of the seat, if its length warrants that arrangement. It might, if you liked better, be tastefully used as cover for a parlor table.

CHARLOTTE M.—It is not necessary that chair coverings should match the curtains, but that they should harmonize.

MRS. P. F. WEST-TOWNSHEND, Vt., asks how to make a square reception-hall in an old country house look pretty. Begin by staining the floor, and jointing one large, or two or three small rugs ; hang a curtain at the door opposite the entrance. Furnish with chairs, or with a settee and one or two chairs. Put a light stand across one corner, hang up some pictures and brackets, and near the front door have an umbrella stand and a hanging hat-rack. If you own your house and are willing to spend the money, a long, stationary seat will be a great addition. Let it run along the wall on one side under the windows, and around the corner to the front door. It should have tufted cushions like those on pew seats, and between the windows and in the corner may be larger pillows. The seat should be broad and low, supported at intervals by posts matching the wood of the hall, or it may be propped with brackets and a valance like the cushion-covering secured to the edge.

IGNORANCE.— Cone-work can hardly be called an art. Those who excel in it say that the boxes or picture-frames should be of pasteboard, and the cones, either whole, or in sections, can be sewed on with carpet-thread. A subsequent coat of varnish is a necessity.

INEZ.—There will be no difficulty in putting your legacy of an old embroidered

picture to an ornamental use. Take it carefully from its frame and mount it upon a stout piece of cardboard, and put it in a single paneled screen. If it is not large enough to fill the entire space, supplement it with a border of plush in some pale shade that will not extinguish the faded colors of the worsted-work. As such a possession is valuable from its age and rarity, I should advise protecting it with a glass, which should fill the entire frame. On the reverse of the screen may be any other decoration you please, or only a backing of colored sateen edged with furniture gimp.

E. F.—Read answer to J. K. L. You can get patterns by enclosing a stamp with the request for them, to any furniture dealer in Boston or New York.

A. P. TREMAYNE.—I should advise a rug-pattern carpet with a border, and a width of plain filling outside of the border. The filling may match the ground of the carpet, or it may be darker. In either case the effect will be of a large centre rug lying upon a plain carpet. Your ceiling will be improved by a very small-patterned paper, either diapered or studded with silver or gold stars, and a not too solid looking border. For your French windows, white lace-edged scrim sash curtains would be pretty. They should be the full length of the windows, and shirred on a small rod at the top and bottom. If the small-paned window is large, drapery curtains would be best; if small, a valance would be prettier. Rather heavy portieres at the doors will be an addition to your room, and if the paper is grave, they may properly show a good deal of color. If paper and wood-work are both dark, the portieres should be light to avoid a gloomy effect. If you are selecting new paper, I should recommend buff or fawn with a plain frieze of terra-cotta. The curtains for the bay-window may be of scrim, or, if you prefer, they can be of Bolton-sheeting, the shade of the paper (assuming that you select buff or fawn) with a cross stripe of terra-cotta plush.

The editors are grateful for your expressions of appreciation.

OUR BABY

A RAINY DAY PASTIME FOR THE NURSERY.



PERSISTENTLY rainy days make an additional tax upon every mother who has the care of young children. If her stock of stories and diversions runs low, or her time is drawn upon in other directions, there is sure to be trouble in the nursery. Bad humors and naughty pranks seem to be engendered by the dull weather and necessary imprisonment in-doors.

An intelligent mother can make use of many of the Kindergarten ideas in her own home. They are profitable at any time for the little ones, but, as entertainment, especially welcome at rainy seasons.

Without entering into a discussion of the general use of the Kindergarten in homes, I will speak of one feature that will occupy children of five years old and upwards for a number of hours pleasantly and be of advantage educationally. This is paper cutting.

Froebel saw the entertainment a child

had with scissors and paper, and developed in his wise old head a way to make this pastime of use to the child in all his later life, by teaching him to cut carefully, to make forms that would be beautiful to look at, and to preserve every piece by pasting it in a book. In all this he remembered the foundation principle in Kindergarten ethics—that it must be done as a play, and the knowledge gained through the amusement.

This brings us back to the mother in the nursery, the rain and wind wrestling outside, the children gathered around her chair with the never-ending question for childhood, "What can I do, mamma, what can I do?"

With the help of the diagrams, the mother can begin the paper-folding and marking and cutting, interesting the children in the materials they are using by talking in the simplest way about the steel that made the scissors, the wood of the lead-pencil, how the paper is made, and where the gum arabic comes from. As the cutting of the paper is to make beautiful forms and figures, the preparatory folding must be done neatly and accurately. The child's observation and taste is awakened by using different colors of paper, and this gives another opportunity to broaden the mechanical work with stories and questions.

The necessary implements are scissors (with blunt ends), lead-pencil, a scrap-book, a pot of paste, and colored paper, four inches square. These squares can be procured at some manufacturer of Kindergarten supplies.

With one of the squares of paper placed on the table (see Figure 1) fold corner *d* over on *a*, and this will make Figure 2. Fold *a* to *c* and *a* to *b* and this will give Figure 3.

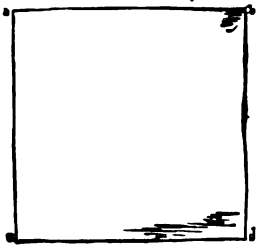


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

Fold *e* and *f* back with their points touching and you will find you have a small triangle. Lay this on the table with the horizontal line at the bottom and the closed point at the right, (Figure 4.) This is the foundation for a great many pretty designs.

Take a lead pencil and draw a perpendicular line on the triangle as you see in

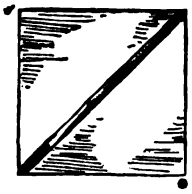
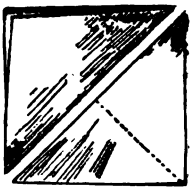


FIG. 3.



FIGS. 4. & 5.

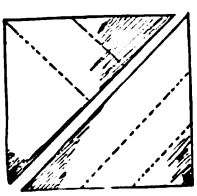
Figure 5. Cut this line with your scissors, and unfold the paper. Here you have a small square and four small triangles. Arrange these five pieces in various positions, and select the best way to paste them in the scrap-book. Figure 6 will show you one arrangement.



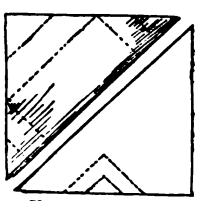
FIG. 6.

Take another folded triangle and mark and cut it according to the line in Figure 7. Then take another triangle and mark and cut the same kind of line at the left. On a third, combine the right and left lines. As the variations go on increasing in difficulty, the mother must judge whether they go beyond the child's limit. It is better to advance slowly and intelligently than to proceed too fast, and confuse and dishearten. In order to test a child's comprehension of what he is doing, ask him to cut some lines similar to those he has just done by direction, only according to his own idea. It is not necessary to use the hard words "horizontal" and "perpendicular." "Up and down" lines, "right and left," are a child's technical terms for perpendicular and horizontal.

The next step is the horizontal (or right and left) lines, Figure 8. Cut one or two or three lines at the bottom, then at the top, and, by placing them near together or far apart, you will have a variety of patterns. It is understood that each design is placed in the scrap-book, of course.



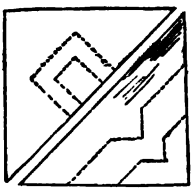
FIGS. 7 & 8.



FIGS. 9 & 10.

In combining the perpendicular with the horizontal lines (for an example see Figure 9) a design can be made that is quite pretty enough for an oil-cloth or carpet. By cutting tiny triangles at the right (Figure 10) then at the left, and combining both you will have another variety. Oblong cutting, as in Figure 11, at the bottom of the triangle can be attempted, if not too difficult. The directions for repeating the cuts at the right and left, and combining with other cuts, (triangles and straight lines) apply in this case also. The more cuts that are made, the more intricate and interesting the designs become.

Slanting lines to the right and left can be used for experiments. A combination of straight and slanting lines that produces beautiful results, is cut as indicated in Figure 12. Figure 13 will start a fresh style of cutting. The lines are only given at the right, but they can be applied at the left and joined with oblongs or triangles.



FIGS. 11 & 12.



FIG. 13.

Alice M. Kellogg.

BABY'S TEETH.

A MOTHER writes: "Why do you suppose my five-year old boy suffers so much from toothache? His teeth began to decay almost as soon as they were fully grown, and to show a line of black near the gums. He has broken two of them, and altogether, they are a bad-looking set.

Is it likely that the new teeth will be any better? How shall I care for them when they come? This is my eldest child, and I have no experience in the management of teeth in such small mouths. When ought I to buy my little man a tooth-brush?

R. S. T.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

Answer:

Baby's teeth should have been looked after as carefully as his mother's from the time they were fairly through the gum. The longer the deciduous teeth are preserved, the better the chance of a sound, even second set. There is more room in the mouth for the permanent incisors and molars, and, in quality, they partake of the increasing integrity of the bones. A careful and wise mother will take her child to the dentist to have a tooth filled as soon as she discovers a speck of decay. When the first set begins to loosen to make way for the next, do not follow the old fashion of having the loose ones torn out by the roots to give their successors a chance to grow. Our grandmothers and mothers made this mistake—one, as serious as if a florist were to open a calyx to hasten the unfolding of a flower. The well meant blunder made plenty of work for the manufacturers of false teeth. The new teeth were forced blooms—to continue the analogy of the bud and blossom—immature, and often crowded out of shape in gums too strait for them.

As to the tooth-brush, Baby's mouth should be thoroughly cleansed after each meal, before he goes to bed at night, and at his morning bath. The probability is that there is acidity of stomach which hastens decay by acting upon the enamel. Speak to your physician on this subject, and rinse the child's mouth with borax-water.

The Horsey Manufacturing Company of Utica, N. Y., offer for home, and especially nursery use, a felt tooth-brush, which those who have used it pronounce a genuine blessing. It keeps the gums red and healthy, polishes the enamel, and prevents the formation of the unsightly and always-to-be-dreaded black line near the roots. A quill tooth-pick and floss silk for removing deposits between the teeth accompany the felt-brush.

By the way, the color and firmness of the gums is a matter too-little regarded by those having children in charge. Pale, sodden, shrinking, or sore gums are an indication of ill-health or mismanagement of the growing creature.

SHUTTING UP HER FOLD.

The fire burns dimly on the hearth ;
The light is turned down low ;
And wintry winds through bare old trees
In fitful gusts oft blow.
The mother pulls the curtains down
To keep away the cold,
Tucks tightly in the childrens' beds—
She's shutting up her fold.

She covers up the little hand,
Thrown o'er the coverlet ;
She wipes the place on baby's cheek
Which one stray tear had wet :
Kisses the little ones who sleep,
And smooths the hair of gold.
Then kneels and "prays the Lord to keep ;"
She's shutting up her fold.

O, little ones, fenced round secure,
With mother's love and care,
What looks of peace and trust and joy.
Your sleeping faces wear !
Outside to-night some children, who
Are tall and large and old.
Are wishing they could be once more,
Sheltered in mother's fold.

Susan Teall Perry.

HOUSEHOLD HEALTH

EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

THE USE OF ANTIPYRIN.



THERE have appeared in medicine within the last few years several powerful drugs. Indeed, their properties have been so wonderful, that they have been widely discussed in the daily newspapers, and so have come to be widely known. Such a drug is *cocaine*. The fact that this drug could be applied to the eye and render it so insensible that a severe surgical operation could be performed without the patient's feeling it, was so astounding that it seemed little short of a miracle. It was found too that applied to mucous membranes it allayed pain, and shortly—the sensations from its use having pleasurable effects similar to those produced by morphine—people became addicted to its regular use, and to-day the victims of the cocaine habit are

not a few. It is a habit fully equal to morphine in its deplorable results, and as difficult, if not more so, to break up.

Another drug, and the most popular of all, is antipyrin. This substance was one of a group of complex chemical compounds, which within a few years has attracted the interested attention of physicians on account of their power of subduing fever. It was also discovered later that antipyrin had a sedative effect upon the nervous system; that it would relieve neuralgias, and especially headaches. Its powers in this direction have become so well-known that it is astonishing how freely it is recommended. "Take a dose of *pyrine*," says its habitual user to any one who remarks to him that he has an ache or a pain.

Antipyrin is not by any means as harmless as many people think. It has a serious effect on the circulation and the heart. H. C. Wood, in his therapeutics, says:

"Numerous cases have been reported in which cyanosis, disturbed respiration and circulation and collapse, have been produced by antipyrin, given in doses of thirty to forty-five grains."

It will, also, occasion a rash. Very much smaller doses have, in our own experience, occasioned fluttering and irregularity of the heart. Therefore in taking antipyrin, remember:

1st.—Not to recommend the drug in a wholesale manner to your friends.

2d.—Not to take it yourself unless your physician recommends it to you and has told you that your heart will not be unpleasantly affected.

3d.—It is a depressing remedy at best, and some stimulant (brandy, two teaspoonfuls) should always be taken with it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

H. C. writes to ask "if it is healthful for a child of five years to sleep in the same bed, though a wide one, with her nurse, who is a refined American girl of twenty in good health."

We cannot see how, in any way, it would be detrimental to the health of the child. Experience, however, confirms the popular notion that it is unhealthful for the strong to sleep with the weak, or the young with the aged.

H. C. also asks "if it is best to let children drink solely milk at all meals, even where meat is eaten."

Milk is at once the most perfect beverage and the most perfect food. If the child does not crave water, but drinks plenty of milk (which, by the way, contains a large percentage of water), it is as well.

E. B., OF BROWNSVILLE, TENN.—We were very much interested in your communication. It is too long to discuss here, but it is very evident that you need to consult a physician who will prescribe for you a course of tonics and nerve sedatives.

MRS. V. A. H. sends us a most thrilling account of how a baby fourteen months old, swallowed the end of a glass tube which was attached to her nursing bottle, and of the successful treatment, which consisted of the administration of four tablespoonfuls of castor oil, alternating with *two fresh chocolate creams* every four hours. The accident is instructive to our readers in two respects; First, in the common-sense use of castor oil; and, second, the chance use of the chocolate creams and their supposed efficacy. Many doctors cannot tell if a patient has made a recovery on account of the medicines, or *after* the use of the medicines, *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, as they are wont to learnedly put it. To prove her case Mrs. V. A. H. would have to have two thousand babies, each of whom had swallowed glass or some other foreign substance. One thousand of the babies should have only oil given to them, while the other thousand should have the oil alternately with two fresh chocolate creams. If the foreign substance came to light sooner and more perfectly in the last thousand than in the other, then the sceptical doctors might think that possibly the chocolate creams were an assistance; but there would be no doubt in anybody's mind which babies had had the best time.

HEALTH HINTS.

I.

Domestic Hygiene.



HERE is a story of a Russian family who engaged lodgings in a French hotel, but changed their rooms so often that they excited the suspicion of the local police, till a detective ascertained the mitigating circumstance that they were Calmuck *parvenus*, and in spite of their affluence, still retained the migratory propensity of their nomadic forefathers. A similar bias of hereditary influences might explain the conventional architecture of our North-American dwelling-houses. With few exceptions the inhabitants of English-speaking America are descended from an ancestry of Northlanders who dreaded frost as the chief evil of earthly existence, and consequently arranged their entire system of household affairs on the plan of baffling that arch-enemy of human happiness. Our houses are winter-forts, ingeniously constructed to mitigate the rigors of the blizzard-season, and to aggravate the misery of the midsummer heat. Our cities are atmospheric bake-ovens, and in the dog-days reverse the plan of nature by admitting the full glare of the noon-day sun, but barring out the breezes that sweep free through the open arcades of the forest. Kitchen fumes, greasy made-dishes, and superfluous broadcloth combine to afflict millions of our fellow men with a maximum of misery at the very time of the year which the children of nature celebrate as a festival.

Shade Trees.

Large trees in the near neighborhood of a house may damage the foundations of a frail building by the development of their lateral roots; but from a hygienic point of view their benefit, on the whole, outweighs all objections. They mitigate the glare of the summer sun by a screen which opens just when sunshine is most needed, and for prospect purposes it is easy enough to cut out vistas in front of balconies or sitting-room windows. Moreover, leaf-trees exhale oxygen and absorb a variety of noxious gases. "A fine tree-park," says the Swiss sanitarian Schrodt, "is a better preserver of health than a dozen drug-stores;" and, in spite of surrounding swamps, the town of Savannah, Georgia, with its four-fold rows of magnificent shade-trees, is the healthiest city of our southern coast-lands.

Hill-top Houses.

If city residences were valued in proportion to the hygienic advantages of their location, hill-top houses would be held at a high premium. There was a time when elevated building-sites were reserved for the use of nobles and princes, and the strategic advantages of such localities were probably not the only cause of that preference. Even a moderate elevation, as the knolls of a "rolling prairie," enjoys superior facilities for ventilation and drainage, and in the climate of our eastern seaboard the disadvantage of an exposure to the sweep of the winter gales is infinitely outweighed by the benefits of a breezy height in the sweltering summer-season. In the neighborhood of a large manufacturing town that advantage is enhanced by the circumstance that the foulest gases of the belching coal-fires never rise above a certain altitude, and in spite of tall chimney-stacks, eventually gravitate towards the lower levels, which also come in for the heaviest share of drifting cinders and soot-flakes.

Natural Ventilation.

No ventilatory artifice thus far invented can compare with the effectiveness of an open window. The dread of direct draughts is one of the strangest of all sanitary delusions. How can the logic of that idea be reconciled with the survival of skaters and sleigh-riders, exposed for hours to the direct sweep of a north-storm? Is it the contrast of the cold breeze and the warm

in-door atmosphere? Railway conductors could refute that notion from the result of daily experience. Blacksmiths, firemen and furnace-workers are not specially subject to lung disorders, and yet are constantly subjected to the influence of thermal contrasts often ranging from ten degrees below zero to 110 above. Moreover, the evidence of instinct should suffice to dispel the draught superstition. In an overheated room few luxuries can equal the sensation of sitting in the cooling air-current of an open window and the systematic experiments of Prof. Pettenkofer, of Munich, and Dr. C. E. Page, of Boston, conclusively prove that the disorders of the respiratory organs are not caused by the low temperature of the out-door air, but by the impurities of in-door air. Open a window, whenever a room gets too warm or too "stuffy" to be comfortable.

Never mind the suddenness of the change. It is poor economy to save foul air for the sake of its warmth. Ninety-nine out of a hundred times, the out-door air, even in the midst of a smoky factory-town, will be purer than the stagnant atmosphere of a room where breathing lungs and stove-pipes have for hours co-operated in exhausting the life-sustaining oxygen. At all events dismiss the idea that the influx of cooler air would result in a "cold." That unfortunate synonym of a catarrh has caused no end of misconceptions.

"I shall not attempt to explain," says Benjamin Franklin, "why dampness causes cold, because I doubt the fact. I suspect that the causes of catarrhs are totally independent of dampness and even of cold." It is a suggestive circumstance that men and animals exposed for days to the appalling ice-storms of our northwestern borderlands and finally succumbing to hunger and general exhaustion, have often been found with their lungs wholly unscathed, while the foul, though warm air of a street-car stable frequently affects the stoutest horses with a disease closely akin to pulmonary consumption. Consumptives, indeed, have so often found relief by a change from a warmer to a colder climate that the Adirondacks have become a *winter* resort for the cure of lung diseases, and the only reason that catarrhs are more frequent in winter than in summer is the circumstance that winter is the season of habitual indoor life.

Glazed Tiles.

American visitors to the next Paris Exposition ought to study the display of *tomettes* or glazed tiles, which the French manufacturers will not fail to exhibit in great variety, and which have become a household commodity all over western Europe. They are made in all sorts of shapes and tints: square, hexagonal, black, red, white, pictured, six inches by four or twelve by eight, and their uses are as various as their patterns. For floors in kitchens and halls they cannot be surpassed. Dining-rooms, too, and even the walls of kitchens and pantries are often lined with *tomettes* and can be cleaned in five minutes by the application of a moist sponge, and will thoroughly dry about ten times as quickly as ordinary wood. After taking an estimate for paving a special apartment, tile-dealers generally send along a dozen surplus specimens that can be stored away for emergencies and fitted in at a minute's notice if any part of the floor should get considerably damaged (as by the fall of a heavy weight.) Very pretty patterns can nowadays be bought for eight dollars a thousand.

Carpets and Rugs.

The hygienic disadvantages of carpet-dust have been considerably overrated. In the homes of wealthy Turks, where lung diseases are almost unknown, every sitting-room and bedroom is often furnished with the heaviest woolen carpets, which are rarely removed oftener than once in three years. Dust, under those circumstances, can hardly be avoided, but of *such* impurities our respiratory organs seem able to rid themselves by a mere sifting process, and the true lung-bane is, indeed, not dust but the subtle poison of vitiated gases. The sanitary statistics of European cities prove that teamster-work, and even street-sweeping, are by no means incompatible with longevity. Still, in rooms where dust is apt to accumulate, movable rugs are, on the whole, preferable to large carpets, which, indeed, they have begun to supersede in the model parlors of many sanitary establishments.

Felix L. Oswald, M. D.

(*To be continued.*)

HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

THE Editors make room this month for a letter from a student of this and other departments of the magazine.

It is a step in the right direction, and will, it is hoped, encourage other pupils to send in the history of attempt and success —or failure.

A HOME-MADE COUNTRY-SEAT.

EDITORS of the HOME-MAKER: John and I have just $1,500 a year to live upon. In town, we pay $300 per annum for a flat of seven rooms. We coveted a country-house more than tongue or (this) pen can express.

A good-natured third cousin of my John asked us why we "didn't do the squatter sovereignty act, and preëmpt a corner of his orchard?" I have a brother who is in the lumber business. He had a two-roomed shell of a cottage, put up for us. It cost, unpainted, exactly $100. John painted it in Saturday half-holidays.

Then, *I* took hold. I bought three pieces of Chinese matting, and put it on the walls. On the lathed rafters that did duty for a ceiling, we nailed the breadths perpendicularly. Next to the floor we put a dado, a single width that ran horizontally all around the room, and finished it with a narrow gilt moulding bought for five cents per foot. We tacked up the same where the wall met the slope of the ceiling. The dado was olive—a good shade. The rest of the matting was cream colored.

We took a fortnight's board in the farm-house of John's kind kinsman.

I never worked so hard in my life as during those two weeks and never was half so happy. I knew just a little about painting, and nothing about stenciling.

I had some furniture-cretonne at home, bought at a bargain. It was printed in a water-lily pattern—large figures, and not crowded. Drawing and color were good.

I cut out enough lilies and leaves to give the design, pasted them upon stiff pasteboard, and cut out the pasteboard carefully—one section for each variation of the pattern. Then, I prepared my palette, pinned the colored figures I had cut out before me on the matting, as a model, and, holding my pasteboard patterns firmly in place, worked in between the openings, with a stiff brush, the ground-color of leaf or flower. This was the only drudgery connected with the task, so I went all around the wall with it before falling to work upon the agreeable part of the undertaking. Nobody was allowed to set foot in that room for a week. By then, the water-lilies and leaves were veined and shaded,—the stems and buds put in "free-hand" and (for I had grown ambitious and daring) there was, here and there, the gleam of white light on the olive-green water. Swallows were dipping and skimming in the waves, and soaring on the wall above, and in a shaded corner the inevitable stork stood in a thicket of cat-tail bulrushes. In the second room I painted irises—purple and yellow—with the tall green leaves, and butterflies and dragon-flies sporting among them. Far up in one corner of the room, I put an audacious composition of a withered, mossy branch with an owl on it, and the (also inevitable) crescent moon behind him.

We covered the furniture (most of it was home-made) with the water-lily chintz—and I wish you could see the whole establishment.

It is the wonder of the country around. We have had one happy comfortable summer in it, and are packing up for another.

A. R. T.

ORCHARD NOOK, N. Y.





WORK FOR OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

"I venerate old age."—*Longfellow.*



IN looking over THE HOME-MAKER, I noticed a department of the book, called the "Arm-Chair and Footstool." It seemed to me a just and appropriate recognition of Grandma's particular place. We often find the Mothers' Corner, where suggestions are given for treating infants with croup and convulsions; remedies for teething children, passing through their second summer, or ideas on the training of the little ones in manners and morals.

Does Grandma have part or lot in all this?

True, she must have been a mother before she could have become a grandmother, but so long ago was it since she was a *young* mother, that we cannot blame her if her interest flags in the minutiæ of baby's wardrobe, the latest craze in rope-stitch or Kensington.

The dear old hands are often too stiff for intricate crochet, embroidery, painting, and the thousand other devices that fill the mind and time of many of the younger women of the land. But must she, because of fingers a little stiffened with age, sit quietly back in her arm-chair and wait for the grim messenger—Death?

Never! let her die with the harness on.

It was a great pleasure to me the past summer, to meet for the first time in thirty years a beloved friend of my mother's—an old lady seventy-five years old, who is truly a *grand* woman. She lives in the house of a married son, and is the life of that home-circle, looked up to, loved and revered by all. A new church had sprung into life in a little village near by, of which she was a member. Like most new churches, it struggled to live. With her own hands she had cut and sewed rags enough to make a large piece of carpeting, which she hoped to sell to help pay off their debt. Never in my life have I enjoyed, or felt more benefited by a visit. Time and hard work had left their impress in wrinkles on the broad forehead, her hair had been bleached years before to a snowy white; but the mind, always an active one, was as vigorous, and the heart as young and fresh, as when a little girl I visited her in her pleasant country home.

Another instance I recollect of the indefatigable energy of old age. It is that of a great-grandmother, who for many years has been the life and inspiration of a flourishing Industrial School in one of the larger cities of the west.

She has come to a good old age, but this continual working and planning for others, has become her life, and with her heart and her interest kept keenly alive, the years rest lightly upon her.

I recall pleasantly to mind an old lady who, at the advanced age of ninety, removed to a distant city to reside with a married daughter. In the hurly-burly of packing, she lost, or failed to put into her trunks her dress patterns, and finding she would need a handsome dress for a state occasion, set about cutting some new ones. Some weeks afterward I met her at a party dressed in a handsome black brocaded satin, which she told me she had cut, fitted, and made with her own hands.

I inquired one day of a young granddaughter about the health of this same grandmother.

Her reply was "Thank you, Grandma is very well, and she and papa talk politics all the time."

She was a strong Republican, and, as he

was a Democrat, it was not hard to set the ball in motion, or keep it rolling either.

How delightful for those around her, and particularly for herself, was the fact that, at ninety-five, her interest in politics had not abated an iota, and that she was just as much interested in the passing of certain bills in the House and Senate as in her younger days. How much oftener it is that women on the downward path of life live almost wholly in the past, the present being merely a period to be lived through, while scarcely a thought is given to the future, save to preparation for "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

A prominent feature of a certain Western city is a woman's literary club, where can be found gathered together on a certain day of the week, women from all classes of society, the gay devotees of the ball-room, demure maidens, staid matrons, and, most noticeable of all, many beautiful white-haired old ladies, who as regularly take their turn at the wheel as do the younger and more active women. With many of these elderly women, the club is almost their "meat and drink," so deep and abiding is the interest taken in it. Some of the very best programs are prepared by a highly cultured old lady nearly eighty years old.

For those not interested in literary matters, and who have not the supple hands of youth, a nice kind of work is the making of rugs. Beat thoroughly your old pieces of ingrain carpet. Cut on the bias strips two and a half-inches wide. With a pair of scissors or a stout hair-pin fray out the edges nearly an inch on each side, leaving an inch of solid carpet in the center. You can make your rug of one kind of carpet, or it is equally pretty, made "hit or miss." Sew together as you would carpet rags, and when you have ten pounds, carry them to a weaver and she will make you a beautiful rug a yard wide by a yard and a half long. In putting in a rag carpet, the weaver generally has more warp than she needs, so she will probably weave your rug on to the end of Mrs. Smith's or Mrs. Brown's carpet for the sake of convenience. If she is not in the habit of weaving these rugs, impress the idea upon her, that the frayed edges must be thrown up, so that the pile will all be on one side. When well made these rugs are very pretty and durable. A large rug will cost about a dollar, and so handsome it will be, that if I am not mistaken, you will want to go on and make your second.

Another kind of fancy work in which grandmothers are supposed to excel is the making of holders. For those who are interested, I will give a description of a very convenient iron-holder, which is warranted to stay on the iron until the ironer takes it off. Cut two oval pieces of cretonne, the larger nine inches long by six wide; the other a half an inch smaller all round. Cut several thicknesses of felt or old blanket, a half an inch smaller than the second-sized piece of cretonne. Put this padding between the pieces of cretonne and gather the edges together, letting the fuliness come on the rounded ends. Sew on to a band fourteen inches long by two wide. Sew on the sewing-machine, turn the band over, and hem down by hand. A brass ring sewed on to the band finishes the holder. It will look a little like a sweeping-cap, but it is a perfect fit for the handle of the iron.

It is one of the best selling articles at a fancy fair I have ever seen offered for sale.

Some nice little presents for the grandmothers to make at holiday-time are Turkish wash-cloths. They are easily made, require very little eyesight, and are always acceptable gifts. A yard of Turkish toweling, three-quarters of a yard wide, costing fifty cents, will exactly cut twelve. Overcast with thread around the edges that have no selvage, then buttonhole closely with fine tidy cotton, after which, crochet a neat little edge or something quite elaborate as the fancy prompts. These are nice to keep on hand, for there are often times when you would like to make a small gift to a departing guest, or send a token of regard to some absent friend.

After all, it is not the value of the article that is most appreciated, but the love that prompts the giving. *Annie Curd.*

ROSE LEAVES FROM A GRANDMOTHER'S JAR.

No. 1.

EVERY June my New England grandmother gathers her store of white damask roses, carefully dries their petals in the sun and treasures them ready for a time of need. Let there be a case of weak, inflamed eyes or a slight summer disorder in an infant, and Grandmother will appear, a practical comforter, with her infusion of dried or fresh rose leaves.

On her light-stand is always the quaint jar of sweetness which she prepares in this way:

Gather the fragrant rose petals and sprinkle them with salt, a layer at a time, stir each day for one month, pour off the water and add one tablespoonful of ground allspice, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace and dry lemon and orange rind.

Her granddaughter adds orris-root, some grains of musk, sprigs of lavender, and spikenard and calls hers a pot-pourri jar. Grandmother has an inexpensive method of extracting the perfume of her favorite flower.

Gather the rose petals dry into a jar, take a bottle that will fit exactly into the mouth of the jar, when inverted. Soak clean pieces of sponge in pure olive oil and place them in the bottle. Invert over the jar and set it in the hot sunshine for five days. The heat will distill the perfume of the petals and saturate the sponges. As often as the leaves are dry, change to fresh ones. When the sponges are wet, squeeze out the oil and keep it in a tightly corked vial.

FASHIONS

GRADUATION-DAY GOWNS.



FLOWERY June arrives and with it Commencement-Day to so many schools and colleges, that the all important question comes to our girl—What shall my graduating costume be? And this query vexes not only the pretty girl-graduate desirous of appearing "as well as any of the other girls." It also disturbs the mind of the loving mamma tossing on her pillow far into the midnight hours, turning over in her mind what color and style of drapery will be most becoming to Mamie, and in what material, not too expensive, would Annie's figure look best.

Perhaps several suggestions on this subject may be welcome to a few of the many to whom the matter is of vast importance.

As to color, by all means, when practicable, choose white. It is preferable to even the lightest shades of pink and blue, as it clashes with nothing else, is universally becoming, and above all, symbolizes freshness and purity. For the same reason, great simplicity should be observed in the pattern of the dress. Eschew all fussiness of trimmings such as quantities of lace and passementerie. Do not have the waist *decolleté*, and by all means wear the sleeves long, to the wrist, or, at least, to the elbow.

There never were more beautiful materials from which to choose than at present. One finds in abundance soft or light fabrics

such as *mousseline de soie*, *crêpon*, India silk, surahs, cashmeres and light serges. A costume worn last year by a brilliant young *débutante*, though very simple, was greatly admired. Many expected that she would be elaborately arrayed, but when the tall slender girl appeared on the stage in her exquisitely plain attire there were many whispers of admiration. Her gown was of serge, the skirt falling in full, plain plaits to the feet. The basque fitted closely to the figure in the back, while in front it fell in loose folds below the waist-line. From the left shoulder a heavy white silk cord passed across the front of the waist to the right hip and fastened there in a large knot, thus holding the drapery close to the figure. Of course only an extremely slender girl could wear such a costume with pleasing effect.

One of the prettiest of this season's gowns is of *mousseline de soie* over white surah. The surah underskirt is plain with a narrow plaiting at the bottom. The overskirt of *mousseline de soie* reaches to this plaiting, and has a wide hem embroidered with a tiny daisy chain. Knots of daisies and maiden-hair fern catch the drapery at the left side, and another bunch of daisies adorns the right shoulder, from which a garniture of the same flowers passes diagonally to the bottom of the basque.

Our girl should be particularly careful about the small details of her graduating attire. The plainest material may be made to appear truly elegant by the observance of such seemingly insignificant matters as the fit of a sleeve, or the "hang" of a skirt. Do not have any "loose ends" such as an untied ribbon or an unfastened button. Let everything, the arrangement of the hair, the boots, gloves, jewelry, etc., be in keeping and simple. In fact, very little jewelry should be worn, only a lace-pin, or a slender bracelet and tiny earrings. Do not carry a watch-chain or fob.

Some people do not recommend the wearing of gloves at Commencement exercises, but they certainly give a finish to the toilet. They should be of the same shade of white as the gown and if the sleeve is as long as it should be, a five or six button glove will meet it easily, so the expense of this addition to the toilet will not be great.

Above all else be sure to have the costume simple, well-fitting and dainty, and do not try in your dress to appear like anybody or anything except a pure, sweet girl-graduate.

The Editors invite letters of inquiry to this, as to other departments of the magazine. Queries will be carefully considered and promptly answered. This notice does not refer merely to fashions in costumes, but embraces prevailing modes in manners, social usages, giving and receiving entertainments, &c.

Communications on these and cognate topics should be addressed to FASHION DEPARTMENT OF THE HOME-MAKER.

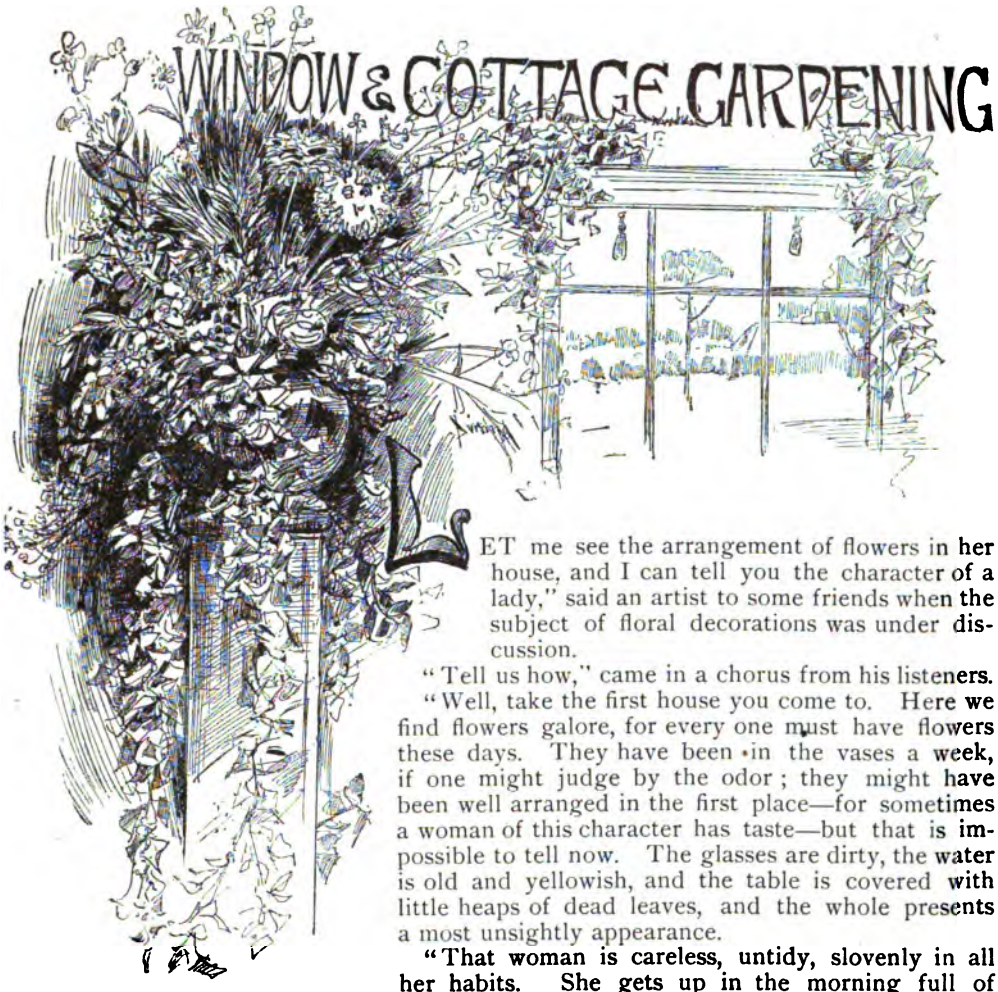


The showiest fun at the lowest rate is to be had by turning the peculiarities and foibles of acquaintances into ridicule.

Try your attachments for rich and influential friends by sterner tests than you apply to the love you bear those from whom you expect no substantial benefits. No doubt leeches are sincerely attached to what they feed upon.

If garrulity be oppressive, the silent bore depresses like a "muggy," clinging mist. It is common to consider the inveterate talker selfish in his monopoly of the conversation, but stubborn monosyllablism is an offshoot of the same root. Your social dummy is either a blockhead, a self-conscious egotist, or a lazy boor. The act of "making talk" belongs as frequently to the humane as to the fine arts.

WINDOW & COTTAGE GARDENING



"LET me see the arrangement of flowers in her house, and I can tell you the character of a lady," said an artist to some friends when the subject of floral decorations was under discussion.

"Tell us how," came in a chorus from his listeners.

"Well, take the first house you come to. Here we find flowers galore, for every one must have flowers these days. They have been in the vases a week, if one might judge by the odor; they might have been well arranged in the first place—for sometimes a woman of this character has taste—but that is impossible to tell now. The glasses are dirty, the water is old and yellowish, and the table is covered with little heaps of dead leaves, and the whole presents a most unsightly appearance.

"That woman is careless, untidy, slovenly in all her habits. She gets up in the morning full of good resolves and a strong determination to do great things before the shadows of night shall have fallen. She dawdles over the paper or her mail, or spends the time in gossip with her neighbor until the luncheon bell rings, which is always a great surprise to her, and then she concludes that as the day is so far spent she will make no attempt to accomplish anything to-day, but will wait for another morrow. She is always hurried, frequently worried, and on general principles complains that Providence has not given her as much time as other people have.

"The next house has a tall, colored vase in the centre of the table, holding a miscellaneous assortment of blooms, innocent of green leaves or sprays, and so tightly jammed together that the buds have no room to open, even if they have the inclination. Very likely the bouquet was bought at the market—for to this woman, flowers are simply flowers—and the bunch stuck into water without untying.

"You will find this to be a quiet, steady-going, stiff, old-fashioned person, attending the orthodox church regularly, and performing systematically and with careful exactitude a certain round of duties—one of which is buying a bunch of flowers for the middle of the centre-table—never flinching if they be disagreeable, nor showing pleasure if they be otherwise; a good housekeeper, a conscientious mother, but Oh! great Heaven! what a dull companion!

"Ah! here is a woman of another sort; She is artistic to her finger-tips; her eye must be pleased and her senses gratified. See. she has filled her blue pottery with

yellow poppies, and her roses she puts into white glass; large bowls are her delight; she fills them with peonies, hydrangeas or any large flowers; the flowers will last twice as long as in ordinary vases. She seldom mixes her flowers. Her Parma violets are gathered together and placed within the bowl of a large sea-shell, the delicate pink of which contrasts beautifully with the deep purple of the flowers. She loves all the dear blossoms, and as she moves about the room frequently raises the vases or bowls, that she may the better inhale the fragrance and enjoy the beauty of each and every one. She is a charming, lovable woman, versatile and accomplished in many ways, but she wearies of her friends when they no longer amuse her, and has no more conscience about discarding one than she has about throwing away her faded roses.

"Here is another woman who is more stable, more evenly balanced. The artistic sense is not lacking in her, but it does not over-balance the rest of her character. She is orderly, systematic, and has always plenty of time for every body and every thing. She loves her work, and flowers are a great help to her. In one corner of her room she puts a long vase, five or six feet high, and fills it with luxuriant branches of evergreen, bracken and other ferns and pampas grass, with a long trail of ivy hanging from it, or wound round and round the stem. Long bottles are filled with water and hung behind her favorite pictures. Into these bottles are thrust long, fresh slips of English ivy, which take root and grow all winter.

"Dried ferns, grasses and everlastings she never uses: they are hideous to her; she never puts purple flowers against a background of blue paper, nor vice versa; she never crams her glasses or bowls so full that the flowers have no room and not sufficient water: she never allows a single leaf to remain on that part of the stalk which is in the water, for it soon decays, and the result is eminently disagreeable.

"The practical side of her nature teaches her to learn the habits of these beautiful creations, and she soon learns to preserve them the longest time, and in the best condition. She learns that syringas and azaleas will, when quite faded, revive if half an inch of stem be cut off and the stalk be set in plenty of water. Roses will revive for a short time, if the ends are cut and boiling water poured over them. All flowers keep their freshness much longer if the stems are cut every morning and the water changed twice during the twenty-four hours. Sometimes she finds that her flowers retain their freshness and fragrance if they are entirely submerged in water over-night. If by any chance she receive her flowers before she is ready to arrange them, she puts them into a box, with damp cotton, sprinkles them well and covers them before putting them in a cool place to remain until needed.

"If her means be small, and it frequently happens that this is the case, she will buy carnations, tulips, narcissus and the blossoms of other bulbous plants, because they keep longer; roses and heliotrope may be her favorite flowers, but they wither in a night almost and she buys them not. With all her blooms she insists upon having plenty of green; asparagus green, maidenhair, or lycopodium.

"Orchids, she arranges with due regard to species; these, more than any other blossom, require plenty of maidenhair or other greenhouse ferns. When blooms are not to be had, she takes a large red and black Russian bowl and gets the florist to fill it with ferns and other delicate greens. These if properly potted and cared for, grow and gladden her eyes for weeks, if not for a month or two.

"It is not the quantity of flowers, but the arrangement of them which tells," continued the artist. "A handsome palm will do more to decorate a room than a quantity of miscellaneous flowers especially if the room be used for a large or even small company, for a number of small vases is a source of constant annoyance as they are continually being upset. Tall vases should be filled with large, strong, showy things, river reeds, white lilies, anything which will stand out well against the wall in outline. In all out-of-the-way corners, on tables, on the windows, wherever room can be found, there should be plants; gilded baskets with growing ferns, or a magnificent single rose in a bud-vase may be placed almost anywhere without detracting from its beauty. A true lover of flowers cannot make a mistake."

Laura B. Starr.



(*A Daughter of Eve*, by Henry Hayes. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.)

The vein so successfully worked in *The Story of Margaret Kent* had grown perceptibly poorer in *Sons and Daughters*, dwindled still more in *Queen Money* and has apparently run out in *A Daughter of Eve*. The author, whose feminine personality is but thinly veiled under the masculine pseudonym she assumes, has a certain cleverness in the way she handles her characters, an ease in the management of their conversations, that redeems her books from stupidity. They can never sink to actual dullness.

The *dramatis personæ* of *A Daughter of Eve* are numerous. As in all of Mrs. Kirk's books there are plots within plots, and several distinct stories run neck and neck through the volume. The people who move through the pages are singular compounds of weakness and strength. The one about whom the interest centers is undoubtedly Olive, and yet she is not an attractive creation. For her husband one feels respect and admiration, but James Merriam, who poses as the hero, arouses not only impatience, but contempt, by his lack of firmness, his vacillation, his infatuation. Probably the most cleverly sketched character in the book is Mrs. Barrymore, whose unblushing selfishness and overbearing disposition are amusingly drawn.

(*Raleigh Westgate*, by Helen Kendrick Johnson. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The writer of *Raleigh Westgate* has evidently lived long enough in New England to become thoroughly conversant with the peculiarities of the people. She displays a familiarity with their habits of mind, their modes of speech and of living that gives evidence of careful research. The romance that connects these character-pictures is of a rather unusual type and has a mystery interwoven with it that lifts the book out of the commonplace. The hero himself is an interesting study of an individuality equally impressed by heredity and by circumstances. The evolution of a practical man from a dreamer is skillfully delineated.

(*The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*, by Charles Egbert Craddock. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The public is tired of dialect. It wearied some time ago of the broken English spoken by importations from older countries. The vernacular employed by the negro and the "cracker" of the Southern States interested readers for a while, but even that has been bestowed in too generous doses during the last year or so. A feeling of discouragement assails one in opening a book and seeing pages upon pages of the written speech of the mountaineers of the Carolinas and Tennessee. Miss Murfree's latest volume, like the majority of those from her pen, describes the life and concerns of the denizens of the regions in and among the great Smoky Mountains. The hero, Teck Jepson, holds one's interest throughout. In saying this, one pays him a high tribute, for between his appearances there are sundry long stretches of description and dialogue that tell sadly upon the reader's staying powers. Miss Murfree possesses a rare faculty for describing the scenery of her native state, but she has rehearsed its charms so frequently that her readers are nearly as familiar with them as is she herself.

(*The Chezzles*, by Lucy Gibbons Morse. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

A bright story for children, pleasantly written and full of amusing and pathetic incident. The scene is laid partly in a coast town of New England and partly in France. The contrast between the two Boston boys and their little French-American girl-cousin is marked, but all are

equally lovable. The episode of the deaf-mute child is especially pretty and touching.

(*Lang Syne, or The Wards of Mt. Vernon*, by Mary Stuart Smith. Published by John B. Alden, New York.)

This story, founded upon historical incident, deals with Revolutionary times, as the title implies, and gives, with probable correctness, several interesting pictures of the manners and customs of the day. These touches of local coloring are more valuable than the thread of a plot that runs through them. The latter part of the book is taken up by a spirited sketch of certain "Women of The Revolution." Coming, as it does, when all eyes are turned towards the scenes of a hundred years ago, the book is appropriate and timely.

(*The Pretty Sister of José*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

In this, her latest work, Mrs. Burnett has entered upon a—to her—new field. The scene of the story is laid in Spain, and if the characters bear a strong family resemblance to other creations of Mrs. Burnett's facile pen, still, few will feel inclined to cavil at this likeness while all who share it are so charming. The usual accompaniments of Spanish life, bull-fights, guitars, etc., are not lacking and the book is plentifully and prettily illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.

(*Hygiene of The Nursery*, by Louis Starr, M. D. Published by P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.)

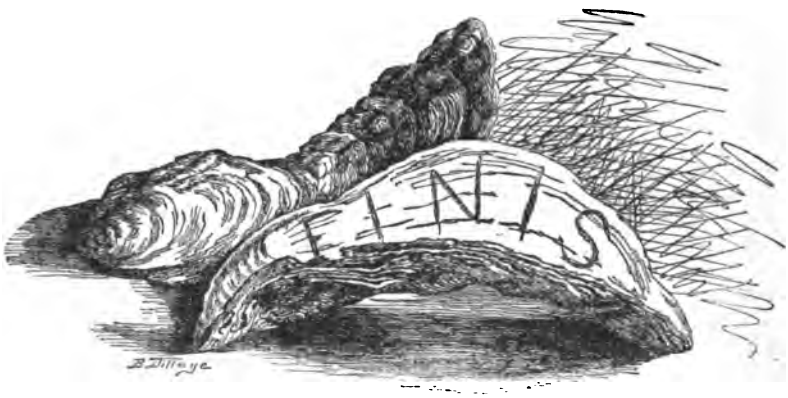
Concerning nursery hygiene, one may aptly quote the stock saying of Ingraham's *alter ego* in "My Double, and how he undid me:"

"There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

Manuals on the treatment of children in health and sickness, from birth until they blossom into manhood and womanhood, are as plentiful as cook-books. Yet there is always room at the top, and this practical little volume ought to find speedy recognition among those interested in all its title implies. Including, as the book does, information upon the general regimen and feeding of infants and children, and the domestic management of the ordinary emergencies of early life, the non-professional reader of such works,—generally a mother,—has here a useful manual for reference in most of the ills that beset babies.

A valuable and seasonable little brochure on "*Fruit Canning Made Easy*" containing useful suggestions on that subject, now becoming interesting to women all over the land, is written and published by Mrs. Jos. Wheeler, Fayetteville, N. C., and will be sent to any address postpaid, by the author, for 16 cents.

Received from C. M. Ashton, *Glimpses of Sunshine in Woman's Century*, a collection of the utterances of noted men and women on equal suffrage; and *Old South Leaflets*, from D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, Chicago and New York. These leaflets are prepared by Mr. Edwin D. Mead and are largely reproductions of important original papers, famous in the history of our country, accompanied by useful historical and bibliographical notes.





GUENN.

See page 280.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. II. JULY, 1889. No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

ADVICE-GIVING.



FOR no other thankless office are people of all ages and ranks so anxious to compete as for that of advice-giving. The precepts of the wise, the judgment gained by observation, and the soreness inflicted by experience are alike insufficient to subdue in one the propensity, usually founded on self-esteem, to present his own opinion in matters pertaining to the affairs of others. Here the most sensible are foolish, the strongest weak.

In the class of advice-givers thus referred to, should not be included those who offer gratuitous counsel. Such persons, as a rule, deserve all they get. Rushing in where angels fear to tread, thrusting their unsolicited suggestions upon those who have neither demanded nor desired this assistance, they merit no compassion, if, after putting their fingers between the bark and the tree, they are forced to retire with pinched digits.

Not for them is pity requested, but for that large class of kindly, well-meaning souls who rashly accept as truth the assertions of their friends that they wish a candid, unbiased opinion upon any subject, from the weighty problem whether to have a new gown or to make the old one do, to the advisability or inexpediency of applying for a divorce from an intractable spouse. In any event, that unlucky mortal who honestly expresses convictions contrary to the wish of his counsel-seeking friend is apt to regret it as long as he remembers it.

An instance in point. A benevolent elderly gentleman was one day approached by a nephew who had always testified for this uncle the most exalted affection and admiration. With much perturbation of countenance and many haltings and circumlocutions the young man at last divulged the fact that he had been somewhat attracted by a certain demoiselle into whose society he had recently been thrown and that he was in some doubt as to whether it would be for his best happiness to pursue the fancy further. He hastened to add that, thus far, it was only a fancy, oh, assuredly, nothing more *yet*, his *heart* was still untouched, and at this comparatively innocuous stage of the proceedings he had determined to turn to his long-time guide, philosopher and friend for advice.

Did the young woman impress his uncle's superior judgment as one who was likely to make a good wife?

The senior listened attentively until the youth had concluded his rather involved discourse. Then he opened his mouth and spake, with that refreshing confidence in his own opinion and that assurance that his advice would carry weight which is so often an entertaining characteristic of the —*par complaisance*—stronger sex.

"My dear fellow," he said, "in my opinion you could not do a *worse* thing for yourself than to marry that girl. I know the whole family connection, and they are a bad lot. Her father was a spendthrift, her mother is a shrew. The young lady may be charming now, but depend upon it, she'll make you rue the day if ever you marry her! I am glad you came to me at this juncture, for I may have saved you from making the mistake of your life, and since you consulted me so early in the affair, you can sheer off easily without doing any damage to her feelings or to yours."

The young man thanked the senior, and went away, looking singularly dispirited for one whose affections were still untouched, but leaving the uncle congratulating himself at the promptness and cleverness with which he had quashed an embryo misalliance.

Within the month rumors reached his ears of an engagement between his nephew and the young lady whose fate had—presumably—been sealed by the avuncular advice.

"Impossible!" declared the mentor. "Why, *I advised him against it!*"

In spite of which, a year saw the daughter of the spendthrift and the shrew his niece-in-law. Hardly need it be said that as all the kindly remarks of the uncle had been duly reported by the young man to his lady-love, the house of the happy pair was seldom graced with the presence of the whilom guide, philosopher and friend as an invited guest.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, all that people want of advice is that it may confirm them in their own already established mental position. They feel the need of moral support and seek in this fashion to obtain it. Or, if they are in doubt as to the feasibility of some step they have resolved to take, they long to cast out an anchor to windward by securing some one with whom to share the blame in case the chosen course turns out badly.

"Shall I publish?" asks the would-be poet, after reading to a much-enduring friend, a string of sonnets, ballades, rondeaux, triolets, sillanelles and the like. At his peril, let the victim dare to return a discouraging answer. No friendship could stand the strain. If he be a wise man he replies with fervor, "By *all* means!" Better still, he urges the giving of these beauties to the world until the gratified rhymester can truthfully write to the unfortunate publisher upon whom his choice settles;—

"My friends have advised me strongly to bring out my poems in book form, etc."

Woe be to that man who sufficiently loves his kind to endeavor to protect them from further inflictions of wishy-washy verse that lacks all *raison d'être.* In such circumstances, general altruism is at a discount, and a blind advocacy of what one knows to be one's friends' unacknowledged desires is the only safe course.

As long as human nature remains what it is, people will be found weak enough to ask advice, and others will appear fatuous enough to bestow it. The only difference between them is in degree, not in kind, the only way to protect one's self from the deprecation, if not the reprobation of his friends is, in giving advice to put language to the use assigned to it by Talleyrand and make it serve to conceal one's thoughts.

HOME LITERATURE

"J. R. OF R."



IN an old-fashioned homestead in a quaint old Virginia town, once the capital of the colony, stands a small mahogany press containing letters and other family memorials, now yellow and faded, for few of them have the date-mark of this century. The press (and there is little in the old house about which some such story may not be told) once belonged to Thomas Jefferson, though upon him the papers have no direct bearing. Among them is a slender packet of letters tied with a bit of red tape and labeled "The Randolph Boys." One of these, written in big round-hand upon carefully ruled lines wide apart, and addressed to "Dear Mamma," is a boy's brief account of his new and strange surroundings at school in Williamsburg. He complains that "the noise and bustle of the Capitol" interfere materially with his studies; and then concludes with formal expressions of duty and respect. The letter was written in 1786 by a little boy who had left his country home to attend Mr. Murray's school in Williamsburg, the quondam "noise and bustle" of which we now realize with difficulty.

Upon the library wall in the same old homestead hangs an engraving presented to his baby-niece by this boy when he had become old and famous, and was about to die. The picture represents a little girl playing with a greyhound; and in the margin beneath is written in a delicate and beautiful hand, very unlike the ill-formed letters of the boy — "Pugg and Gamma, from Pugg's old, fond uncle, John Randolph."

Neither letter nor affectionate inscription suggests the Randolph of Roanoke of history. His name calls before the imagination a figure tall and gaunt; a long arm and spectral fore-finger extended, pointing the words of keen wit or bitter sarcasm spoken by the sharp penetrating voice; the mouth sunken; the eyes deep-set and glittering—the brilliant, erratic



FRANCES BLAND (RANDOLPH) TUCKER,
MOTHER OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

being who flashed like a comet through the political firmament during the first quarter of this century. Men saw and heard him, and wondered, and thus have they remembered him, the memory aided by familiar cuts so grotesque as to seem almost like caricatures. Indeed, it is with something of an effort that one can think of him as having ever been a boy, even while handling these yellow letters with their childlike words and thoughts, which he penned for his beautiful young mother more than a hundred years ago.

The little press contains other matter pertaining to his boyhood. There is a letter telling of a young Bermudian who, in the early days of the Revolution, came into the picturesque old church in Williamsburg during a special service of fasting and prayer. The young man had come from his native islands several years before to study at William and Mary College, and, imbibing revolutionary principles, had now returned to fight for the independence of the colonies. On entering the church, he saw kneeling in one of the square, high-backed pews a young woman in the robes of widowhood, and beside her a child, his fresh face pressed against her black gown. Writing about it, fifty years afterwards, he said, "I thought I had never seen so beautiful a woman, or so beautiful a child." Love at first sight was as possible then as in "the still-vexed Bermoothes" of "The Tempest." The fair one, he discovered, was Frances Bland Randolph, but recently a widow; the child, the youngest of her three sons—"little Jack." The Bermudian was not only a lawyer and a soldier, but handsome and high-born—and a poet withal. He made the acquaintance of his charmer, declared his passion, and after a while, was rewarded with her heart and hand. Thus, St. George Tucker, when an old man, Professor of law in William and Mary, and a Judge of the United States Court, recorded his first meeting with his distinguished stepson.

John Randolph's father and mother were closely related through two lines. His father, a son of Richard of Curles, through whom he was descended from Pocahontas, he could scarcely remember. But his mother, beautiful and accomplished, dying in the full rich blossom of her womanhood, went with him, a tender and lovely recollection, through all the years of his brilliant and unhappy career—unhappy through his own fault partly, partly through force of temperament, but, most of all, through disease. Even the "beautiful child" gave tokens of what was in store for the man. In the many letters passing between his mother and her second husband, occur frequent allusions to "little Jack,"—inquiries about his ill-health—as to whether he can "mind his work," of which, by the way, he seemed sufficiently fond, &c., &c. But the disease left a mark which deepened to the end, even to that death-bed in



BRUTON PARISH CHURCH AT WILLIAMSBURG, (VA.)

Philadelphia in 1833, with its passionate cry of "Remorse! remorse!"

It is hard to associate this scene with the boy, of whom in his own letters and those of his immediate family, we get these intimate and delightful glimpses. The asser-



JOHN RANDOLPH AT 32. (FROM STUART'S PORTRAIT.)

tion of his beauty may, however, be readily accepted. This is proved by the Gilbert Stuart portrait, made at the age of thirty-two when he was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in Congress,—the

picture which hung at Roanoke until his death. The soft brown eyes look out from a face of womanly loveliness, and with the carelessly arranged hair and easy posture of the figure, indicate a youth of hardly more than sixteen summers,—a charm of freshness of which familiar later portraits show the pitiful wreck; of which the grotesque silhouette, representing him as he appeared on the eve of departure from America as Minister Plenipotentiary to the

Russian Court, contains no suggestion at all.

The characteristics which rendered Randolph of Roanoke conspicuous in the political world could not fail to color, in some measure, his private life. The death of his mother was followed by temporary estrangement from his step-father and others near and truly dear to him. The story of his ill-starred love for Maria Ward,—who afterwards became the wife of his cousin Peyton Randolph,—is familiar, and rendered interesting, not only on account of the distinction of the lover, but for the atmosphere of mystery shrouding the whole affair. As an accepted lover, he rode one day to his sweetheart's door, entered, and after an interview, of which the import is unknown, came out, mounted his horse and rode away, to return no more. There is no hint of a failure of love on either side, indeed, the hint reads the other way; more than this is conjecture. Randolph never loved another. His nature, denied the softening influence of a wife's affection and society, developed into that enigmatic, eccentric being, (mad, some said), who for so many years influenced the politics of the country. Possibly of no other American statesman does so much remain in the way of anecdotes, mostly stories with a keen edge of wit and a tone of bitterness; and surely no man has suffered more from unfitting, thoroughly unsympathetic biographers. Enough of his political creed for insertion here is summed in Whittier's fine lines.

"Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border-line
His patriotism perished.

While others hailed in distant skies,
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!"

While it would be as impossible as untrue to make of Randolph of Roanoke a figure of sentiment, it is manifestly unjust that he should be held in history as the arrogant, sarcastic, brilliantly witty statesman, whom men wondered at, rather than admired, without reference to him in the domestic and social relations.

His biographer,—a choice entirely inexplicable—in the American Statesmen Series, says of his mother, that she was endowed with those thoroughly feminine traits, piety and family pride. In a letter written after her death, her son tells of a thunderstorm which threw him, as a child, into such a fright that she drew him to her and told him how God was watching over him; and then he speaks with bitter reproach of the man who (to comfort him, apparently) explained the phenomenon scientifically. This letter was doubtless written during one of those periods of religious anxiety, which not infrequently visited him. Naturally, being a Virginian, he inherited the trait of family pride. In his commonplace-book—preserved in the archives containing many other memorials of him—along with lists of horses, which he dearly loved; of slaves whom he manumitted; daily records of the weather and briefest note of each day's happenings—how many partridges killed, who came into dinner, etc.,—are recorded bits of genealogical data, notes of visits to the homes and tombs of his English ancestors, and mention of those of his immediate connection. And here, with a harsh word sometimes, shines a gleam of tenderness.

Cawsons, his birthplace, the seat of his maternal grandfather, Theodrick Bland, situated at the conjunction of the James and Appomattox rivers, near the present village of City Point, was, long ago, destroyed by fire. In 1814, he wrote to Francis Key, author of "Star Spangled Banner."—"A few days ago, I returned from a visit to my birthplace, the seat of my ancestors on one side, the spot where my dear and honored mother was given in marriage, and where I was ushered into this world of woe. The sight of the broad waters seemed to renovate me. I was tossed in a boat, during a row of three miles across James river, and sprinkled with the spray that dashed over her. The days of my boyhood seemed to be renewed; but, at the end of my journey, I found desolation and stillness as of death; the fires of hospitality long since quenched; the parish church, associated with my earliest and tenderest recollections, tumbling to pieces, not more from natural decay than sacrilegious violence!"

The bachelor life at Roanoke was not devoid of near domestic ties; there were others besides his body-servants, Johnny and Juba, who went with him to Europe, and have gone with him into history. His youngest brother, Beverley Tucker, for whom he felt deep attachment, for a time lived with or near him, as did the widow

and children of his eldest brother. The sons of his devoted friend and congressional colleague, Joseph Bryan, of Georgia, at their father's death, became his adopted children, and the younger—his namesake—married a favorite niece who won his favor by holding her tongue. Coming to her father's house he said to her, by way of greeting, "I hear that you set up for a wit. Don't let me hear you speak a word." Nor did he, though she presided at the table and acted, in every way but speech, the gracious hostess during his several days' visit, and the heart of her cynical old uncle was captured and retained. Beyond his family, he had many friends stanch and true, not held to him by fear.

As years increased, disease fastened a tighter clutch upon its prey. At last, in 1833, he wrote to Beverley Tucker, then United States Judge for Missouri, "I have only strength to write three words—come to me." —and then filled four foolscap pages! But the summons was obeyed; and shortly thereafter, the brothers journeyed to Washington, where they separated, the one to return to Missouri, the other to go on to Philadelphia to take passage for Europe. But the barque in which he sailed went out upon a sea of which we have no chart. "Remorse!" the word trembled on the once caustic tongue; "remorse!" And the ship set sail.

There is something like tragedy underlying the story—the beautiful child kneeling in the old church at Williamsburg beside his beautiful mother; the brilliant, famous, unhappy old man.

According to his own direction, they buried him at Roanoke, facing the West two towering pine trees his monuments. In time the plantation passed from the family, storms overthrew the pines, and now the house has been burned. So it was not altogether a violation of the fitness of things when, a few years ago, the mortal dust of the statesman was removed from Roanoke to the beautiful Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond.

Charles Washington Coleman.



TUCKER HOMESTEAD, WILLIAMSBURG, (VA.)

HOPE HARDING.

CHAPTER XI.



HOPE contrived to escape from the house the next morning without having to explain her errand. It was a soft but cloudy day, with the fragrance of flowers in the air and yet a hint of approaching Summer. Hope walked with her head held high and her step vigorous. A sense of limitless freedom was in her heart. The one little cloud or shadow which had rested on her fair horizon was about to be lifted. Palfrey was going to explain the mystery in his life. Bedford Gardens was about a mile from Mr. Harding's house. Hope had soon reached it and was knocking at the pretty green-painted door which was set back of a porch and a tiny garden, the house itself being a quaint, artistic little dwelling, the studio of which was in the rear.

Miss Seaton's trim maid-servant admitted Hope, and, in a few moments, the old lady who was Tom's aunt, housekeeper and willing slave, appeared. Hope was a prime favorite with Miss Seaton, to whom Palfrey was a hero, Paladin, Chevalier, everything that was noble and chivalrous, and, when a short time previous, he had called, explaining to the little old lady that he and Hope wanted a quiet talk to themselves, on a business matter, she had cheerfully placed the whole house at his disposal.

"Steven Palfrey is in the studio, my love," Miss Seaton said, in her kind voice, and possessing herself of one of Hope's grey, gloved hands, which she stroked gently. At the same moment, down the long, glass-covered corridor leading from the drawing-room to the studio, Palfrey's figure was seen approaching.

"Now I leave you in good hands," said Miss Seaton, jumping up. "You'll stay, of course, for a bit of early lunch with me."

To which the two cheerfully assented, and Steven led the way down the glass corridor, on one side of which was a garden and a conservatory, into Tom Seaton's large, rather imposing-looking studio. Hope knew the room well, the dark red walls, the landscapes hung upon them, the few sketches tacked here and there, the piano, with its cheerful litter, the variety of chairs, the deep, yellow-cushioned lounge, the various tables, quaint mirrors, the secretary with brass-handled drawers, and the infinite variety of draperies, bric-a-brac and the like. Many an afternoon had she assisted old Miss Seaton at one of Tom's popular teas; on "show" Sundays how often she and Lottie had been presiding geniuses, and how many happy, light-hearted and careless evenings had they not passed there, with music, cheerful talk and laughter, wit worth remembering, and fun wherein lurked no malice, but only the healthiest spirit of banter and good-heartedness.

Hope, following her lover into the familiar room on this morning, was impressed by a certain sombreness in his manner, a pallor in his face and a darkening about his eyes which showed he had spent a sleepless night. But nothing could effect the responsiveness towards her which he had felt from the first time they met; from the moment when she had come into the Old Manor House drawing-room and seen his profile in the candle-light,—seen, and always remembered the look of his strong, slim hand. Just as then, in the instant he turned towards her, and their eyes met with a strange challenge each to the other, and she had felt that something unexpected but abiding, had come into her life—she felt now that whatever she had within her soul, or heart, or mind, this man owned, so far as earthly meanings were concerned, and so far as God chose to use them in his own future. Palfrey, pale, absent-minded, unlike himself, was more to Hope that moment than at any other time, since, some instinct, born of their perfect love told her that in such moods it was her part to prove their entire comradeship. The mere fact that he looked grieved or ill, stirred those sweet and compassionate depths of her tender and most womanly heart. From the glass corridor a door led into the studio and—just there, Hope paused an instant. Palfrey was closely regarding her. He

leaned against the lintel of the door, his hands half in the pockets of his blue flannel coat, and his face near hers, half grave, half quizzical, but with that deep look in his eyes which almost forced her to turn hers away.

Hope trembled a little. She longed to say what was in her heart. Long afterwards, she recalled the odors of the geranium which the gardener had been repotting and which he brought out now near her, towards which she turned, smiling gently upon the man who held it up for her approval.

Meanwhile the strokes of her heart seemed to be saying:—

"How shall I express myself to him? How tell him not to fear what he has to say to me? How make him know that in the very touch of my hand, the feeling of his lips on mine lies all the confidence and trust I have in him."

They stood there certainly not more than five minutes; and in silence except for the few words Hope had spoken to the gardener—yet the girl was absolutely conscious of what she and he were feeling; a strange sensation; something which to Hope seemed vaguely to prefigure the marriage relation as our Lord meant it should be. At that moment, as later, all the sophistry of every ethical cult would have moved her in no way. Yet, had she felt free to do it, she would have put her arms out towards him and freely said, "I am yours, *all* yours, dear heart, now and forever."

He moved towards her, and putting his hands upon her shoulders, kissed her tenderly.

"Hope, my darling," he said quietly; "I have a strange story to tell you, but it is your right to know it."

CHAPTER XII.

Hope will remember always the look of the studio that morning. She sat in one corner of the deep lounge. Palfrey moved about, facing her, now and then talking at a distance, but every gesture, every change in his expression, every note of his voice held her, and became abiding memories. A gust of wind swayed the vines in the conservatory, the gardener was seen coming to and fro; finally, a soft rain pattered on the skylight. Hope had removed her hat and wrap. If a trifle pale, she was looking very beautiful, Palfrey thought, as she leaned back against the great yellow cushions and looked at him with her sweet, proud, and yet tender eyes.

"I have to go back," he said, "back into what I call my dark ages—into that time when, as I have told you, I broke away from the restraints of my home life and went West. I was in a mining camp; needless, dearest, to give you particulars. The people who were my associates were a mixed set; some gentlemen, some rough as bushrangers, all eagerly bent on making money and finding gold. Everyone drank, gambled, and played life through for high stakes."

A color swept Hope's face. She looked down, moving her hand up and down the sofa for an instant, then said, lifting her eyes with their gentleness undimmed—

"And—did you—act in that way?"

Palfrey was at her side in an instant, and kneeling before her.

"My darling, you may believe one thing. I may not in some ways have been better than the rest, and I had my fling for a little while—but, Hope—*something* kept my ideals up. *Something* taught me to keep aloof from the worst influences."

"You must not call it 'something,'" said the girl, with a radiance in her face, and holding both his hands. "It was God—the divine—His message to you."

"Perhaps—yes"—he assented, and moved back towards the place where he had been walking up and down. "But I feel—I have thought so *many* times lately that it was because I waited for *you*. I *must* have known you then."

"I am glad."

"Well—among my most intimate associates was an Englishman, a handsome, reckless fellow, over whom I think I exerted some influence.

"He had lived a great deal in Australia, and he nearly fired me with a desire to be off there myself. He was going back, if his mining scheme failed. From some cause—I don't know what—my health gave way—I had a long fever during which I was delirious for two weeks. When I came to my senses I was aware that a woman—a girl—a total stranger to me, must have been the person I recalled from time to time at my bedside, and whom I now saw clearly for the first time."

Hope's face was half averted. Palfrey continued.

"She was sitting in the cabin-window talking to my friend, the Englishman. Suddenly she turned towards me—a beau-

tiful, if rather animal face—great dark eyes—masses of brown hair—a splendid coloring and physique. She crossed the room with the step of a Juno."

"Yes?" said Hope, smiling faintly.

"You are *really* better then? she said in a clear, rich voice and handed me my medicine.

"This is my sister Joan," Paul Fettermore said quietly. "She arrived the day after you were ill and has taken care of you with me."

Naturally I expressed my gratitude, but I was too feeble to say much—indeed, during the next week I seemed to drift along in a half-conscious fashion, unable to do more than realize I was gaining some ground and that, if a trifle rough in their ways, Joan Fettermore and her brother nursed me to perfection. I was six weeks convalescing. Before I could think of resuming work, Fettermore came to me and announced the fact that he was obliged to leave the place—to return to Australia.

"Joan will remain," he added with a queer smile.

"Will she?" I answered.

I was in the window—I saw her coming down the twilighted road talking, and laughing gaily with some of the younger women in the camp. Her beauty—a savage, half-tamed sort, struck me newly and oppressed me with a curious sense—even now I can't define it—not love—not even an instinct worthy to be called magnetism—but *something* which made me, in a rough way, glad she was not going. Fettermore was watching me narrowly. He came up and laid his hand heavily on my shoulder.

"Palfrey," he said quietly. "I know you are heart free—that poor girl is not. She is madly in love with you—she is homeless—friendless—when I leave, she will be without a penny in the world. If you will marry her—you will save her." Hope, my darling, I can't ask you to understand or to know the week that followed. A queer infatuation possessed me—and she knew it—urged me on, traded on it. The day before Fettermore left saw us man and wife."

Hope had grown very pale. She was trembling, and feared that Palfrey would see it. He went on.

"God knows what demon possessed Fettermore—what evil spirit possessed me—but before she had been my wife a fortnight I knew her to be what she was—what she had been. One day a man came into camp who recognized her, and boldly, coldly, told me her history. She attempted no denial—was not angry, but sullen. My foolish flame of feeling for her had already died out. Now, that I knew myself tricked, cheated, duped, I fairly loathed her. She asked me what I wished her to do, and I answered by saying I would go East; I would leave her some money, and if she led a respectable life she might have more. Curiously enough, even in that region the idea of a divorce did not then occur to me. I insisted upon her dropping my name, and made her sign a paper promising never to disclose the fact of my marriage. Then I came East."

Hope had risen, and now to Palfrey's amazement, she crossed the room, and laying her face down upon her arms on the piano, burst into an agony of tears. From head to foot her frame was shaken, and to Palfrey her sobs were as though her very soul had been stricken.

In an instant he had her in his arms and bade her listen, while he spoke hurriedly and with a note of passionate intensity.

"My dear love, don't weep now for it. God—yes, I will say it, *God* was very good. Last year, just a little while before I met you, she died—and then—you know the rest. You came into my life, showed me what God, what Heaven, what eternity might be."

Hope's tears were dried, but the story had taken so strong a hold upon her that for a time she could neither move nor speak; when at last she had regained her calm to some extent, she said, with a sob still in her voice:

"And that girl—the one who spoke to you at the reading?"

"She was her cousin; she came to ask me some particulars of Joan, and she wanted an old picture I chanced to have of her."

"Where is it?"

Palfrey drew from his pocket a faded-looking envelope, and thence produced a picture which Hope took into her trembling hands.

It represented a girl or woman of perhaps twenty years of age. Beautiful, certainly, and in just the savage, untamed way Palfrey had described.

"You will send it to her—to the cousin?" Hope said, as she returned him the picture without a comment on it.

"Yes; poor girl, I believe she loved her cousin very truly. At least, her grief and

her affection seemed sincere—and, my darling, now that this episode of my life is told—now that we shall send poor Agnes Fettermore the picture—now that in so short a time we are to be man and wife, until death do us part, can we not bury, and forget even the name? Even Agnes does not know of my marriage. She thought—well, she knew that I had seen and known her cousins—been with them in the West—and could tell her something of them more than she knew herself. That was all. No one alive knows or could prove that I was even for an hour the husband of *any* woman on earth. The ceremony was strictly private; the revelation of her character followed so soon that only the man who told me her history was aware of our actual relations, and, in a place like that, dissolved bonds were too common to be more than cause for a day's wonder or comment. Dearest! Look at me! It is so long ago, and we, *we* two are *so* near! Thank God, *so* near!"

The rain had increased. The skylight above them was clouded over, but Hope's face as she stood near Palfrey seemed to him luminous with its purity and fairness —with its exceeding love for him, after all, in spite of all, and as she moved back to the shelter of his arms, it was with the sense that all lay fair and peaceful in the new life ahead of them.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hope puzzled everybody for the next few days by her blissful manner of going about with her head in the air and no apparent interest in the lavish arrangements which Mr. Harding and Lottie were making in order to prove Hope's marriage a complete "social success."

Hope felt so sure of everything now in her life that she really paid very little heed to what was going on, until one awful day for poor Lottie, which I fancy few people concerned ever forgot!

A great effort had been made in order to secure a wedding present from a lady very high in the world of fashion, and who was one of Palfrey's pet aversions. It arrived at last, and Lottie flew to Hope's room to inform her of the fact. Very few words passed between them, but the immediate result was that Lottie made every effort to discover Mr. Harding's whereabouts, and if he could be seen at once. It was rather difficult to obtain an audience with him, but Lottie succeeded sooner than usual, knowing that they had a common cause for indignation.

The interview must have been very funny. Lottie fairly flung herself into a chair opposite her uncle's huge table, at which he sat going over household accounts.

"Uncle Peter," she exclaimed, "Have you the slightest idea of what Hope Harding is made of?"

Uncle Peter admitted that she had always been a conundrum to him.

"But now," exclaimed Lottie, "What do you suppose has happened *now?*"

Again Uncle Peter's imagination failed to do its work.

"She is up stairs at this very moment, furious with me because I managed so well in getting that present from the Duchess! And there she was perfectly happy in the enjoyment of some trumpery little affairs which those Guilding children had sent in!"

There was no use in trying to do more than make the wedding as successful in a social way as possible.

But in spite of Uncle Peter's gorgeous offers, neither of the two people principally concerned would admit of anything but the quietest kind of a wedding that could be devised. As it was impossible to force either Hope or Palfrey into being paraded very publicly on an occasion which they both considered too solemn for anything fashionable, the result was that a very simple little breakfast was given after the ceremony in Mr. Harding's house, and the dozen or so of people who sat down to eat went away quite convinced that the occasion seemed to promise something more than unusually happy for the "contracting parties"—an expression that Mr. Harding used in his speech at the breakfast table.

As for those two individuals, before they had reached Paris they began like old comrades to laugh and talk over the amusing incidents in their engagement. To Hope it was delightful to have some one to whom she could say the unexpected sort of things for which she had always been reproved; to feel that at any moment, whether he was present or absent, there was some one who she was certain was, in some recess of his heart, thinking absolutely of her.

They established themselves in a very pretty suite of rooms which Palfrey had engaged for the week, and he humored her little fancies in arranging them. Nothing had ever come into his life which seemed

absolutely satisfactory before, and he, the man of many towns, of the most cosmopolitan tastes, did not consider it in any way beneath his dignity, or that he sacrificed any of his social popularity, to be discovered one day in the *Bon Marché* laughing heartily with his wife over the purchase of a white flannel tea-gown upon which she had set her heart. I think the story was repeated in London in a way which must have made Lottie's blood curdle, but Hope and her husband certainly cared nothing for that part of it.

She put on the gown and walked about the salon for him to admire her in it, and they made a little jest of its always being kept as a souvenir of such a happy day.

What they talked about in that time both had to live upon and remember. Everything that had been forced into seclusion in Hope's mind came uppermost now, and it enchanted her to feel that she could speak of it to him. He took her about to little queer out-of-the-way streets which he remembered in his former Paris, and they did some very unconventional things, such as patronizing cheap theatres and occasionally going into restaurants where Palfrey had been before.

It seemed impossible for him to spend enough money upon her, and in spite of the many presents she had received he insisted upon buying almost everything she even looked at admiringly. The charm and sacredness of possessing her simply filled his soul, and even when away from her he found it hard, sometimes, as he walked the streets, to abstract his mind from the one thought, that a great and marvellous good had come into his life. To return to their Hotel and find Hope sitting reading, sewing or perhaps at the piano, gave him an unlimited sense of delight. Home in its truest sense had begun for him, and it was she who was creating it.

On one such occasion he found her going over some music which they had bought the day before. There was something recent of Gounod's which affected her strangely; the words and the music having in them a curiously magnetic power. She was quite pale, and it was only after her husband and she had repeated the music together that she could be thoroughly contented. Afterwards he said to her, "Hope, you must never sing that again, unless it is with me."

He suggested that they should make an excursion down towards Blois, to look up the country which Millet has so wonderfully reproduced. Two of the happiest days of Hope's life were spent there, and the sombre tones, the sudden effects of light and shade, the queer character of the whole place became like something of her very own. They wrote to Tom Seaton about it, a joint letter full of enthusiasm, and when Seaton visited the same country he could not rid himself of the idea, which he worked into his best picture; Hope standing on a narrow river-bank, poplars straight as sentinels behind her, and a sunset horizon dipping down beyond the brownish field; laborers, and some grave peasant women defined against it.

"It has all been so happy," Hope was saying to Palfrey as they were returning to Paris. "It seems as though it could not possibly last."

"Such things, I suppose," he answered, "must be allowed once in a while, if only to show the rest of human nature what it *can* accomplish."

Hope's face was slightly turned from his. They were nearing Paris, and she was thinking of the pretty salon with the dinner-table awaiting them, and how pleased he would be to find that she had telegraphed for some special flowers to decorate it with.

How the accident on the train occurred which followed so closely upon this moment, Hope could never tell. There was a sudden sense of a crash, of dizziness, and, as in all such cases, there was no accounting for the fact that some, like Hope, escaped utterly unhurt, while others, like her husband, were badly injured.

Chapter XIV.

Hope had to watch most carefully over her husband during the night which followed the accident. At first, they put up at a miserable little tavern where there were not accommodations apparently for the people who owned it.

Orange-flower water and *Eau Sucre* were offered to relieve Steven's pain. Meanwhile, poor Hope had been searching for some doctor who would understand the case. There had been two or three on board the same train. At last she found one, who could at least examine into her husband's condition and say something certain as to what should be done with him, but no one, either of those around her or the people who had escaped mortal injury, gave her much encouragement. Through the ad-

vice and good management of this doctor, Hope got her husband quietly back to Paris and to their rooms.

A consultation of physicians had to follow. Hope, with Steven's hand in hers, whispered to him: "Dearest, you must not be afraid about me. I am perfectly well, God alone knows how. Trust to me and you are sure to get well."

He turned towards her with something like a look of recognition. Suddenly it occurred to her that if she wore the white tea-gown that they had bought together he would be sure to know who she was.

In an instant she had changed her outer garment for that, and come back to his bedside, and he saw at once that she was near him. His eyes woke into something like life. He put out his hands and drew her towards him. It was like a returning of life, and Hope was so overcome by it, that, as soon as possible, she went out into the hotel corridor to recover herself.

Some one approached her; it seemed to be a young and tall woman. With her natural instinct Hope moved aside to let her pass, when suddenly, the stranger said:

"Is this Mrs. Palfrey?"

Hope answered, "Yes," adding at once, "My husband is very ill. We must not talk, or it will disturb him. The doctors and nurses are there, and he must be kept very quiet."

She took the girl's hand in hers and swifty led her to the end room in the apartment. It was a sort of boudoir which had been one of the rooms Steven had chosen to spend his money upon, making it homelike for Hope's use.

They were scarcely in it before Hope recognized in her visitor something which startled her.

Not a hardened-looking girl, but a bold, handsome woman; something which was so much like the photograph Steven had shown her of Joan Fettermore that, almost instinctively, she exclaimed;

"Tell me at once, who are you?"

"Why, I am *his* wife," said the woman, with a jerk of her finger towards the room in which, for all she knew, Hope's husband lay dying.

There was an awful moment of silence between the two who confronted each other under such strange circumstances. Hope's world seemed to be giving way while she realized that the woman before her was really Joan Fettermore—the woman whom Palfrey had legally married. Thoughts, feelings and emotions certainly crystalize very suddenly even in unworldly minds, and at that moment Hope seemed to herself to be conscious of nearly all that she had dreamed of long ago, and all that she was losing.

Joan certainly understood something of what was passing in the finer nature.

"Please don't think I have come here to trouble you," she said; "it was only because I was afraid you or Mr. Palfrey would be worried. I never shall let him know that I am alive—you need not be afraid that any one will ever hear of it."

The words seemed to rouse Hope back to life again.

"You are Joan Fettermore," said Hope. "I know you are, and you are his wife. Do you suppose for an instant that I shall not let him know?"

But even as she spoke there rushed across her mind the fact that he lay helpless,—probably dying, and that she could say nothing to him now that could increase his danger. If he should see this woman —even dimly, in his suffering condition, might it not kill him? Hope could think of nothing else until the girl spoke again:

"What's the use, ma'am, of making any fuss about it? Do you think I would hurt him any more?"

What poor Joan had in her nature of genuine sincerity and good feeling had certainly come to the foremost now.

In a moment Hope said:

"Why did you let Mr. Palfrey think you were dead?"

A quick light sprang into Joan's face.

"Why I thought he would be happier. It was easy enough for me to find Tom out in Australia and to force him to do as I liked. You see, he was afraid of me because of my knowing so much of his English life. People like me don't care much what they do, and I soon had another name and had a death notice, and all that was necessary sent to him—Mr. Palfrey, I mean. Now, I thought as I was going away for good and for all, I would come and let you know, just to make you more comfortable. Nothing in the world would ever make me tell of it, and I am sure no one on earth knows Mr. Palfrey and I were ever married."

There were sounds from Palfrey's bedroom, and again came the thought which had been first in her mind that he might be much worse, or in need of her.

"I cannot talk about it with you now any more," she said hurriedly, "but you

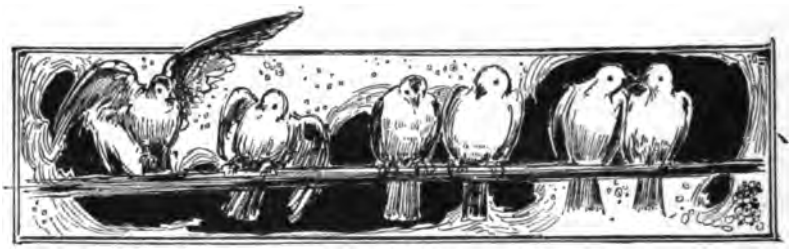
must come back to me; that is necessary. Any time to-morrow."

Joan nodded and hurriedly made her way from the room. Hope waited just long enough to be somewhat sure of her composure, and returned to the room. There the sight of Palfrey stretched upon the cot they had prepared for him seemed to bring back to her the thought that she must, for the moment, banish this dreadful interview with Joan from her mind. All that had been beautiful and tender in their brief married life seemed to give her self-possession in the midst of her misery.

In a short time the doctors could tell whether the accident was likely to prove fatal. Of course, if he lived, there must come a day when she would leave him, but she said to herself it could not be now. The nurse made way for her, but she would not have cared if all the world had been present. She knelt down beside the cot and tenderly laid her cheek against his. For all she knew it might be their last unspoken farewell, and whatever message of the Divine is given in the marriage ceremony seemed to Hope to be repeated as she gently touched his lips with hers. At all events they had pledged themselves to each other in good faith.

What the result would be she dared not ask herself. *Lucy C. Lillie.*

(*To be continued.*)



AN OLD NEW YORK HOME-STEAD. (*Concluded.*)

Oak Hill on the Livingston Manor.



THE original Manor-House, built by the first Robert Livingston, was demolished over one hundred years ago.

The site is now occupied by the dwelling of Mr. Alexander Crafts, a grandson of Robert Tong Livingston. Not a vestige of the old house remains, but now and then the plough brings up a corroded coin, as if to mark the location of the primeval Banking-house established by the canny Scot. His wealth, portioned among his descendants, was held and increased by them to an extent unusual in American families. Stately homesteads arose upon desirable points of the vast plantation, until nearly every commanding eminence for a dozen miles up and down the river was owned by one of the blood or name.

Clermont, the home of Chancellor Robert Livingston at Tivoli, was, and is one of the finest and most interesting of these. It stands upon the lower division of the estate, and is a noble edifice, built in the form of an H, and gray with an honorable old age. Paintings, furniture and other heir-looms are preserved with pious care.

Mr. Clermont Livingston, the present proprietor, is a grandson of Chancellor Livingston. The adjoining estate is owned by Mr. John Henry Livingston, a grandson of Herman Livingston, (1) of Oak Hill.

The last-named mansion—Oak Hill—was built by John Livingston in 1798, as the immediate successor of the low-browed,

heavy-raftered farmstead, dignified by Royal Charter into a Baronial Hall. The modern Manor-House is about one-and-a-half miles from the abandoned site.

The omnipotence of affluence, conjoined with education and continued through four generations, wrought out in John Livingston a finer type of manhood than his well-born ancestor developed in the New World.

A descendant thus describes the master of Oak Hill in his old age:

"His style of dress was that worn by all courtly gentlemen of the olden time, —a black dress-coat, with knee-breeches fastened over his black silk stockings with silver buckles; similar buckles of a larger size were in his shoes. He had a high forehead, beautiful blue eyes, a straight nose, and a very determined mouth. His hair was carefully dressed every morning, the long queue was re-wound, the whole head plentifully besprinkled with powder, and the small curls, that had remained in papers during breakfast-time, adjusted on each side of his neck."



JOHN LIVINGSTON.

He was thought by many to bear a strong resemblance to General Washington; but, as a beautiful miniature on ivory, (from which our cut is taken) shows, was a much handsomer man, his features being cast in a nobler mould, and chiselled into refinement of beauty by a life that varied widely from the severe discipline which was the first President's from his childhood.

As was to be expected, the last of his line to hold the title of "laird" in this Republic was a man of mark by reason of position and personal accomplishments. Opulence and ease had not enfeebled the bound of the Linlithgow blood, and the passion for adding field to field that had made Livingston Manor, lived in old Robert's great-grand-children. John Livingston and his brother bought immense tracts of land in New York, until they called forth a legislative remonstrance. It was hardly consonant with the genius of democracy, it was represented, that one family should own the *entire* State. The brothers then cast covetous eyes upon Western lands, miles of which they purchased, including the territory upon which the town of New Connecticut, Ohio, was built. They had saw-mills, flour-mills, and, at Ancram, New York, valuable iron works. The taste for iron—in the ore—was common to several branches, direct and collateral, of the race. Sarah, daughter of Philip Livingston, married Alexander, titular Earl of Stirling, whose iron mines in the mountains of New Jersey, were mentioned in a former paper.* Her portrait at Oak Hill is that of a stately dame in whose haughty face one traces a decided likeness to her grandfather, Robert, of the ponderous peruke and scarlet robes.

The story of Oak Hill life under the rule of the last laird reads like an English holiday romance, rather than the early annals of a war-beaten young nation. John

* See "*An Old New Jersey Homestead*," in May No. of THE HOME-MAKER.

Livingston delighted, at seventy-five, to tell his grandchildren tales of the social gayeties of that epoch, of the family dinner-parties; the evening gatherings in the summer, when, from one and another of the handsome residences dotting the rising ground back of the river, came chariot and cavalcade, with scores of kinspeople to laugh, talk and dance away the hours; of sleighing-parties to Clermont and Oak Hill, when revelry ran yet higher. On one memorable occasion, every sleigh, in turning from the Oak Hill door, upset in a particularly incommodious snow-drift at the corner of the house. "Water picnics" occurred several times during the summer. The Livingstons, from Robert down, were ship-owners. They established a line of "fast packets" for coast and ocean-voyages, and their sloops plied regularly to and from New York. Merry parties of cousins took passage in the June weather on the laden sloops and *ran* down to the city and back, for the fun of it.

"Our two voyages"—*i.e.*, up and down to N. Y.—"occupied nine days and seven hours," says the chronicler of one of these "runs,"—"and we were received at Oak Hill with as hearty a welcome as if we had performed the journey around the world."

The Manor servants were all negro slaves, removed by so few years from African progenitors, that the older among them resorted, by stealth, at night, to a cave in the hills not far away, for the practice of Voudoo worship, until the custom was discovered by their master and promptly broken up.

A newspaper-letter, printed on paper now falling to pieces with age, thus recalls "times" that were "old" when it was issued.

"At Oak Hill, JOHN LIVINGSTON resided and owned a whole "flock of niggers" the fattest, and the laziest, and the sauciest set of darkies that ever lay in the sunshine. They worked little and ate much, and whenever there was a horse-race or a pig-shave at "the Stauchy" (Staatje,) "the negroes must have the horses, even if their master should be obliged to go about his business on foot. When they visited Catskill in tasseled boots and ruffled shirts, they were sure to create a sensation, and it was not unusual for the "poor whites" to sigh for the sumptuous happiness of John Livingston's slaves."

From the simple, touching story of John Livingston's last days, given by his granddaughter, I make an extract:

"When the logs lay piled high on the shining brass andirons, and the blaze began to stream up the capacious chimney, emitting its cheerful crackling sound, Grandpapa would arouse himself, and, with brightened eye, and almost his own pleasant smile, would listen to the stories of our day's adventures. Sometimes, he would tell us incidents of his boyhood, stirring events of our glorious Revolution, some of whose heroes he had known, and remind us, with pardonable pride, that our family name was inscribed among those of the fearless signers of our great Declaration. Then he would seem to have his own children around him, and talk to, and admonish us, as if the fathers sat in the places of their sons. But the mind was wearing away, and soon relapsed into inaction. He daily grew weaker, and I had rather leave a blank here for the few sad weeks that preceded the first day of October, 1822."

The majestic relic of a picturesque age, known to us only by tradition, lay dead for three days in the homestead he had built, while the solemn concourse of kinspeople and distant friends were collecting to attend his funeral. In dining-room, upper and lower halls were set tables "covered with fair white linen, on which were displayed treasures of old family silver—large bowls, tankards and mugs, bearing the family coat-of-arms"—writes the granddaughter. "Every superfluous ornament was removed from the parlor and reception-room, and the family portraits were draped in black * * * * About twelve o'clock the company began to arrive—the gentry from all the neighboring country-seats in their state carriages. These were ushered into the drawing-rooms. Then came the substantial farmers, many from a long distance, with wives and daughters; last of all, the tenantry and poorer neighbors gathered. There was room for all; none were overlooked, and one and all looked sad. * * * * At one o'clock the first tables were served, and the others immediately after. It was a motley assemblage. Delicacies of every kind had been provided for "the great folks," as the servants styled our aristocratic guests, and they sat down ceremoniously, as to a large dinner-party. In the halls there was more conviviality. * * * *

"One room only was quiet. The stillness of death was there. Each new-comer had visited it, and many had stood, with



SARAH LIVINGSTON, (LADY STIRLING.)

bowed heads and grave countenances, looking on the features of the dead.

"I shall always remember my grandfather, lying, dressed as in life, with punctilious neatness, and looking as if about to rise and speak lovingly as he always did to us in life."

It was a *man*, and a master among men whom "multitudes of vehicles" followed to the vault beneath the "Livingston Reformed Church of Linlithgow," that October day, when hickories and maples were burning bright with color, and the grand oaks that gave name to the Mansion-house were red-brown and dusky purple. The American laird was no *petit maître*, incongruous with true dignity and republican simplicity as seem the curl-papers worn during breakfast-time, and the valet-barber who brought curling-tongs, powder and pomatum-boxes for Mr. Livingston's daily toilette when he was in the city.

The quotation given just now records graphically and tenderly a child's impressions of the funeral ceremonies of that date and affords us a glimpse of the feudal state in which this grand old gentleman lived and died.

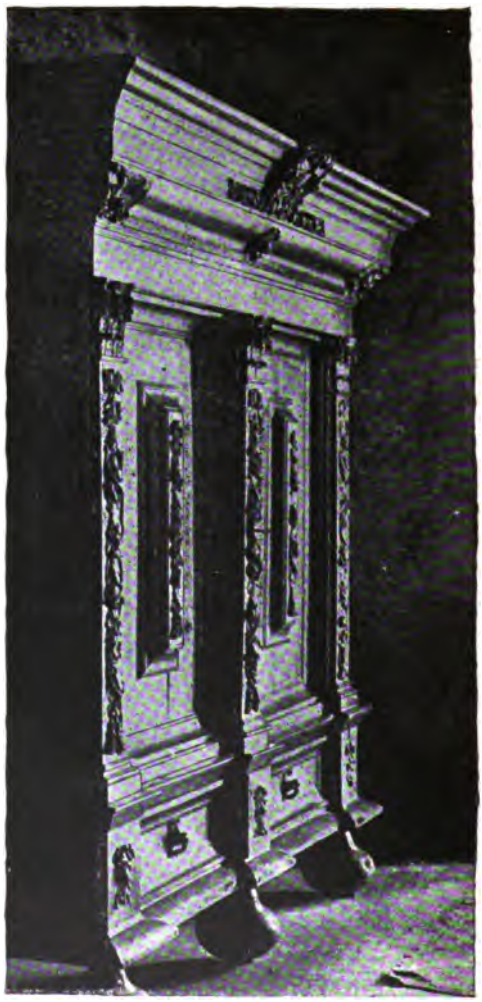
He was succeeded at Oak Hill by his son, Mr. Herman Livingston, who died in 1872. The pretty boy, who met me on the piazza, and seconded his mother's cordial welcome as I alighted at the hospitable door last April, is the fourth of the name, in direct line of descent, three of whom are still living.

The house stands on the summit of the hill, overlooking the river and the back-country, white and faint-pink with orchard-blossoms on that Spring forenoon. Upon the horizon, roll and tower the beautiful Catskills; century-old oaks enclose the dwelling and out-buildings; the well-kept lawn slopes into teeming fields.

The exterior of the homestead has been re-modeled within a quarter-century, at the expense of picturesqueness, the Mansard roof having taken the place of steeper gables. Until this alteration, the servants' quarters remained where John Livingston established them—in the basement. There they worked, lived and slept. To the modern sanitarian, the gain in healthfulness and comfort almost compensates for the loss in artistic effect. The walls are very thick and built of brick manufactured on the Manor. The wood employed in the structure was hewed from the Livingston woods. Several neighboring farmhouses were made of bricks imported from Holland, but our landed proprietor prided himself upon meeting domestic demands by home-products.

Within-doors, the arrangement of the stairs and rooms on the first and second floors has undergone no change. Deeply set windows, tall mantels with the curious putty decorations our great-grandmothers delighted in; broad staircases with leisurely landings, please the eye of the antiquarian when he can spare attention for anything besides the magnificent old "kaus" ("kaas" or "cos") which stands in the front hall.

There are whispers of a sacrilegious period; a brief reign of modern irreverence that came even to Oak Hill, during which profane youths used certain uncomely



OLD KAUS AT OAK HILL.



OAK HILL SILVER.

portraits as targets; when novelty-loving women bartered bureaux, deep-colored with age, for fashionable furniture, and presumptuous cooks seasoned sauces with wine mellowed by a half-century's keeping and a three years voyage.

The "kaus," a huge press, or wardrobe, or *armoire*, splendid with carving, and towering to the hall ceiling, has held its place since the house was finished. It was already ancient when John Livingston brought it with other household goods to his new mansion. A noted connoisseur in antiques pronounces the material "Swiss rosewood," the workmanship of a period of at least 250 years old. Other interesting pieces of furniture are here, such as pier-glasses and tables of ebony and gilt, a pair of folding card-tables which are undoubted Chippendales, massive high-post curtain bedsteads, etc.,—but none compare in venerableness and beauty with the kaus.

The Livingston treasures in china and silver are notable. Much of the plate is a direct inheritance from Robert the First, and is stamped with the family crest.

The tiny porcelain pitcher shown in our cut, has and deserves a place of its own. It is a Chinese "sacrificial cup," 500 years old, and is said to have come over from Holland with the first Robert Livingston. There are, so assert experts in china, but four others known to museums and art-collectors.

In the upper hall hangs the portrait of Philip Stanhope, the son of Lord Chesterfield, the one to whom the famous "Letters" were addressed. Robert Fulton was the painter. It is perhaps not generally known that Fulton was by profession an artist. The speculations and experiments upon Watt's newly broached theories respecting the use of steam which led to the construction of the first steamboat, introduced him to Stanhope and led to a lasting friendship. Robert Fulton's home was at Staatje, less than three miles below Oak Hill. In the cellar is a huge stone, believed by the superstitious neighbors to be enchanted. No one can lift it, and live.

The neighborhood has greatly changed within seventy years. The junketings and feastings and brilliant progresses from homestead to homestead, irrespective of season or weather, belong to an irrevocable past. But the routine of daily being and doing at Oak Hill has still in it striking (and the best) features of the country life of the English gentry.

"Some people would find it very dull," said the fair young châtelaine, as we drove through lanes and highways, past one and another fine old house not yet opened "for the season." "But we are more than content. We have the children, and books and the engrossing interests of poultry-yard, garden and farm. And then, you see, we really *love* the country!"

As who would not—at OAK HILL?

Marion Harland.



"SACRIFICIAL CUP."



THE WIND ACROSS THE WHEAT.



OU ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have ever heard?
A sweeter than the ripples' plash, or trilling of a bird,
Than tapping of the rain-drops upon the roof at night,
Than the sighing of the pine-trees on yonder mountain height;
And I tell you, these are tender, yet never quite so sweet,
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in a sunlit sea of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves, to fill the creaking wain?
Have you thought how snow and tempest, and the bitter wintry cold,
Were but the guardian angels, the next year's bread to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the sky,
Just waiting, growing, silently, until the storms went by!

Oh! have you lifted up your heart, to Him who loves us all,
And listens, through the angel-songs, if but a sparrow fall.
And then, thus thinking of His hand, what symphony so sweet
As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the wheat?

It hath its dulcet echoes, from many a lullaby,
Where the cradled babe is hushed beneath the mother's loving eye.
It hath its heaven-promise, as sure as heaven's throne,
That He who sent the manna, will ever feed His own;
And, though an atom only, 'mid the countless hosts who share
The Maker's never-ceasing watch, the Father's deathless care,
That atom is as dear to Him, as my dear child to me;
He cannot lose me from my place, through all eternity:
You wonder, when it sings me *this*, there's nothing half so sweet,
Beneath the circling planets, as the wind across the wheat?

Margaret E. Sangster.

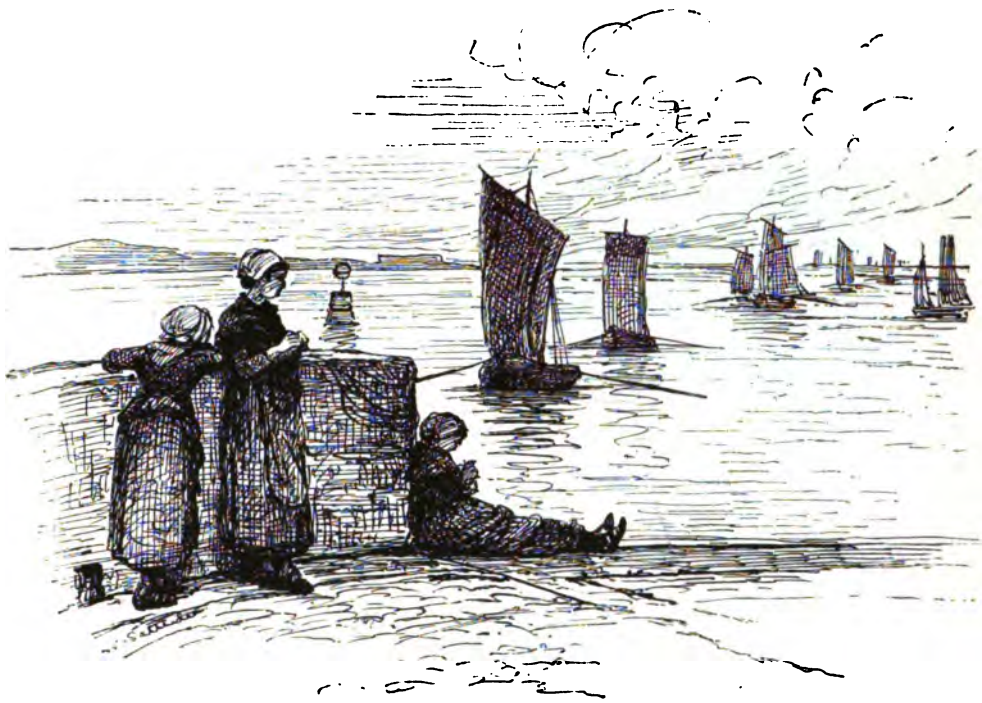
GUENN AT HOME.



CARCARNEAU may truly be called the home of the artist. It is also called the home of Guenn, and it answers to Plouvenec in the novel of that name. So imbued is everybody who goes there, with the idea that a real Guenn existed—that the volume is taken as a guide-book, and many spots are pointed out as haunts and resorts of that unfortunate heroine of romance.

Carcarneau has more that combines to make it a picturesque spot, than any other town or village of Brittany. There is the old city—a miniature one surrounded with its walled moat, enclosing its church and fort—which dates away back in the centuries. It was so secluded and secure that in those times, it was the refuge for all noble outlaws and desperadoes, and many a siege has its old ramparts sustained.

Just opposite, across a narrow neck of water, called "The Passage," is the old fishing town, consisting of groups of thatched huts draped with dull red and brown nets, redolent of fish, but oh! so harmonious in color and tone—a veritable symphony in sienna or brown madder. Hither flock the art-students, and painters; umbrellas stud the streets and hills,—always surrounded by an admiring circle of stout Breton women with stiff caps and huge collars.



Then comes the comparatively new town, with its clack of wooden shoes and its periodical bustles and commotions: for every time that the seven hundred fishing boats, which compose the fishing-fleet come in, a thrill is sent through every fisher-wife or maid—for her one idea is the sardine. Yea, in very truth, the sardine is king of the village. If the catch is plentiful, many households rejoice. Food is abundant, and many busy hands work in the factories where the fish are prepared; but if the nets enclose few, want and sorrow soon come. And this suggests to my mind one of the most charming pictures of that charming place.

On the high bluff that looks forth on the sea stands a crucifix twenty feet in height, with its bronze Christ. Picturesque it is always, but never so much so as at evening, when it stands out dark and strong against the evening sky. There it is that a group of Breton women can always be seen kneeling about its base, in every imploring attitude, beseeching the tender-hearted Being who hung upon the cross, to send them sardines to fill their nets, and give them food. Many a one like Guenn is there, and many a one does just as Guenn did—watches on the old stone pier, and shouts down to her favorite boatmen, when she has sold the fish. The real maiden, if such there was, who posed as the heroine, is now a *bonne* near Paris, and always becomes furious if she is called by the book-name, which means "White." Evidently the notoriety does not agree with her wishes.

But there certainly was an ideal Guenn two summers ago, and she haunted the very studio of the painter Hamor. Bronzed and dark, with flashing eyes and small white cap, she was always out of doors, as well and natural as any one could wish, and stanch and true to her work and word. When she promised she always appeared for her many hours of posing, fortified only with her dry bread and sour cider of the worst kind, called "Piquette." How soon she will develop into the broad, hard-featured fish-wife, waiting for her fisher-lad on the sea, and trying to keep her little household together, or, perhaps, like many others, berating the unlucky sailor if he has not been successful, or has squandered his earnings in the burette!

Another familiar figure, always to be seen by the hotel, watching the travelers with eager eyes, is the hunchback boy, who figured in the novel as Nannic. He is just as weird and uncanny as he is painted, and

he is a fit subject to be mixed up in all the Breton beliefs and superstitions. Speaking of queer, quaint beliefs and fancies, no people can be found so really saturated with superstitions and omens as the Bretons. They are very shy of owning this, and it is hard to make them confess to the fact; but there are places which no country person will pass at night without terror. Dwarfs, banshees and ghosts swarm on every side. The very Druidical stones they think to be petrified Roman soldiers. Every chimney-corner is the place to hear ghostly recitals. The waves of the sea are filled with the unburied souls of the lost sailors, and mariners hear them moan on certain nights when they fish, rocking on the stormy billows. As I said before, it is hard to find out what they really treasure up about spirits and wraiths; but a friend, an artist, living in Port Aven, drew from his model, a young Breton girl, the real reason of her not posing in a graveyard at night. As a test, and rather as a joke, he asked her to come to the churchyard at ten o'clock, as he wished to make a sketch by moonlight. This she flatly refused to do, and as she had always been accommodating and docile, he insisted, until finally the real reason came out. The true Bretons feel and fear, she said, that the dead lighted their fires there by night, and her brother, who was buried there, would rise and chase her from the hallowed spot.



NANNIC. (TAKEN FROM LIFE.)

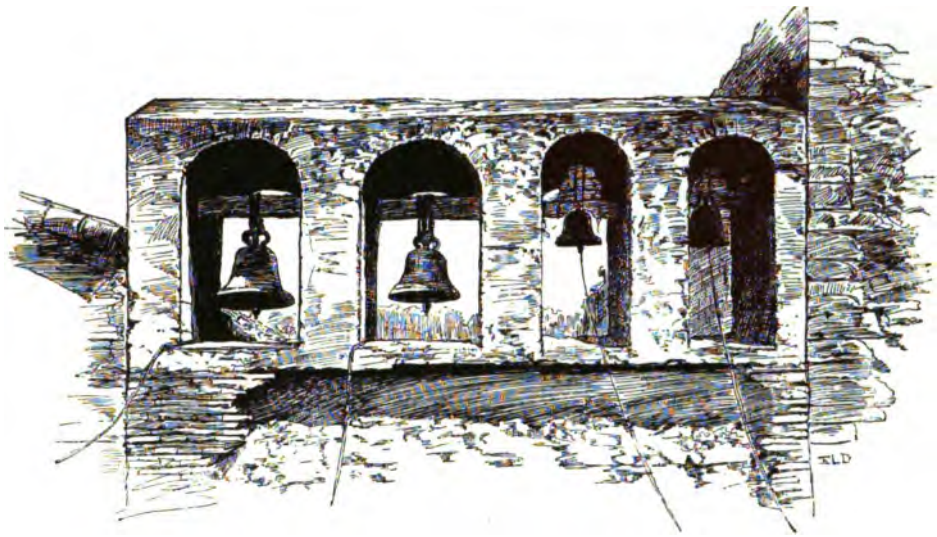
Stranger still and harder to believe, is that a remnant of the old fire worship still remains in far-away parts of Brittany. At certain seasons the peasants assemble and dance about huge fires, leaping over them and mixing prayers to the fire with those to the virgin and saints. All this lends a weird, wild charm to this picturesque country, and as one wanders over and dreams in those lonely haunted spots by the sea, one can easily see in imagination, troups of white robed Druids performing their occult rites by the dolmens and menhirs, can hear the chant of the fire-worshippers, or fancy bands of dwarfs scurrying along, bent on some mischievous errands among the poor peasants. This haunting feeling can explain also how Guenn and her misshapen brother Nannic, especially the boy, held such a sway and power with their spell and predictions over their fierce, but superstitious kinsfolk and neighbors.

Walter Satterlee.

(*To be concluded.*)

IN WONDERLAND. NO. 3.

Home and Harvest of the Fig.





ONLY recently have the sunny acres of our own land responded to the touch of the fig-tillers' hands.

True, the padres of the old missions along the California coast brought over their fig slips from a foreign shore and stuck them into this soil, where they struck root vigorously and throve and bore. And we frequently find, in journeyings through valleys cut by mountain ranges, straggling orchards, greatly neglected, clustering about deserted Indian reservations — neither watered, pruned nor cared for, yet fruiting with large fig crops yearly. This is the common California fig, or mission stock, rich in saccharine juices, dark, pulpy and palatable, and valuable in its way; yet as unlike the newer, imported light-meated varieties as the purple color of one is different from the white hue of the other. It is the unlikeness of our mission variety to the "true fig of commerce" that has given rise to the belief that we, in the home land, cannot produce a dried fig equal to the figs of Greece and Italy. Not until we had sent our representatives across the high seas, bidden to study the habits of this most ancient fruit in the climes of its long adoption, were we safe in attempting to prove what now we have proved: that we can bring to ripeness on our own soil a fig as fine as any "Smyrna" that ever sailed out from an Old World's port and entered a port of the New.

There is a great white-and-green orchard of several hundred thrifty Adriatic trees not far away, which would be as much of a wonder as it is a beauty to one accustomed only to seeing a single specimen set in a tub, or dwarfed for winter handling among conservatory grounds of the chilly East. Not only the fruits, but every smallest cutting of such stock is valuable; each little sprig saved at pruning-time being rooted, and sold at prices ranging from twelve to thirty dollars a hundred, according to the stature it has made. The cuttings from which this orchard was propagated were obtained from one of the largest supply-houses of San Francisco, at thirty dollars a hundred, delivered. When set, they were but a few inches above the ground; now, at three years from transplanting, they are shapely, uniform in

size—being eight feet tall and four inches through—and they have produced, even at this tender age, enough fruit to pay for themselves. Yet at maturity they will rise to gigantic height, reaching up lusty limbs to support their crowns of dense foliage, and casting a shade almost doubly as broad as they are high.

Their fruits are the genuine figs from which the Smyrnas of foreign trade are cured. Examine them, dried, packed in their fragrant little traveling-boxes, and you will find them bearing a skin so thin that even the pressure of packing cracks it from "nose" to base. Then their plump, pear-shaped, softly-rounded pulp is white, honey-sweet, fairly bursting with richness and almost transparent; encased in faint amber-color with a floury bloom. And they are lined and crowded with the minutest seeds. All these are qualities that test fine figs: and when the many orchards, now but out of their nurseries down the length of the coast from Oregon to Mexico attain full bearing, the fig supply of the land will be largely augmented from home-grown sources.

A mistake of many early fig growers has been the planting of their orchards on wet land. In no other soil will they put forth such dense and perfect canopies of foliage as where moisture is abundant; but the richness flows into the tree instead of into its fruit, and the result is a fig which, when dried, is unpalatable and valueless. The sap of the tree goes to wood, and hence fails in maturing its burden. Observation reveals that when the fig-tree's growth is slow—as when reared upon dry land—its timber hardens and perfects itself, and its fruit develops healthfully with a sweet flavor and richness the only matured wood can insure.

The choicest foreign figs are found on warm, dry, elevated soil; and the figs of America evidently call for the same treatment. Neither must any but most careful irrigation be practised. Early in fruiting season, trees may be watered abundantly; then the soil should be left to drain, to dry, even to harden. Through July, while the fruit is ripening, water can be used sparingly: but after August no drop of artificial moisture must be applied. Then new growths of wood will not make their appearance, and all the strength of the tree will go to building up already developed branches and enriching fruit. Thus ripened, the crop will be sweet of pulp, juicy, tender of skin, and not liable to ferment or sour.

It is a peculiarity of the fig-tree that it never flowers outwardly. Many claim that it has no flowers, because they are so concealed; but they are, in reality, very numerous. A little hollow bud puts out on the side of the young fig shoot. It is hardly noticeable at first—scarcely larger than the head of a common pin. Inside of this bud (or *sycorus*, as it is known), packed with the utmost skill and compactness, nature stows the flowers that are to make fruit by and by. Cut open a bud, after a time, and inspect its contents. The work is done nicely. The little green packing-case is stowed full in every tiny niche of florets that are eventually to become seeds of the perfect fruit. When about half-grown, the bud takes a resting spell. You think the crop may be a failure, it advances so slowly. But have patience—wait!

Of a sudden the bud-shaped case begins to swell; it grows larger every hour, and rounds out rapidly. You can hardly believe your eyes, watching it. Yesterday it was a bud, inclosing flowers: to-day it is a fig, fully formed, rich in pulp and very sweet. It begins to take on color—it may be green or amber, red or white, purple, violet, black or blue, according to variety. It looks ready to eat. The bees come flying out to inspect it; the wasps hover near, anxious to tap it as soon as its juices will flow; the birds sit and rock in the treetops and eye it longingly; the dooryard fowls crowd and hop with lusty springs to reach it; even the swine have a knowing way of rooting about the tree's base waiting for the tempting morsel when it falls: but you, keeping guard closely, say—It is a pretty sight, truly, but mine is the prize! And then, one day, when the sun shines down hotly until it has warmed and mellowed it through and through, you bring out your knife and clip its stem and lay back its quivering pulp and set your teeth into its delicious seeds and crunch, crunch, delightedly, as you drink in its life juices: while all the birds and bees and wasps and dooryard fowls, and even the swine, turn envious eyes at your selfish greed, and set about looking for another *sycorus* ready to swell.

In winter, even in this southern clime, every fig leaf drops from off its tree and leaves the bare boughs smooth, white and glossy—with that satiny finish that serves to redeem their barrenness and make them

beautiful without foliage. And often, along the satiny shining twigs, small green and bronze half-grown figs may be seen clustering, holding on tenaciously there, from dropping-time of the leaves until leafage comes again; while whatever little embryo buds survive, which the length of the summer heat or the maturing of the wood fails to ripen, become the early first-crop the ensuing spring. But they mature only a few weeks in advance of the crop which sets with spring's opening, and are much less valuable to commerce than the second or "summer" crop which comes from the buds of the new shoots made early that season.

No growth of the wood produces more than its single crop yearly; although new



FIG-TREE, UNDER WHICH RAMONA WAS MARRIED.

growths will so extend the fruiting season—by giving new shoots for buds to form upon—that not unfrequently three full crops are brought to maturity annually. An enterprising Englishman has even carried his tests so far as to demonstrate, by the use of great artificial heat, that eight perfect crops may be brought to perfection in a twelvemonth's time.

When a fig orchard is once planted, its trees will live for a thousand years with but a trifle of care and only such pruning as is necessary, in early life, to give a fine shape of head, and later, to prevent their limbs from crossing. The entire stem and branches are so beautifully clean that no insect pests ever trouble them; rabbits shun their bark and roots—whether because they do not gnaw easily, or have not a pleasant flavor, science does not inform us; cattle pass by their leaves in browsing; only gophers have an appetite for fig wood (and their appetite, it must be allowed, is insatiable); although it is placed upon record that, in Solomon's time, locusts were wont to attack the trees and strip them of their leaves completely, leaving them "in a moment an image of winter."

In health and medicinal qualities the fig is without a rival among fruits. And if we are at all mercenary, it may be a satisfaction to know it has been carefully calculated that there is more money per acre to be made from figs in California than from any other orchard crop.

There is always a fascination in recalling the life of those oriental nations who had their fig trees in the courts of their houses; who dwelt, as in the days of Judah and Israel, "every man under his own vine and under his fig tree from Dan even to Beersheba." The Spanish padres followed that custom for years in this semi-tropical land, and we can but look upon it as approaching desecration when civilization decrees that the sunny courts enclosed by their mission walls be desolated of their vine and fig tree shade, and their crumbling ruins replaced by modern timbered structures that have not half the old adobes' charms. When we read, too, that Isaiah said of Hezekiah, "Let them take a lump of figs and lay it for a plaster upon the boil, and he shall recover," we can but wonder that more "lumps of figs" have not been put to use by medical healers for the relief of pain, since that far day. Yet we have our medicated figs, "one fig a dose," our "syrup of figs," warranted the purest juice and acting healthfully upon the liver, the blood and the system; but why does not some high authority set the decree: Plant out your orchard of figs, watch over it, work in it, harvest it with your own hands, living by the fruits thereof—fresh, dried, pickled, crystallized, glazed or strained—if you would dwell long and happily in the land that is given you?

When a fig orchard begins to ripen, the harvest continues the whole season. Each day brings new fruits to perfection. Hundreds, thousands weigh down the branches, ready to be stored for winter food or put in preparation for climates where they cannot be grown. A good measure of experience is now necessary, in order to tell what figs are ready for gathering. They shrink a trifle, and fine creasy ridges run striping over the surface; while a thick honey-sweet drop forms and hangs on the

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION. NO. IV.

MOTHER'S ROOM.



O leave reception, dining and drawing-rooms and be taken into Mother's chamber, is to be made welcome to the very heart of the house. Is it not also the hearth,—the heart with the addition of the aspirate or outbreathing wish,—whence issue warmth, love and comfort to all within the sacred enclosure which constitutes a home?

If the maker of the home be indeed mother in spirit, she is typified both by the heart and the hearth. The fountain of holy and deathless love, the tranquil yet radiant center of light and comfort, the matured-woman-heart, enriched by the divine and mysterious office of motherhood, builds here a shrine, which it is indeed a privilege to enter.

Within it should dwell the very spirit of peace and rest. For here comes the husband and father to find that solace and sympathy which is truly a foretaste of Heaven. Here the daughter yields the sweet confidence of her innocent heart, and finds herself one with the deep love that enfolds her very being. Here the son brings his perplexities, well knowing that mother, at least, will understand him better than he understands himself.

Mother's chamber has a door which swings both ways. Opening for service to any and all who desire help, it shuts out the idle and garrulous, and securely guards the affairs of the family. Only in after years, when themselves world-worn and without a mother in whom to confide, do the children understand what precious healing influences were those which came from Mother's chamber.

Because it needs to be a spot both cheerful and restful, the mother will choose to have its walls colored that soft, warm gray which is neither yellow nor blue, but contains more of the former tint and of red than of the colder color. They may be either painted in oils or hung with paper. In the latter case let the paper show a simple arabesque pattern in self-color of a deeper shade; nothing suggesting natural forms which are distracting to the eye of an invalid. For, even if mother's room be not used as a hospital, the nerves of a housekeeper demand consideration.. When tossing on her couch, seeking respite in that sleep that too often flies from the care-worn, how many times do her wide-open eyes trace the pattern over and over, till the figures seemed endowed with haunting life! Then let them be of the simplest character, if they must be at all.

The frieze must be dull blue, deep gray-green and old pink, also in geometrical patterns, over a narrow picture moulding, which, like all the woodwork, is either cherry or its imitation. The ceiling should be a lighter pinkish-gray with a very simple border of green-gray, and light copper-color, the remainder perfectly plain. Sufferers from nervous headaches who have figures of papered or decorated ceilings staring and grinning like hideous phantoms, will appreciate the need of a plain surface overhead.

The carpet or rug ought to be a dull, deep yellow ground bearing small, indeterminate figures of winey crimson, dull blues and green. The ground ought not to be too well-covered. A solid, not two deep wood-color with a bordering of Persian colors, would be still more harmonious, yet such a shade shows dust and litter much more readily than a figured surface.

In the matter of rugs there is ample room for selection. The Cairo rug which has only lately been imported to any extent, is coarse and heavy, but it conveys an unmistakable sense of the orient, and some of the darker shades are really satisfactory.

They are sold at $1,25 the square foot, so that one measuring 9 x 12 costs only $15,00, while a Messapoir, (the cheapest of the better class), of the same size, would not be sold at retail for less than $75,00. Prices ascend by easy gradations through finer qualities, each having a distinctive name remembered only by the initiated, until they reach into the thousands.

While American looms can never vie with the hand-work of the slow-moulded Orient-

al, the so-called Smyrna rug annually grows more artistic in color and texture, until the delicate shades are really beautiful. They have excellent wearing qualities. A rug of this kind, measuring 9x12 feet costs $40,00 at the best retail shops, but it will last a lifetime.

The cherry bed-stead, long and ample, should have foot and head-boards low and square, showing little scroll or incised work. The high, elaborate head is no longer necessary, but the half-canopy with curtains looped back closely to the head-board, about four feet from the floor, are used more than ever. These canopies, seven or eight feet in height, are half-circles from which depend long draperies, and over them a valance some two feet in depth, and laid in large box plaits.

These hangings, with their reminders of French chateaux and chatelaines, of waxed floors, powdered wigs and Watteau landscapes, certainly give a quaint and stately air, besides serving to prevent draughts from an open window. But they also keep out fresh air which the sleeper needs, and harbor quantities of dust which no ordinary house-maid will ever detect. Where they are used, the house-mother should be very certain of good service. Nothing can be more unwholesome than to breathe an atmosphere loaded with effluvia from two pairs of lungs, the clothing of the slumberers and the bacteria of chamber dust in addition.

Long ago, Florence Nightingale declared all hangings in living-rooms to be unwholesome, and ordered even window drapery to be removed from the sick-room, no matter what name might be given to the disease of the sufferer. The canopy originated in those Latin nations which are more noted for artistic taste than for knowledge and practice of hygiene, though in regard to single beds they are wiser than we. The time is not far distant when two single beds will take the place of the double bed, at least, in all families of refinement.

Wherever hangings are used they are of the same material as the window-drapery, thus ranging from cretonne to brocade. It must be confessed that curtains of silk edged with a six-inch band of plush and fringe half that depth below, are effective, at least when fresh.

The bedstead should be set with the head only against the wall, so as to allow free access to either side. The day bolster is large, round and covered with the spread which first curves under it to simulate its cover. It is a matter of taste after all, and many housekeepers prefer the old way with real pillows, shams and old-fashioned Marseilles counterpanes. Many others use linen spreads with needle work in outline stitch, or appliqué-work, lace over colored silk or sateen, or linen with broad bands of lace inserting, following the outline of the bed.

Across the foot of the bed, stands a couch, long and broad enough, if need be, to answer for a bed. One end may be raised or not, but it should have stout springs, and be left untufted. It is a good plan to purchase it in the muslin, and then select covering to harmonize with the tints of the walls. It is then well to provide two or three spreads, large enough to fasten on with safety pins, that for usual wear being a pretty small-figured chintz or cretonne harmonizing with other accessories of the room. During the winter, one of those soft brown German blankets, so grateful to the touch, will be just right for weary limbs, since the couch is for daily use. There will be one, for occasion, of soft raw silk in horizontal stripes, such as are hung for portieres, or a striped Bagdad curtain or an India rug. Above all, the house-mother will provide pillows galore ; pillows large and pillows small ; pillows covered with linen and pillows covered with India silk ; pillows of hair and pillows of feathers ; all to fit tired backs, and slip under aching heads, for in all the wide world there will be no spot quite so attractive as mother's couch.

Among other furnishings ought to be a hanging cabinet of cherry, to hold simple household remedies that are all the mother should use. There are bottles labeled and set in order, among them nothing poisonous ; things like court-plaster that can be found, if need be, in the dark. Ample closets holding whatever articles need to be kept from every day usage, will open out of this chamber. What a delightful yet orderly medley will such a closet contain ! Sweet lavendered linen, rolls of unfinished needle-work, treasures saved from destruction by a thrifty housekeeper, mementos of other days, the half-worn shoes of the baby that needed no shoes to walk within the golden gate ; all these, and more, are here.

As for furniture, there is a bureau each, for Father and Mother ; a real old-fashioned bureau, now become a new fashion. It has a flat top without foolish little side

drawers, and a wide beveled glass in a plain swinging frame. And there is a work table beside which mother sits so many hours, and her very own sewing-chair which no one else should dare to occupy. In that chair she has crooned her babies to sleep and softened their evanescent, if real griefs. Over how many of life's vicissitudes has her dear heart rejoiced or ached while she sat and plied her housewifely tasks! No! we cannot describe that chair! it is the shadow of the dear self who occupied it so long.

There is also one high-backed chair where weary heads may rest, and low seats and stools of two or three heights and sizes. Willow or rattan furnishings with cushions of plush, sateen or cretonne, are far more suitable for a bed-room, than stuffed upholstery. Whatever they are, the first requisite should be comfort, and again, comfort. And there should not be light tables and chairs to stumble over, or a quantity of gew-gaws, bottles and trifles without dignity or character, clustered upon bureaus or hung upon the walls.

Instead of these, there will be a hanging case containing books, old and new, with curtains of yellow silk to keep out the dust, and a couple of fine statuettes of bronze or even plaster, finished to resemble bronze, and three or four very good heliotypes or etchings in light frames upon the walls. Something noble, beautiful, restful, inspiring, something to lift the woman who bears so much solicitude in her heart of hearts, away up and out of it into that serene and holy atmosphere where beauty and tranquillity, aspirations and harmony seem wedded to love and life. Here, face to face with her real self, she finds that her duties and her delights are inseparable.

For bed-room curtains, the housekeeper finds the material styled Crete to be serviceable, since the same objection prevails against heavy window-hangings as against upholstery. Crete has yellow, brown, or dull pink on a light ground. Scrim draperies, ranging from twelve cents the yard to seventy, are easily laundried and are replacing the cheap Nottingham lace which carries with it, when coarse, more than a suspicion of vulgarity.

Hester M. Poole.



A STRANGER.



IT was as superintendent of an old cemetery, in a lake-shore city, that I came to know Miss Abbie Pennel. A quiet spot it was, though the growth of population had brought it almost into the heart of the town; sacred as the resting place of most of the early residents, and where few were buried save as, now and then, some old person was brought to be laid beside families and friends who had been awaiting them, perhaps for years. Hence, little of the passion of fresh grief entered at those old stone gates, and eyes grew moist with the mist of tender recollection, rather than with the tears of smarting sorrow. Time had laid his finger in soothing touches on the hearts of the mourners, and in lichens and mosses on the quaint old monumental stones.

A liking for the place grew upon me, for its peaceful silence, accentuated by the stir and bustle of the city streets outside

its walls. In summer evenings, when the bird-voices in the tall, old silver maples were hushed, and the passers through the long, straight walks were all gone, I would often pace up and down, with the dusky tree-shadows falling around me, and the white stones over the sleeping dead lifting thick on every side, and wonder as to the history of that great company on whose every book of life *finis* was written. And so, walking through them day by day, musing of the hopes and ambitions long since dust and ashes, an emotion of sympathy and interest in them grew upon me, a sense of friendliness,—I had almost said, of acquaintance, strange feelings indeed towards spirits who had long passed beyond the need, if not the knowledge, of any of the gifts poor mortality can bestow.

Among the graves that from age, epitaph, or some extraneous cause, soon drew my attention, was one in a retired corner, noticeable for the constant care with which it was tended and the fresh flowers on it; renewed as often as they faded, while the modest headstone bore a date some thirty years before.

"Strong indeed," I said to myself, "must this affection be that after all these years forgets not its sorrowful ministry."

"*Malcolm McKnight Randall.*" read the inscription. "*A young man of great promise, drowned May 28, 18—, aged 25 years.*"

"Poor fellow," I thought, "gifted, no doubt, beyond the measure of men, loved, also, it would seem, beyond their measure." A daguerreotype was fixed in the front of the stone, but sun and storm had dimmed the lineaments, till only the eye of affectionate remembrance could possibly trace them.

And whose that was I had not long to question. Every afternoon she came through the old, arched gate, a slight, gray-haired figure in black, with a face that no features or years could ever make plain, holding, as it did, the beauty of a rare sweetness and serenity. Making her way to young Randall's grave, she would remain often for an hour or more, tending the plants that grew about it, or sitting by the grassy mound, her head lifted a little, and a far-away look in the soft blue eyes, that, despite their brightness, always held a certain pathetic wistfulness.

"Do you know that lady?" I one day asked an old factotum of the cemetery, as the little figure in black passed us.

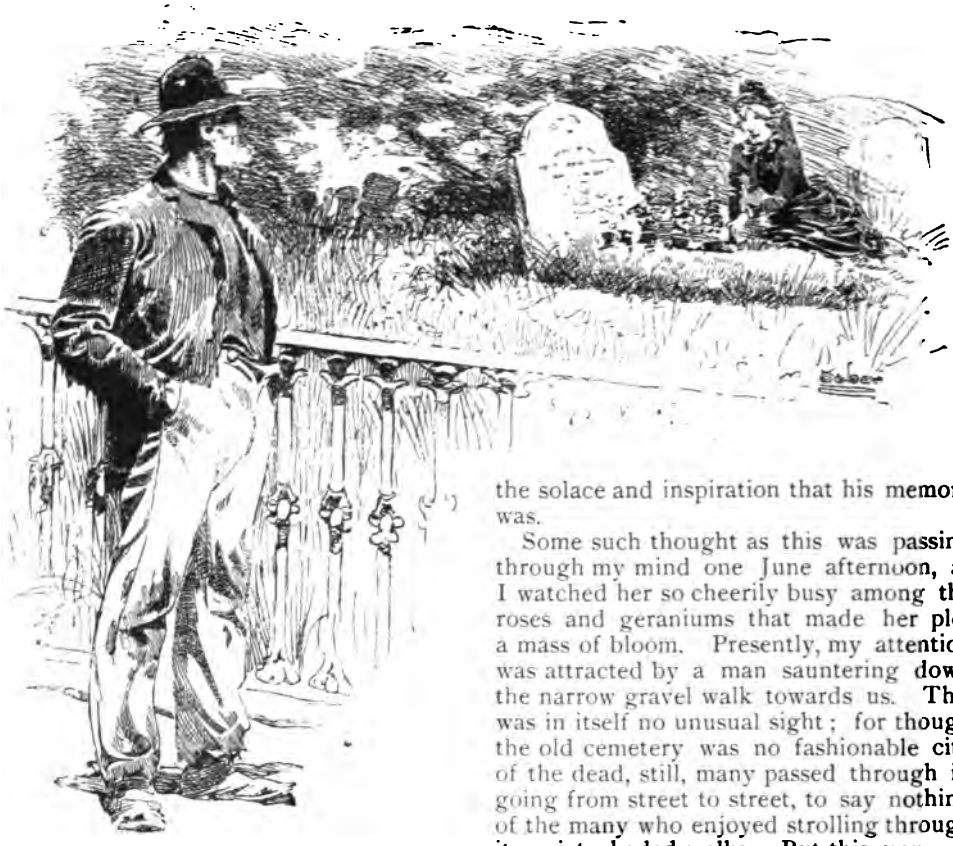
"Oh, that's Miss Abbie Pennel; she's been a milliner here for over thirty years."

"And what relation was she to the young man whose grave she cares for?"

"Well, now," resting his hands on the spade with which he had been trimming the walks. "You look at it one way, an' she wan't no connection, an' another way, an' she was, or pretty nigh it, for she and Randall was to have been married in a week or so. Remember him? Oh yes. A dashin' sort of a chap, handsome, I believe the girls called him. Some sed he might hev been stidder, but I don't know; at any rate he was perfection in Abbie Pennel's eyes. This wasn't much more'n a village then, and it made quite a stir, I tell you, when one day he turned up missing. He was owing a good many, an' there was them that thought at first he'd skipped out; but about a month after, his body washed ashore, and then folks remembered that a boat disappeared the day he did. So we concluded he'd gone out fishing, and been upset some way. Well, no! What with being knocked about in the water, there wasn't any looks to speak of left, but we knew it was him from the height an' the clothes he wore, besides, you know, he was all the man that was missin.

"But I tell you, Miss Abbie took it hard, though she said she couldn't be thankful enough that his body was found. She bought this lot, and had him buried, an' then, if you'll believe me, as fast as she could earn the money makin' dresses an' trimmin bunnits, she paid up all his debts, forced the money onto people if they didn't want to take it. An' in these thirty years, unless she's been sick, ther's been hardly a day that she hasn't visited his grave. Some folks thinks she's a little shattered, but I guess its only her coming here, and because she never took no notion to marrying anybody else. T'any rate, she's as kind-hearted a little woman as ever breathed, an' does a sight of good among the poor an' sick."

This homely story of her heart's romance increased my desire to know more of this faithful mourner. It was a wish easily accomplished. Some little attentions to her flowers sufficed to win her friendship, and her confidence on that theme of which she never wearied,—the goodness and gifts of the young man who had been dead so long, that save for her loving mention, his very name would have been well-nigh forgotten.



And the better I knew Miss Abbie, the deeper became my interest, for, in her lonely, narrow, toilsome life, this brief bloom of love had left a glory whose brightness had never faded, a music whose sweet cadence lingered still. Over her work she hummed the old songs she had sung with her lover; through the daily fret and care, the memory of the happy hours when he had been by her side stole like a soothing charm. The young lover who had died so long before seemed to have perpetuated in her heart the youth that, in one sense, had died with him, while her sorrow, instead of isolating her from the world in selfish solitude, had but drawn her the nearer to her kind; the ache of her own heart had made it quick to vibrate to the sorrows of all hearts. And often, as I watched her turning away from that flowery mound, with her sweet peaceful face, I would wonder if the living man, the lover become the husband, and wearing away in the friction of every day life, the veil of love's fond ideal illusion, could have filled her heart, and remained the solace and inspiration that his memory was.

Some such thought as this was passing through my mind one June afternoon, as I watched her so cheerily busy among the roses and geraniums that made her plot a mass of bloom. Presently, my attention was attracted by a man sauntering down the narrow gravel walk towards us. This was in itself no unusual sight; for though the old cemetery was no fashionable city of the dead, still, many passed through it, going from street to street, to say nothing of the many who enjoyed strolling through its quiet, shaded walks. But this man was so seedy and disreputable in appearance, so clearly a specimen of the unwholesome genus, tramp, that I regarded him with suspicious closeness.

Aimlessly he lounged along, with sneering glances at the monuments and flowers, evidently considering them a waste of both money and sentiment. With a careless half-impudent look at Miss Abbie that might have been wholly impudent but for my presence, he was passing by, when his eye chancing to catch the name on the headstone, he stopped with a sudden start and involuntary exclamation.

"*Malcolm McKnight Randall!*" and a shiver seemed to pass over him as he read the words.

"Did you know him?" asked Miss Abbie, looking up in surprise at his tone and manner.

"Well, yes, I think I did," and a peculiar smile crossed his face; "but I didn't know before that,"—he paused as if to moisten his dry lips,—"he was safe under the sod."

"Yes," said Miss Abbie with simple sad-

ness, and apparently not noticing the flippant words, though the tone in which they were uttered was hard and forced. "He was drowned in the lake thirty years ago this summer,"—and then followed the oft-told story of the young man, full of beauty and strength and promise, who had gone out that far-away May-day never to return alive, and of the wave-worn body given tender burial here.

"I left about that time myself, and never heard of it," remarked the stranger. "A handsome fellow, I believe, some called him," he added, and again the half-mocking smile curled the edge of his unshaven lip.

"Yes," assented Miss Abbie, the tears springing to her eyes, "and as good as he was handsome.

"Were you a relative of his?" he asked, regarding her with curious intentness.

"I was to have been his wife," a faint blush tinging her faded cheek. "I am so glad to meet some one who knew Malcolm," she went on. "This is his picture"—turning the little marble shield in the face of the stone. "A little faded, but"—

She looked up to find that the shabby stranger had turned, and was walking hastily away.

"I am afraid he could not have cared much for him," she said with a little sigh. "but then," seeming to realize for the first time the aspect of the man, "Malcolm's friends were never like *that*."

Some hours later that same evening, as I was making my final round before the closing of the gates, I encountered the same shabby, lounging figure in almost the same spot.

"Young man," he asked me abruptly as I approached to request him to leave. "Do you know what hell is?"

I stood aghast at the question. "Much drink hath brought thee to the verge of delirium tremens," was my mental comment as I drew away from the fumes of his whiskey-laden breath.

"I can tell you what it is," he continued, without waiting for my answer. "It is to stand in the slime of the gutter, a drunkard, a vagabond, a homeless outcast, and see what you might have been, honorable, honored, crowned with the love of wife and children, and the respect of your fellow men. It's to long as you would for life itself for the very things you once had in your grasp and threw away; to feel that you would give your heart's blood to be now the man you once might have been, but wouldn't: That's hell, young man, and I am in it!"

Blear-eyed, shabby, unwholesome, the strength of his emotion lent to the human wreck a momentary dignity. It was, as though dimly glimmering through the defilement and debasement, I could catch the shadow, faint, elusive, but still the shadow of that nobler manhood he might have attained to, but of which had so failed.

A profound sadness and sympathy moved me at the sight.

"It is never too late for reformation," I said, uttering the common truism.

"It is too late by thirty years," was his passionate answer. "No reforming or repenting now can give me back the opportunity I have wasted, or make me the man I might have been. I am a dead man truly, as dead in trespasses and sin, as that man," pointing to young Randall's grave, "is in his tomb. And that was Abbie Pennel, the girl he was to have married!" with an abrupt change of the subject. "What sort of a woman is she?"

For answer, I told him of her constant benefactions, her tenderness, her kindness, her sympathy, towards even the least and lowest of God's creatures.

"A pure, good woman, you say. And yet—" he paused and ground his heel into the gravel of the walk, "do you know, men have felt the love of just such a woman a burden and a bondage, and have torn it off and cast it from them as they would a fetter? Well," and he gave a harsh unmirthful laugh, "I shouldn't complain. I've had my freedom, freedom to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind: I've flung soul and body to the devil, with nobody to hinder or restrain. Good God!" and the cry was a wail of despair, "that a man will sink himself beyond hope of redemption, and fancy he is happy in doing it; that he will sear conscience till he fancies that no scenes or associations will have power to sting."

"There is a mercy"—I began, as he paused with a sobbing breath.

But he interrupted me fiercely.

"What can mercy do for me? Not even God himself can restore my wasted talents, my misspent life," and, whimpering pitifully, he brushed his eyes with his threadbare sleeve.

Presently turning to me, he asked with a beggarly whine, "Could you lend me

five dollars? I'm dead broke just now, and its hard lines for a man who has known different times."

Without a word I handed him the money. Poor fellow! he had spoken the truth; his manhood was gone beyond recall. The spark that had flickered for a moment had sunken out of sight again; even remorse was powerless to arouse his vanished self-respect.

A few days later, an unknown man in an advanced state of intoxication, was picked up on the street, who, to all efforts to learn his name would only answer, that they could go and read it on his gravestone, for he was dead. "Dead and buried thirty years," he would mutter. One thing however soon became evident to those about him. Dissipation had done its work, and the end of the wasted life was close at hand.

That evening, as at a later hour than usual, I was leaving the still, old cemetery, I met Miss Abbie.

"Will you go with me?" she said, "I have been sent for to see a man at the police station. Poor Tim Riley, I am afraid. I bailed him out the last time he was arrested for being drunk. He promised me for the sake of his wife and children that he would do better, and I think he tries, but it is so hard."

In a few moments, for it was but a short distance, we reached the sombre brick building, and were taken into a cell, where on a pallet under a flaring gas-jet, with the oaths and cries of drunken men and women sounding from the cells around, and the gray shadow of death resting on his haggard and unshaven face, lay the stranger of the cemetery.

"We sent for you, Miss Pennel," said the sergeant who sat beside him, "because he has mentioned your name several times in his raving, and we thought you might be able to tell us what we can not find out from him, who he is, and where his friends may be found."

Miss Abbie shook her head sadly.

"I wish I could, but I never saw him but once, and that only a few days ago. He spoke of having lived here, and that he knew a friend of mine who had been dead many years, but he did not tell me his name, or where he was from. No," bending over him with a long searching look at his face,—"I am quite sure that it is no one I ever saw till then."

The sound of her voice aroused the dying man from the partial stupor he had sunken into, and he opened his eyes.

"They say you have asked for me, my poor man," she said; "is there anything I can do for you?"

He moved his lips as though trying to speak. But the power of speech was past; the faint sound died away in an inarticulate murmur. With a look in them eager and wistful, he lifted his eyes to the face above him, so full of tender pity, and made an effort to raise one of his hands as if to touch hers. Miss Abbie saw the motion, slight as it was, and took the icy fingers in her close, warm clasp. And so, with his hand in hers, and his last look of earth into her true and gentle eyes, the soul of the nameless wanderer passed into the presence of the All-Merciful as well as the All-Just.

"How pitiful!" exclaimed Miss Abbie in a broken voice, as we walked homeward through the quiet streets. "And very likely there is some woman somewhere who loves him. No doubt when he tried so hard to speak it was to give me a message for her, and now she will never know."

We were passing along the side of the old cemetery, and as we reached the arched gateway, she said, "Let us go in for a moment."

How peaceful it was in the abode of the dead, with the white moon-light bathing the white marbles, and the shadows of the silver maples flecking the low mounds! The still air was heavy with fragrance, and when we paused at young Randall's grave, the white rose at its head was heavy with blossoms as well as dew.

Miss Abbie stooped down and laid her hand with a caressing touch on the thick, soft sward.

"I have always felt," she said tremulously, "that my grief was a bitter one, and nobody knows how lonely these long years have been, but as I stood by that poor man to-night, and thought of Malcolm as he was then taken from me, so pure and true and noble, I realized as I never had before, how light, how blessed my sorrow was beside that of women who have to see the men they love lost to them by the separation of wrong and shame, wider and worse than that of death.

"He said Malcolm knew him," she continued after a moment, "perhaps befriended him in the days when, let us hope, he was different from what we saw. Because of

that, and for the sake of the wife or mother, who may have loved him through it all, I would like to have him buried here, instead of in the Potter's field."

So it was that in that green and quiet spot we laid the nameless dead to rest. And, as through the long summer days Miss Abbie came and went, I would often see her pause in her ministry of love, to plant a flower or lay a blossom on that other grave, whose headstone, besides the date of his death, bore only the words "A Stranger."

Ela Thomas.



WITHIN THE MIRROR.

Once, mid furled banners and grim battle trophies,
There hung a mirror in a castle hall;
And, whether glancing sunlight flashed across it,
Or furtive moonbeams crept along the wall,
Out from the inner, dim and haunted vista,
A pale, sweet face forever gazed on all.

Athwart the burnished glass passed many figures,
Attendants of the court in varied guise,
But, when the dance moved merriest to the viols,
Or flared the torches in the wind's surprise,
Upon the circ'ling throng of maids and nobles,
Still looked the spirit's dark, appealing eyes.

Many there were who shrank in nameless terror,
To pass the mirror in the waning day;
Yet, when deep midnight hushed the hall to silence,
A mailèd Knight came there alone to pray,
Seeking with anguished gaze the eyes' remembrance,
That, through the misty shadows shone alway.

Seen by the taper's light, a pallid radiance
Lay like a halo 'round the golden head;
A soft smile curved the pale lips into beauty,
And on the wan cheek crept a lovely red,
While wild, fierce heart-throbs shook the Knight's cold armor,
With vain regretting for the early dead.

So waned the seasons, until bloom and brightness
Faded from faces that had once been fair;
Helmet and weapon and the weight of armor
The Knight's worn figure could no longer bear,
But, with the glory of a youth immortal,
The mirrored eyes yearned forth into the air.

Ah! many years ago the tale was whispered;
Courtiers and warriors long since fell on sleep;
On tired hearts the quiet hands are resting;
The Castle-walls are but a moldering heap,
And underneath the vine-entangled ruins,
The secret of the glass is hidden deep.

Do I believe the strange and mystic legend?
Friend, I too know a tender, lovely face
That, through the moving pageant of a lifetime,
Looks out forever from a haunted place.
All other figures fade from out the mirror;
Changeless remains the vision's perfect grace.

Katharine Philips Williams.

WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES



A BAG of flour weighing 25 pounds will make 18 or 20 loaves, equal to a loaf that sells at ten cents in weight and far more than equal in food value. Flour is now higher in price than it has been in many years yet, at $1,00 the bag, the economy of baking your own bread will readily be seen.

There are people who protest that they do not like home-made bread, that "the children will not eat it," or that so much goes to waste that there is no real economy in it. Be sure when this is the case, that the bread is not well made, and in fact it is so often badly made, that many persons do not know what good home-bread is; to them it always means a very solid heavy loaf with tough crust and a sweet taste, which in their opinion is what people mean by the sweet flavor of home-made bread, or if they have made any acquaintance with another kind of the home-product it has been over-light, husky and tasteless.

Of course one can understand that many grown people have a very strong liking for the French bread that is nearly all crisp crust; it is a very delicious variety of the staff of life, provided it is *fresh every day*, but this bread is not the average bakers' bread. A few bakers in large cities and hotels make a specialty of it, and however one may prefer it for one's own use, no one in her senses would use it in a family of growing children. The "bakers' bread," usually served to families, is a light spongy loaf, very apt to be sour, but to those used to it, even this "flavor of the bakery" is not disagreeable; but it is unsatisfying as food, and very apt to cause dyspepsia.

I happen to know two families, who a few years ago had bread made at home for kitchen use only; the family ate the poorest country bakers' bread, except on some occasion when it ran short, then the home-made article was brought forward, and on such occasions I happened to see it, and alas! was asked if I did not think it excellent "for home made bread,"—as if that was something of which very little could be expected. It was not difficult to understand after seeing the greyish-white solid looking compound, with a thick leathery crust, that there would be a good deal go to waste, and that the appetite refused to accept such food.

Time and a cooking school led these people who would not exist except on baker's bread, to a knowledge of what really fine home-made bread is. And I observe that for some time, it is home-made bread that reigns permanently on the bread-board, and the baker's loaf is the exception. And it is a curious fact that the mother of one of these families so far forgets the past that she cannot imagine how any one can live, and expect children to live and thrive on "bakers' bread."

Within a few years private bread-making has greatly improved, many women making it to perfection. Yet there is a great deal to be desired. In houses where the bread making is left to a servant, it is apt to be very bad, or if she is what is called a "good bread-maker," it will be bad and good by turns, because unfortunately, even intelligent women who make good bread, know very little of bread-making; this sounds a paradox, but the subject is not one to be explained in a few paragraphs.

I will only say a real understanding of the nature of yeast and especially of the qualities and characteristics of flour, would

enable a house mother to ring the changes on bread without changing her ingredients. The same flour makes several kinds of bread according to its treatment, and every one knows how desirable variety in bread is,—not variety of rolls, biscuit, etc.,—but variety in the family loaf, what zest it is to the appetite to have an occasional rye or whole-meal loaf. But few outside the bakery know how to produce two or three kinds of bread from flour, salt, yeast, and water.

To return to the economical aspect of bread-making. Twenty loaves from a bag of flour speaks for itself, but this economy may be very greatly increased in several ways, and at the same time add to the enjoyment of bread as food.

The best flour is the cheapest, but this statement admits of some explanation. Rolls, biscuit, or fancy bread, and pastry require the finest grade of the *best* flour; household bread is both more nourishing and sweeter when made of the second grade of the *best* flour. So little demand is there for this, however, that it is not easy to be sure of getting it. Cheaper, what is called second-quality flour, is on sale generally, but those who try it complain, justly, that it is sticky in the working and makes a very poor loaf. This is the too frequent experience of those who try faithfully to use second grade flour.

Now the usual reason why this household flour, even when bought at the local mill, is unsatisfactory, that it is second grade, but *not* the second grade of the *finest* wheat, and here is the difficulty, it is often the second grade of a poor weak wheat, the first grade of which would not make very fine bread. I am told that the great mills of the country, finding no general demand for their second-grade wheat, ship it abroad where dark bread is appreciated, and is in fact even among the rich the general family loaf. In English country houses where there is often "staying company," much larger in number than the family; on a side-table at breakfast will be a huge household loaf generally averaging in weight, four to six pounds. This is on a carved wooden trencher. There will also be a great round of corned beef or cold roast "in cut;" game-pie, ham, tongue, in short anything that requires to be carved is placed on the side-table and each gentleman helps himself or a lady. On the breakfast table proper are the dainty little things: rolls, kringles, and scones, little individual milk-loaves and the hot relishes such as crisped bacon, stewed mushrooms, etc., etc., are handed round once, and afterwards the guests help each other. But I did not, at least here, intend to go into the routine of an English breakfast in a luxurious house, but only to point out one fact viz: that very often the delicious "little breads" are left, and a cut from the sweet wheaten loaf taken in preference, and I must say with the butter usually served at such tables, churned fresh for each breakfast, only just salt enough to bring out the creamy flavor, not to destroy it, that dark bread is something to look back upon with regretful longing.

Now this choice wheat that goes away from us could be sold, so I am told on a miller's authority, at a very low price here, if the demand were steady and large enough.

But the housekeeper must be taught how to use this second grade of the best flour to advantage; even if by perseverance in demanding, the "second grade flour of the best *spring* wheat," she gets it, (instead of some cheap compound of flours sold as seconds) there is still some difference in making the dough, for reasons which space forbids my going into. The second-grade flour, while as nourishing or more so than the first grade, is a weaker flour, that is to say, its power of rising is less, and it absorbs less water and while it requires thorough kneading as does all bread, it is not improved by extra working as the finest flour is. There is a very good reason for this, but it requires long explanation. The second-grade flour softens if it is overworked. One good kneading after it is mixed, one more when putting it into the pans is quite enough.

In using the finest grade of flour it is optional whether shortening is added or not, but for the second grade it is a great improvement to use lard or butter. The following is a very exact recipe for a loaf.

Bread From Household Flour.

One pound of second-grade of the best flour of spring wheat, half a pint of water, a good teaspoonful of sugar, a half-one of salt, and one of lard, half-cake of compressed yeast.

Warm and dry the flour gradually, mix the yeast in lukewarm water until entirely dissolved, then melt the lard and stir that into it with the sugar and salt. Make a hole in the center of the flour, pour in

the water, etc., and work all into a dough when it looks smooth, set it to rise. When it is double its bulk, work it down and put in the pans to rise. When it is again double the bulk, bake about forty-five minutes, but be guided by the loaf rather than time. Tap the bottom ; if it is crisp, and a good crust it is done, if not, return it to the oven. But a loaf of this size should in no case need more than one hour, if it does, your oven is defective or badly managed and no bread can be good so baked.

The experienced maker of fine white bread will notice that this "second flour" does not stiffen with working as fine flour should, but the baked loaf will be deliciously sweet and nutty in flavor.

I have specified the second grade of *spring* wheat, because although it makes a good wholesome loaf, the second grade of winter wheat is less satisfactory ; it is a much weaker flour and rises slowly. If it is used, however, the same directions must be followed, but the water should be scanted.

When white flour is dear, as it is now, the judicious manager will introduce on her table, rye bread once or twice a week ; it costs half the price of wheat, and properly used, makes a deliciously sweet loaf, also rice bread, and Indian and wheaten bread. Even where economy is not an object, the family health would be improved by occasionally ringing the changes on the bread.

If one bread alone is eaten, one gets least tired of the white wheaten loaf. Yet every one has experienced the pleasure it is to meet with a brown loaf unexpectedly. An abnormal appetite is often aroused and for a day or two a cut from that loaf is a treat. But after a season we feel ourselves longing for our old friend. Yet this very fact should be taken advantage of by the careful mother and wife. Sometimes a business man eats hardly any bread for his breakfast. He does not believe he is tired of what he is having. Yet try another kind of bread and the probabilities are he will eat heartily.

I have spoken earlier of the variety of bread that may be produced by manipulation of one flour, but I will first give recipes for making three kinds of bread that will cost much less per loaf than the ordinary family bread, and are likely to be a treat to the family, especially if nothing is said about the cheapness.

Rye bread, to city people who look on it, as the product of the German bakery, or identify it with the much-talked-of sour black bread of the European peasant, is supposed to be always heavy and sour. They are not aware that this sourness is relished and purposely produced, but that it has no more to do with the rye, than it would have with white flour. The truth being that rye is a very sweet flour, but becomes more easily sour in the making than wheat.

RYE LOAF.

One quart of the best *white* rye flour, a scant pint of water, a table-spoonful of molasses or a good tea-spoonful of sugar, a cake of compressed yeast, a table-spoonful, scant, of lard or butter, and a pinch of soda (between the thumb and forefinger).

Mix all exactly as directed for the loaf of second grade flour, except that you will probably be able to mix with a strong, wooden spoon instead of the hands, as it is a very soft dough and very sticky. It should be as stiff as you can possibly stir with the spoon or pudding-stick. It will not look smooth, but that is the nature of it. When you have it well mixed put it in the pan at once, let it double in bulk, then bake one hour in a moderate oven, if you make it into two loaves. Half an hour longer if in one, taking especial care that it is fully risen before it goes into the oven.

It is generally thought necessary to use one-third white flour, but this is by no means the case when compressed yeast is used. Where home-made or dried yeast is depended upon, one-third white flour either as a sponge, or simply mixed with the rye, is advisable.

Where milk is plentiful all these dark breads are improved by mixing with it instead of water, although in hot weather dough made with it will sour much more quickly in the rising.

Catherine Owen.

"MID BUSY STREETS AND CROWDED MARTS."

(Author's Copyright.)

CHAPTER I.

"Where there's a will there's a way."



IT was with an unusually grave aspect, that Faith Arden entered Mr. Cherubino's presence one chill gray morning, two days after Christmas. He gave her a questioning glance as he rose to receive her, for her preoccupation of manner puzzled him.

After a brief pause, Faith said slowly,

"I've come to pay the interest."

"Which is not due till January," he replied with an odd smile.

"I know—but I shall not be here then."

Mr. Cherubino held out his hand for the little roll of bills which Faith offered him, saying, as he noted the amount,—

"Indeed! what Christmas frolic are you bent upon?" rapidly writing out a receipt as he spoke, and handing it to her.

"Not a frolic!" she answered with a slight sigh. "I am going to New York for the winter."

"To New York? what a startling caprice! What becomes of your house?"

"I shall shut it up."

"Weary already of the new toy?" he asked reproachfully, "weary of your boasted triumphs of the solitude you have pretended to enjoy so much?"

"It was no pretence!" replied Faith. "I love my little home dearly, and I shall come back to it in the Spring to enjoy its comforts with renewed zest."

"Why then—?"

"I want a new occupation, new thoughts and surroundings," she went on with a half feverish energy. "The winter will be so dreary here, shut up alone, with almost nothing to do, through all the dark, stormy days. Besides that, I have a scheme I want to carry out."

"You don't propose to live in New York on $150 a year?"

"I'm not sure I couldn't. I mean to try," answered Faith, dreamily.

"Nonsense! it would be absurd and impossible!"

"It will amuse me to try!"

"I quite expected you would pay off the balance of your mortgage this time," said Mr. Cherubino, with a provoking laugh.

"Do you want me to?" she asked, with a sudden air of distress.

"Not in the least! It is an admirable investment. But will you not need funds for the campaign? shall I——?"

"Oh no! I have nearly one hundred dollars saved up during this last six months, which I would have applied to to the mortgage, but for this enterprise. That, with my regular income, will carry me through the winter, easily enough."

"That depends upon your plans. In a tenement house, for instance—"

"Exactly!" interposed Faith. "I have already engaged a room—"

"Where?" he asked in rather startled tones, as she still preserved her serious demeanor.

"In an apartment house, on Waverley Place, near Broadway."

"But, my dear Miss Faith! can you live there on your moderate means?"

"Listen!" she said, with sudden earnestness, "I went to the city yesterday, and spent the whole day toiling from one street to another, looking for a room that would suit me. I wanted a comfortably furnished room, with a folding bed in it, so that I could receive my friends in it—"

"But in a boarding-house, you could use the parlor."

"Don't speak to me of boarding-houses!" cried Faith, with a shudder. "They are positively unendurable, and expensive too."

"Not as much so as apartments."

"That depends on one's mode of life. I found I must pay from $10 to $15 a week for a room on the first floor of a private house—you know I can't stand stairs."

"Or, won't!" interpolated Mr. Cherubino.

"Very well! won't, then!" resumed Faith, petulantly. "All the rooms I saw were in houses where no meals could be procured, and the question of going out for them in all sorts of weather seriously dismayed me.

"The prices were supposed to include fire, light and attendance, but I knew how the latter would be, irregular and unsatisfactory at all times, and unreliable in emergencies. Considering also the shabbiness or insufficiency of the furniture, in some cases, a gloomy, forbidding entrance in another, the prospect of distasteful neighbors or other unpleasant surroundings in others, I gave up the wretched drudgery of my expedition, after wasting hours of precious time over it, and presented myself desperately at the Waverley Place house."

"Resolved to be comfortable at any cost?" asked Mr. Cherubino.

"No! it was a real economy!" returned Faith with a triumphant gleam of satisfaction in her eyes. "I have engaged a very comfortable room there for $10 a week, where I shall inaugurate my new experiments in economy."

"That does not include your meals?"

"Of course not! I am to have an open fire in my room which will enable me to get my breakfast and lunch at a very slight expense, and if I do not care to provide my dinner in the same way, I can go for that meal, to the restaurant."

"Have you estimated the cost?"

"Merely in outline. My breakfast of coffee with a roll, and an egg or a chop, cannot cost more than ten or twelve cents. My lunch will be another roll, with perhaps some bouillon, some cake and a glass of wine, which may come to six or seven cents."

"It sounds plausible!" "observed Mr. Cherubino reflectively, "but still, it can't be true! There must be some mistake, somewhere—and then your dinner?"

"That will be an extravagance, I'm afraid, if I take it at the restaurant."

"From a dollar to a dollar and a half, I'm sure."

"No! not so bad as that! You know my tastes are simple. Soup, beefsteak, or some other meat, with one vegetable and a dessert, will cost from sixty to seventy cents, and I can take a cup of coffee, or a glass of wine in my own room afterwards for a trifle more."

"Are you sure of your figures?" asked Mr. Cherubino in grave astonishment.

"Yes; I glanced over the bill of fare before I came away, and noted its capabilities. A blending of my breakfast and lunch supplies however, will give me a very satisfactory dinner in my own room for about twenty-five cents."

"What sort of wine can you get at the prices you give? There is fearful risk in drinking the cheap rubbish."

"Don't be afraid!" she interposed, with a smile at his rueful countenance. "The California wines are safe and pure enough. I can get good claret at $1,25 a gallon, and port wine at $1,75."

"And when do you begin this new enterprise?"

"In a day or two; as soon as I can pack my trunk, and get my house securely shut up."

"But consider, Miss Faith! There are so many incidental expenses in city life. You can scarcely breathe or move without an extra charge for the privilege. You had better borrow a hundred or two of me."

Faith shook her head very positively.

"No!" she said, "I will not run in debt. It will be impossible for me to exceed a hundred dollars a month, while I hope to live on less than half of that sum. At the worst, I can afford to stay two months; and I am confident of making my money last at least three."

"Promise me you will write to me for supplies if you need them!" urged Mr. Cherubino anxiously.

"Oh, yes! I will promise that!" returned Faith, indifferently. "And you don't mind my making no payment on the mortgage," she added.

"Not at all! But I really thought when you set yourself to pay it off with such desperate earnestness at the outset, that your ardor would have lasted longer than this."

"It seemed at first such an intolerable burden!" said Faith. "It took all my energy to battle with it then, and while the excitement lasted, it was easy to keep up the strain. But now that its proportions are so reduced, it is shorn of its terrors, and I don't mind putting it aside for the present."

"With a woman's caprice. Do you know, Miss Faith, its just that charming uncertainty which characterizes all women, that gives us men any chance at all. If your spirit of enterprise which so often surpasses ours in its first moment of enthusiasm, partook of man's plodding steadiness of purpose, you would often far outstep us in the race for life's honors and successes."

Faith looked at him with quizzical gravity.

"A man goes at a thing steadily enough," she said, "but he usually has only

one aim, and marches in some rut that other feet have traveled before him. A woman does not rouse up her full strength, nor call out all her powers till she strikes into some new part, which she explores fearlessly to its end, unless some stronger attraction carries her further afield. You laugh at our caprices, and jeer at our unfinished enterprises, but wait!—we never let go the loose ends,—we work them in somewhere, however we may change our views or aims." *Mary Cruger.*



CREOLE COOKERY. No. 1.

A TRIP TO THE FRENCH MARKET.



N' so Momzelle wan' know how tees I mek dee gombo an' dee bisque? 'Ten true Momzelle do 'n know how fo' mek doze deesh?"

I assured Tante Lotie, that I knew absolutely nothing of bisque and gombo, except that they were very good.

"*Mon Dieu!* 'Tees not*teen* too mek; but momzelle mus' know how peeck an' fin' een Ferainch ma'*ket.* Eef Momzelle wan,' she keen go weed Ma'am Aristide an' me, too-mo'ow mo'*neen.* We mek ma'*ket* fo' dee day. Me, I wek you tim 'noff."

Early the next morning, while still far afloat on the oily sea of slumber, I heard a voice at my bedside. The voice proceeded from Tante Lotie, whose fantastically twisted *tignon*, and wrinkled features made an arabesque against the bobbinet mosquito bar. The slim, yellow fingers lifted the curtain, and put into my hands a tiny cup of steaming coffee. "Bonjou', Momzelle! 'Tees taim too mek ma'*ket,*" said Tante Lotie and vanished.

Madame Aristide and I were not the only ladies out that morning. A stream of soberly-dressed women followed by servants, flowed steadily down the *banquettes.* Lotie followed us, making an agreeable picture; old though she was, there was a certain grace in her gliding steps, and although she had never been known to walk fast, yet she accomplished a vast amount of work. Her manner was that of the well-bred, trusty servant and confidante. She was self-possessed, was without obsequiousness, thoroughly imbued with the sense of the responsibility she owed her mistress, between whom and the friction of the ever-washing sea known as the "outside world," she stood as a rampart of defense. Madame Aristide, who had behind her a string of ancestors long and brilliant as a comet's tail, and who had been rich, was now poor, reduced to the necessity of taking boarders. All that remained to her was her massive old house, built to stand against the might of earthquakes, and silently reproachful of the flimsiness of modern architecture.

But Madame Aristide, with her economical management, her genius for cleanliness, precision, order, which are the national French traits, and with Lotie, got comfort and luxury too. Dressed in black as is the habit of all elderly ladies of her race, there was in her a spiritual fineness of profile which did honor to her ancestors. In manner she was buoyant, calm and high-bred, and not provincial, though like many another of her race, she

had never been further than her heart-enshrined New Orleans.

The walk down Chartres Street was to me an amusing novelty. All the quaint little shops, where French signs hung, were just opening their drowsy eyes. The shell and bird stores, and the little place where ingenious Mexicans make their inimitable wax *figurines*, were so alluring, that I almost forgot the more material attraction of *bisque* and *gombo*.

"Another time, Mademoiselle, we weel come an' see all theeze place! an' theeze peop' weel tell you eve'y theeng 'bout they wo'k."

We hurried past the great Cathedral St. Louis, built by the royal standard bearer of Spain, and dominating the quaint Place d' Armes. Quickly we left behind us the ancient Cabildo, the Pont Alba Buildings, and reached the Levee. There, sprawling, lay the ancient French market, with its low, sloping roof and Spanish arches. The air was thick with the excited clamor of tongues, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French, English and *patois*. The buffets, whereon steamed metal urns, filled with coffee, tea and chocolate, were crowded with customers. As it was Friday, and as all Catholics abstain from eating meat on that day, we did not stop in the meat market, but passed into the one set aside for fish. The seas of the world seem to contribute their shining stores to the New Orleans markets. Before a colony of wide-mouthed baskets, piled high with ghoulish looking crawfish, we halted. To the parchment colored amphibian who vended them, Madame Aristide and Tante Lotie gave smiling greeting, and the latter demanded "peek'yune *crèbiche*." Then turning to me said, "tees fo' mek bisque, Momzelle."

"You make bisque out of crawfish? replied I, amazed.

"*Mais oui*, Momzelle. 'Tees de bes' wot Momzelle teenk Lotie mek bisque weed."

I must confess that the crawfish as a gastronomic delicacy had not appealed to my taste. I was perfectly aware that prejudices of that kind were narrow-minded and provincial, and yet—and yet the crawfish as he came out of his mud chimney had never won my tolerance.

But if that wonderful, that incomparable *bisque* of yesterday owed its being to crawfish, I was ready to surrender all prejudice. That was the crawfish of evolution, his last stage of supreme development, of which I venture to assert that even Darwin, for all that he wrote a book on crawfish, knows nothing.

Poissardes presided over heaps and heaps of rosy-hued shrimps, just in from the Mexican Gulf, and piles of snails, whose proverbial slowness had brought them to evil pass and the epicure. A shriveled old crone, who might have been anything over a hundred years old, was industriously disrooting the tongues from the mouths of slaughtered geese, having bought up all the heads of that fowl from the poulterers for a mere song. Her customers were certain *bons vivants* who prized these tidbits dearly as the Roman epicures did the famous larks' tongues. Great bullfrogs, who for all their blatant roar, are unsophisticated enough to be caught by the small boy armed with a red rag and a rusty nail, were being bought rapidly, and truly their hind quarters are a delicious morsel.

Nothing escaped Madame Aristide's eye. She bought economically and well, knew every huckster by name, who all called out in their friendly pleasant way, as we passed the greetings and the compliments of the day. The starry-eyed, rosy-cheeked woman who sold us crisp French rolls and *brioche*, slipped a great wedge of cake into the basket as *laguiappe*. Before the fairy greenery of a vegetable stall we stopped, and there I saw for the first time the *mirleton*, sometimes called the vegetable pear. It is a sublimated squash, and even in Louisiana, not common. It grows upon a perennial, tall-climbing, ornamental vine, and has an indescribably delicious marrowy flavor. While Madame Aristide and the *marchande* whose name was *Titeen*, chatted and laughed and trafficked, Tante Lotie glided away to where a shriveled, elfin-like, little woman sat, bulwarked behind dried herbs and roots.

"*Voila!*" exclaimed Madame Aristide; "weel you *ob*serve Lotie? She mek *beleef deer*ectly she only buy some root too mek *tisane*, but tees not true. She ask Voudou Jeanne for *a gri-gri*. Oh! yes I am sure, sure!"

Voudou Jeanne, it seems, had a regular trade in philters, charms and amulets, whose efficacy is an article of belief among the superstitious negroes. Lotie concealed her *gri-gri*, a charm made of snake bones, or of the bones of the human toes, and specially fitted to fend off the

attacks of the Evil One. Madame only shook a warning finger at Lotie when she rejoined us, who, not replying, turned swiftly to the *marchande*, received the purchases with a *laguiappe* of roses along with another —a "gumbo bunch" composed of bay leaves, thyme, leeks, onion and Chili pepper.

"Momzelle ain see dee Injin woman w'at saill *gombo filé*. Can' mek *good gombo*, Momzelle dun't deye *filé*."

These miserable peaked squaws, last remnant of the Choctaw tribe, were squatted on the stone pavement, in the unroofed space dividing two markets, their bundles of dried sassafras leaves around them. This leaf, dried, and reduced to powder, is known as *filé* from its property of making ropy any liquid to which it may be added.

Leaving behind us all the gibble-gabole, the Babylonic complexity of the market, we emerged into the open street, to meet various Ethiopian *maman marchandes*, bearing on their *tignoned* heads trays filled with *pralines* of cocoa-nut and pecan, most toothsome sweets, and others again, calling their *Calla! calla tout chaud!!* *Calla* is a species of sweet rice cake and very good indeed.

Madame Aristide, *dévote*, could never pass St. Louis Cathedral without going in to say a few prayers. Not by the great front portals did she enter, but through the little side door, which stands ever open on Père Antoine's Alley—the cool, shady street, all perfumed with the delicious odor of the olive of Cathay, and the orange blossoms abloom in the Cathedral garden. Like shadows, Madame Aristide and her *famulus* slipped within the precincts of the church, knelt side by side upon the marble floor and fervently told their beads, Lotie, believer as she might be in the Christian's faith, feeling herself all the safer for the *gri-gri* in her bosom. Bring up her people as carefully as you may in the doctrines of the church, they are mentally and spiritually unable to cast off the fetters of a fetichism which is as old as the Nile, inherited from their African ancestors.

Daily, Tante Lotie made for the "yong ladie Americaine," one of her many *gombos*, and here are the descriptions of her exact methods. Anyone, in any part of the country, may obtain similar results by following the directions closely, though I believe *filé* is not an article of commerce anywhere but in New Orleans, where every grocer keeps it.

Bisque.

50 crawfish or shrimps.
1 slice of raw ham.
4 table-spoonfuls of butter.
1 table-spoonful of lard.
2 onions.
Bread crumbs soaked in milk.
Salt, pepper, thyme, sage, a pinch of grated nutmeg.

Parboil the fish, remove all the meats, taking care to extract the black cord running down the back. Pound the meat to a paste in a mortar. Mix with it one third its quantity of bread crumbs, previously soaked in milk, but squeezed dry of liquid.

Also one onion finely minced, the butter and pepper, salt, thyme, sage and nutmeg to suit taste.

The heads of the fish must be freed of their contents, washed, thrown into strong salt water for ten minutes, removed, drained and stuffed full with the forcemeat. Flour them lightly, drop them into the hot lard in the soup-pot, stir them frequently until they brown. Remove them, and fry to a light brown in the same lard, one onion thinly sliced and the ham. When these are fried, return the heads to the pot, add two quarts of boiling water, cover tight and let them cook slowly but steadily for one hour. When ready to serve lift out the heads with a perforated ladle and put them into the tureen. Strain the broth over them, and send to table with a separate dish of boiled rice. The seasoning is the very soul of this dish.

Gombo Filé.

1 chicken.
1 slice of ham.
1 onion.
1 table-spoonful of lard.
2 table-spoonfuls of *Filé*.
Salt, thyme, red pepper and bay leaves to taste. Disjoint the chicken, and mince the ham. Into a soup-pot put the lard, and when it is hot add the chicken well floured, and allow it to remain until browned on both sides, watching carefully to prevent burning. When browned, remove and keep hot at back of range. Lay in the lard, the onion evenly sliced, and the ham; allow both to brown. Remember that one portion of burnt onion will ruin the flavor of the dish. When onion and ham are nicely browned add the chicken to it, and fill up the pot with hot

water. Cover it and let it cook steadily for two hours. When it has been on the fire for an hour, add pepper, salt and herbs to suit individual taste. Just before serving, add *filé*, previously warmed until mucilaginous, stir it briskly into the broth, and serve immediately.

Any fowl, wild or domestic, veal or beef, may be used in *gombo filé*. It is very delicious made of oysters, though the oysters must *not* be fried, and the liquor must be used instead of water. The stock of oyster gombo is made of beef or fowl.

GOMBO Y' HERBES.

1 lb. of veal brisket.
1 slice of raw ham.
1 onion.
1 table-spoonful of lard.

Salt, and red or green pepper to taste. Herbs: spinach, lettuce and mustard tops to predominate. Green cabbage, radish and turnip tops in small quantities.

Put the herbs to soak as soon as gathered, in cold water, wash them thoroughly, and trim them by taking off the coarse midrib of the leaf. Put them into a pot of cold water slightly salted, to which a pinch of soda has been added, and let them boil for two hours. Drain them, and chop them as fine as you would spinach. Cut the veal into four pieces, and the ham into dice. Put the lard into the soup pot, and when hot, add the veal, slightly floured. When brown, remove, and put in ham and onion. When these, too, are brown, add veal and chopped herbs, stirring all with a spoon to prevent burning, for four or five minutes. Add one and one-half pints of boiling water, and let all stew together, tightly covered for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with a dish of boiled rice. This herb gumbo should be of the consistency of well-cooked spinach, when served.

Lydia O. Harris.



FROM SOUTHERN KITCHENS.

THE hedgerows are white with blackberry blossoms, and when this issue of THE HOME-MAKER goes to press, the berries will be hanging ripe and luscious on the vines in Southern fields.

Recipes for utilizing them are therefore in order. In the days of our grandmothers, simple remedies for the ordinary "ills that flesh is heir to," found their places on the pantry shelf, and amongst them cordial and jellies made from blackberries. These were considered indispensable where there were children. We keep up this ancient but very sensible custom, and I do not know any ordinary remedy of modern times that is any better, and certainly none are half so palatable. Blackberries make the finest domestic wines in all. If made exactly according to the directions here given, it will be found very similar to port, and purer and more wholesome than many of the wines that are on the market.

Blackberry Jelly.

8 pints of blackberry juice.
8 pounds of white sugar.

Mash up thoroughly one peck of perfectly ripe fresh berries and express the juice through a strong, but very sleazy piece of cloth. To every pint of juice allow one pound of white sugar. Put it on to boil in a porcelain kettle. In half an hour try a little of it in a glass set in a cool place. If it jellies sufficiently, it is done, if not, let it cook longer, until it makes a firm jelly when cold. Fill the jelly glasses while it is still warm, and set them away to get cold. Cut circles of letter paper just the size of the top of the tumbler, dip them in brandy and lay one on the top of the jelly in each glass. Paste thick paper over the top of the glasses and set in a cool, dry place.

Blackberry Wine.

1 gallon of blackberry juice.
1 quart of cold water.
3 pounds of yellow sugar.

The virtue of this wine depends upon two things; first, *perfectly* ripe, sound berries, next, following the recipe exactly. These carefully observed, very fine wine will be the result.

Press the juice from one bushel of perfectly ripe, fresh blackberries.

Measure it as soon as pressed, and to every gallon of juice add one quart of cold water and three pounds of the best yellow sugar. Stir the juice until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, then, put it in stone jars, tie a piece of cloth over the mouth of each and set away in pantry or cellar to ferment. The sugar *must* be thoroughly dissolved in the juice before the least fermentation begins. Never use metal vessels as they will impair the flavor, or *bouquet*, of the wine. It should be in wood or stone. In three months pour the wine carefully from the lees into bottles or demijohns. The cloth tied over the jars is sufficient protection until it has ceased working and is perfectly still. In five months it is ready for use. I mean five months from the time it is made.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

Fruit Canning.

THERE is no mystery or luck in the successful canning of fruit. If certain rules are followed in all their details, failure is nearly impossible. Glass jars, that are sealed with a wrench, are a desirable kind to buy. All germs of fungus growth or fermentation in the cans or fruit must be destroyed by heat.

In anticipation of canning-time, lay all emptied cans, minus their tops, in a boiler half-full of cold ammoniated water. When the water is hot, remove from the fire, and when sufficiently cool take out the jars and dry them. Treat the tops in the same way. Use *warm* water for the rubber rings.

Discard all cracked, doubtful tops.

Remove all indentations from the tops with a tack hammer and see that they will fit perfectly.

See that the rims of your glasses are trustworthy. Lay aside those that are nicked for your preserves and jellies.

Reject all rubber rings that are not pliable or close fitting. It is no economy to use worn rubbers.

The fruit should be just ripe, never overripe.

Seal as soon as possible after picking.

Do not wash fruit; it impairs the flavor. If the berries are actually gritty, float a quart at a time in a deep pan of cool water. The sand will sink to the bottom of the pan. Then make a cullender of your two hands ar scoop gently out of the water, shaking off the drops.

Pare all fruit with a silver knife, and, as it darkens by exposure to the air, drop each piece as pared into clear water, and prepare only the quantity needed to fill two cans.

Fruit looks and is better when whole, the juices are clearer and the flavor is more fully retained. It is difficult to cook a large quantity evenly without injuring the shape. For this reason it is better to cook only enough to fill a few jars at a time. In canning a crate of berries it is well to select the finest looking quarts and can expressly for simple desserts at table. Such particular canning will not be necessary for cooking purposes.

Cook fruit in a porcelain-lined or granite kettle. If tin is used, it should be new.

Cook evenly for fifteen minutes after it begins to boil.

There is no necessity for using sugar in canning fruit; but one table-spoonful to a quart of fruit is sometimes added.

When ready to can, have all articles needed close at hand. Set the can on two thicknesses of warm wet flannel. Dip out the boiling fruit with a long-handled ladle,

and fill the jar to overflowing. Run a knitting-needle three times down to the bottom of the filled can and liberate the air bubbles. Then, with a quick movement, break the bubbles lying on top and seal without the loss of a second. In ten minutes tighten the tops again with your wrench, and when the cans are cool, wrap in paper and keep in a cool, dry, dark place.

Be sure there are no seeds or sediment on the rubber ring before sealing.

A funnel comes which is a great convenience in filling the jars.

An oil or gasoline stove and a high chair will help to preserve the canner.

Finally, do not store your cans of fruit on a swing-shelf unless you are certain it will bear the weight.

In canning berries, dip out most of the surplus juice and seal, when boiling hot, in pint cans for the children.

Jessamine Holland.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TEA AND COFFEE.

EDITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER:

In the Recipe Department of your excellent magazine, why not give one or two recipes for making tea and coffee? They are every-day beverages, and yet few seem to know how to make either good coffee or good tea. Pardon the suggestion.

Yours truly,

A. H. D.

The Editors of THE HOME-MAKER are always happy to receive such suggestions, and to answer them to the best of their ability.

There is only one proper method of making tea.

Scald the tea-pot, put into it tea, in the proportion of one teaspoonful for each person. Pour on this about a cupful of freshly boiled and boiling water. Let this stand about three minutes either on the back of the stove, the hearth, or on the table under a warm "cosy." Add more boiling water, about a cupful for each spoonful of tea, let this stand one minute longer, and then serve. *Never* boil the tea and *never* use any but boiling water to make it. Following these directions exactly, a satisfactory result will surely be obtained, provided one uses a good brand of tea. Cheap tea is an abomination. An excellent mixture, enjoyed by all who have used it, is the following:

Half-pound Oolong,
Quarter-pound Souchong,
Three ounces Young Hyson,
One ounce Orange Pekoe.

This compound, known by the friends of the family in which it originated as "the T— mixture," seldom fails to please. Any grocer will put it up, and the "prescription," once used, is rarely abandoned.

It is not invidious where so many brands, all claiming to be admirable, are offered for sale, to state, upon the authority of those who have tested it, that the tea bearing the stamp "O. & O. Tea," (Oriental and Occidental Tea Co.), is singularly delicious, and grows upon the liking of those who use it.

For coffee, no more explicit directions can be furnished than those supplied in the following, published some time ago in *Good Housekeeping*.

COFFEE-MAKING.

Purchase Java and Mocha in equal quantities.

Make sure, to begin with, that your material is pure and lately ground. On the last point, take notice that the coffee which is to be made into a drink by the percolation of steam or water should be ground more finely than when it is to be boiled.

Next see that the water is on what may be called "a fresh boil." It should not have simmered for hours at the side of the

stove until all the liveliness is spent, but stand in the hottest place, where it will come quickly and furiously to the boiling-point; then be used at once.

The perfection of coffee, to my way of thinking, is made in the "Vienna coffee-pot." A tea-kettle of copper, brass, or plated silver, full of boiling water, is set over a spirit-lamp. Into it is fitted a tube attached to a glass receptacle for the finely-ground coffee, which is kept from entering the tube by a wire sieve. A tight stopper prevents the escape through the kettle-spout of the steam generated by the lamp. It is thus forced upward through the tube and sieve into the dry coffee. The globe has a brass cover that keeps in the heat. The coffee is speedily saturated with vapor, and begins to heave and boil like the crater of a volcano. When the tossing mass fills the upper vessel, the stopper is withdrawn from the spout of the lower, and the surface slowly sinks to the original level. The stopper is replaced, and another boil begins. Three boils and as many drainings will leave in the kettle delicious black coffee, fragrant and clear. It can be made on the breakfast or dinner-table in five minutes, if the flame be strong and the water on the boil when set over it. Directions and measures for quantities of coffee and water accompany the pot.

Hardly second in merit to this method is the use of the French "biggin" or "grecque." A tin cylinder, furnished with two movable and one stationary strainer, is set on a coffee-pot. Dry, fine coffee goes into the upper vessel in the proportion of a half-pint cupful to a quart of *boiling* water poured on this, and left to filter through once, twice, or three times, as a moderately or very strong infusion is desired. The pot should be made hot by scalding before the cylinder is fitted on; then stand on the hot range, or hearth, while the liquid drips through the strainers. But this *must not boil* then or afterwards.

Persons accustomed to Vienna or French coffee do not relish that cooked in the old-fashioned style. But as many still cling to the latter, it is well to know how to obtain the most satisfactory result offered by it.

Allow to each even cupful of ground coffee a quart of boiling water. Mix the coffee in a bowl with half a cupful of cold water, and the white and shell of an egg; stir all well together before putting the mixture into the boiler. Add the boiling water, and let it boil *fast* ten minutes after it begins to bubble. Throw in one-third of a cupful of cold water to check ebullition; draw to one side, and let the decoction settle for three minutes before pouring it off gently from the grounds into the urn.

Send hot milk—cream, if you have it—to table with coffee. A tea-spoonful of whipped cream, laid on the surface of each cupful, adds to the elegance of the beverage.

Marion Harland.

The Right Ring.

DEAR Editor of Home-Maker:

Is it within the province of your very delightful magazine to permit a discussion among us, *as* home-makers, as to the best way of putting out the fire in the question. "Is marriage a failure?" to which new fuel is being constantly added by every newspaper, great and small, all over the country?

Is it not a disgrace to us as women that there should be such a piling up of exceptions to the general rule of happy married lives to give reason for the question receiving such serious consideration?"

Are not we, the wives and home-makers of America, responsible for the modern ideas of marriage which society now holds?

Can we, whose married lives are not failures, do nothing to prevent failures in the lives of others?

Cannot the older heads teach us younger ones how best to maintain, increase, and multiply whatever influence we may have upon our husbands through our personal and home life, so that our matrimonial barques may ride in safety, with love at the helm, over the highest waves in the sea of trouble, and come at last into a blessed haven of peace in our old age?

"Wot ye the power ye wield, ye women of America?"

Let us begin with it in our home-making, bringing in the good and casting out the evil.

Long may the Home-Maker live and prosper! is the earnest wish of its friend.

S. D. G.

Sioux City, Iowa.

Answer:

"S. D. G." strikes a chord that should bring out a response from other true womanly and wifely hearts who, it is hoped, will be heard speedily. Marriage is no more a failure than parenthood, or any

other ordinance of divine appointment, the execution of which is subject to human fallibility. It is time a stop was put to "inconvenient" slurs upon a matter so sweet and sacred to all who desire the best good of the world.

SYMPOSIUM.

Does Life Insurance Pay?

BELOW are given a few of the comments upon "J. R. W's" letter of inquiry which have been received at THE HOME-MAKER office. Others, with the editors' summing-up of the discussion, will appear in the August number. All who desire to send communications to the Symposium are requested to make such brief and pointed, and to forward them at an early day.

The Ground Well-covered.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:

I have been much interested in the inquiry under the above caption, of your correspondent, J. R. W., and upon your invitation send the following reply:

The main object of life insurance is to enable a man by small periodical payments to put a large sum of money into his estate, payable in the event of his death, and thus to protect his family or his creditors.

It is obviously the duty of every man who has a family dependent upon his exertions for comfort and support, to protect them against the contingency of losing that comfort and support should he be removed by death. The fear that wife and children may be reduced to poverty has aggravated the suffering and mental torture of many a sick man, while the consciousness that they have been provided for by a policy of life insurance in a good company has greatly comforted those who had the foresight to make such provision for them.

So far from offering a substitute for personal thrift and economy, as suggested by your correspondent, life insurance is the very best incentive to such qualities.

The next question is, what form of policy should be selected. For the man whose main object is to protect his family or estate in the event of his own death, it is manifest that the best form of insurance is that which calls for the smallest current outlay consistent with absolute security. Your correspondent refers to the premium of $125.00 annually to secure $5,000 at death. This is the usual level or unchanging rate at age 33 for that amount under an ordinary whole-life policy, but it is far more than is *necessary* to be paid—at least for a great many years—to secure that amount in case of death. In the former case the premium payments are *averaged for the whole possible duration of life*, say from present age to the age of 96 years. Why pay in advance, each year, something on account of insurance during the period say from 75 to 96 years, when the chances of attaining those ages are small, and the chances of then needing insurance protection are still smaller? Would it not be more prudent to purchase renewable term insurance where the premiums are adjusted to the cost for death claims and expenses during each successive term selected, but where the right to renew the insurance during the whole remainder of life without medical re-examination, or other condition, is given in the policy contract? At age 33 years, the premium to secure $5,000 is only $78.70 (instead of $125.00) and this rate would probably not be increased for 33 years or during his "expectancy" of life. If the difference, $46.30, saved each year were invested at 6 per cent. interest, the accumulated fund at the end of 33 years would be no less than $4,777.23, or very nearly equal to the full value of the policy. In case of death, in the meantime, the family would get not only the insurance, but the accrued investment also.

If in addition to protecting his family, a man wishes to make provision for himself in case of surviving, some investment is necessary. The two—investment and insurance—may be combined in one contract, but there are many advantages in treating them separately. Insurance may be obtained without investment, as investment may be obtained without insurance. Each can be better obtained by separate contracts.

The late Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts in his official report, says very tersely: "I am moved to express a regret, shared, I believe, by the conservative and most sagacious men in the business—that our insurance establishments

have adopted schemes of insurance whereby they have become so largely institutions of investment. This may be legitimate in a certain sense, but it has no just relation to life insurance. To unite, more than need be, for the assurance of its contracts, the proper business of an insurance company, with the functions of a savings bank, makes a combination both incongruous and unwise. A provident person will do wiser to buy his insurance of an insurance company, and make his deposits, if he wishes to make investments of that character, with some regular savings institution, whose sole business is the administration of trust funds.

"The normal cost of life insurance is fixed by an immutable law of nature. For the man who wants insurance, the plain life policy with no investment, beyond what is needed to protect the insurance, is the cheapest and best. If insurance and investment are the object, each can better be got in its separate place than by a combination which impoverishes the investment, and does not improve or cheapen the insurance."

In conclusion, I submit then, that it is the duty of every man to protect his dependent family by insurance on his own life, but that he should use discretion in selecting the form of policy, as well as the company in which to insure. If this be done your correspondent will find that *insurance does pay.*

S—— H——

NEW YORK.

EDITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER:

May a woman be heard in the symposium upon Life Insurance? And why not? We and our children help save up money to meet the yearly premium and surely we reap the benefit of the principal when it comes in.

My husband, at twenty-five, took out an insurance upon his life for $5000 in the ——— Company. He paid yearly $118 upon it until he was forty. Then he fell ill, and the same year failed in business. We were very poor, and tried to dispose of the policy to the Company. All they would offer for it was $25!! My father stepped in and would not let us sacrifice it. My husband is now fifty, and still pays the premium, now reduced to $60 per annum.

My washerwoman's husband was a steady, sober German. He insured in another company, the ———, for $1500. He paid the premium regularly for eight years; my husband generally paying Wilhelm's money with his own. The poor man brought home the the right sum one night in an envelope and put it in an envelope directed to the Company, inside of the clock on the mantel, telling his wife it was to be sent to the office next day. That very night he had a congestive chill, and did not live twenty-four hours afterward. He was unconscious all the while. On the day of the funeral my husband told the widow it was her duty to serve notice of the death upon the Insurance Company. Then, for the first time, she recollected the envelope in the clock and got it out. My husband took it at once to the Company and represented the circumstances. He was told the policy had expired—or "lapsed," as they call it, thirty-six hours before. The poor widow got not one cent.

As you see, I am not a practised writer. I am not a business woman either, but I do know that *somebody* got money that poor man had paid in for eight years. I know too that when my husband had paid in a matter of $1700 or thereabouts, in fifteen years, there was no justice in offering to buy his policy for $25.

I happen to know of these two cases. No doubt there are hundreds more of the same kind.

A. T. T.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

SHORT AND SHARP.

EDITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER:

I want to have *my* word with "J. R. W." It's very well to talk about a young man's "thrift and economy," which means, I suppose, putting aside something every year. My brother tried that little game. I insured my life at twenty-one—a ten years "endowment policy"—for $2,500. At twenty-five, I took out another policy to be paid up in twenty years, for $10,000. I had to save $500 a year to meet premiums. My brother put the same sum in a Savings' Bank. We were in the hardware business together. Iron went down the year I was thirty-one, and we had nothing left when our debts were paid. My brother's Savings-Bank money went with the rest. One month after, I received

my $2,500 from the Life Insurance Company. It was all the capital I had to begin business with. I am now forty-eight years old. The premiums on my $10,000 were all paid in three years ago, and there is that nice little lump waiting for my "old lady" and the children when I step out.

"J. R. W." is a smart fellow, but he don't know as much of the deceitfulness of human nature, and the ups-and-downs of the world as he will when he is

A Middle-aged Man.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.

FROM "J. R. W's" FELLOW-TOWNSMAN.

TO EDITOR THE HOME-MAKER:

In the June number of your popular Magazine, "J. R. W." makes a "request for light." Will you kindly allow me, a policy-holder in five (5) different Life Insurance Companies, to correct some of his impressions and give my opinion, as to what he should do?

There is no necessity of paying a sum of money for "an indefinite number of years" for the later plans of various companies provide for the payment of all premiums on life policy in 10, 15 or 20 years as the insured may elect.

Life Insurance Companies do "not offer a substitute for personal thrift and economy," but rather encourage it. Many a man has been taught to save by laying aside the premium on his policy.

As I understand the present system, or plan for paid up insurance, it is not injustice, but justice itself. By it, one secures the amount of insurance he pays for, though he be not able to pay for the whole amount for which he was originally insured.

The "grandeur of style" referred to, is not inconsistent with that maintained by Banking Houses, National Banks or mercantile establishments. The fact is, the public prefer to do business over a mahogany counter rather than one of white pine without finish—consequently the seeming extravagance that "J. R. W." criticizes is a wise expenditure from a business standpoint.

"J. R. W." also asks, "Is it a wise thing for a young married man, with his future of home and fortune all to make, etc?"

The records show that only five men out of each one hundred, among the millions that are in the grand rush for money-making, are sufficiently successful ever to retire and support themselves and families on the income from their investments. Every young man, begins business life with nineteen chances against, to one in favor of his ever gaining a competency, should he live.

But should he not live, what then? Let those, who have had the misfortune to experience poverty, added to sorrow, answer.

A man takes a wife, and creates a home. He is in duty bound by the most sacred ties on earth to provide for and protect that home, not only while he lives, but as long as such provision and protection are needed.

What can be the estimate of the wife he has chosen, of the man who refuses to make special effort for her protection until he can realize 6 per cent. on the investment for himself?

"Moneyed Consolation" is spoken of also by your correspondent.

It is true that no amount of money will make up for the loss of a husband or father. But it is also true that the best friend that one can leave his wife and children is the "almighty dollar" wherewith the widow can retain the home, feed, clothe and educate the little ones growing up around her.

I would advise "J. R. W." to do as I and others have done. Take a life policy, the premiums on which are to be paid up in full in a limited number of years. One that, in late years, when "his children are grown and taking care of themselves," can be converted into cash for an amount equal to, or in excess of all premiums he has ever paid the company, he having meantime given the use of his money for the guarantee that, in the event of his death, poverty should never cross the threshold of those dearer to him than his own life.

A Policy-Holder.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

SEWING FOR GIRLS.



FEW exceptions exist to the lamentable fact that the young girl of the present day is brought up in comparative ignorance of the art of sewing.

There are many reasons for this; the prevalence of sewing machines for one; still, there are stitches on every garment which a machine cannot take and make a nice finish. There are facings to be hemmed down invisibly, blind-stitching to be done, and when the young girl takes her needle and thread to do these tasks, she undertakes them with a frown, and makes stitches long enough to catch ones fingers and toes, or else she says impatiently, "Let mother do it," and only too often, mother takes the garment and sets the stitches.

Another reason for the neglect of an education in sewing among our young girls, is the quantity of reading matter for the young. The child of 1889 spends her time very differently from the little girl of 1859. Then, children's literature was in its infancy and almost entirely confined to a class of Sunday School books in which the good children died with monotonous regularity.

The vast field of juvenile reading which is now opened before the child of literary tastes was then unknown.

Childhood is restless and must have occupation, and what more natural than that the good mother should teach the restless little fingers to knit, to hem and gather and bind, and set the fine stitching which the machine does now so quickly that it seems like wasting time to sew by hand?

How well I remember when I learned to knit; a tot of seven, with braided tails of hair, *à la* Kenwigs, and gingham pinafore, gravely fashioning a red clouded yarn stocking for the little sister's tiny foot.

She only lived long enough to wear one little hole in the carefully wrought toe, but her memory, and the memory of the childish work of love for her will ever live.

At ten, I was proud of the fact that I could knit all my own stockings, as perfectly shaped as if my mother had done them.

Now, knitting machines have superseded the slower hand work, and it is surprising how few young ladies can take up the stitches in worn hose, and knit a new heel or toe.

In the sewing department, I can remember with peculiar satisfaction a couple of suits of under-clothing which I had when fifteen years old.

They were trimmed with dainty cambric ruffling, and, as red embroidery cotton had just come in vogue, I stitched my ruffling with it in stitches as tiny and as even as a machine could make. Every part of the garments was made by my own hands, and no set of expensive *lingerie* ever gave a maiden more complete satisfaction than those simple garments, for they were the result of painstaking and well-rewarded effort.

There are many ways whereby indigent women may make a living in these days of womens' rights, (the right to use her faculties in any field the Lord has given her talent and capacity for, within the bounds of modesty,) and it seems to me that a Sewing School would take its place among the rest. I do not mean in the cities particularly, but in country towns where the avenues for women's labor are so limited. How many a weary mother would gladly pay for having her daughters initiated into the mysteries of gussets and bands!

Even the buttonholes are an art by themselves, and,—whisper it not in Gath—there isn't one woman in ten who can make

a buttonhole which is fit to be seen on a six-penny print.

If some poor woman who needs to make a living would go to a tailor or other expert in buttonholes and learn the art thoroughly, what a boon a buttonhole class for the rising generation would be to the tired mother, to whose lot the family buttonholes so invariably fall.

The employment of a seamstress is not always an exemption from this infliction, for I have had buttonholes made on garments by sewing girls which would make a porcupine raise his quills, driving me to needle and thread and buttonhole shears in very despair.

It is another fact, however it may be accounted for, that cotton does not wear as it used to in slower times, and thread is correspondingly frail, probably from some new-fangled chemical used in the bleaching, but it is the truth that garments have to be renewed nearly twice as often as they were even ten years ago, and family sewing, in spite of our sewing machines, is more burdensome than ever in families where economy is necessarily practised.

Still, if each one of the daughters in our homes would do her own sewing, it would make a vast difference in the burdens of the mothers.

A girl at fifteen should be capable, with proper assistance from an older person, of making all her own clothing, but is it not too generally the case that the young girl of that age is so taken up with her studies, her music, and "just the *loveliest* book," and her incipient society doings, that sewing is the very last thing she thinks of doing? expecting with ready faith to be clothed, if not like Solomon, at least like "the other girls," without a thought of the weariness and care her wardrobe entails on her mother.

The patching in the home is another branch of industry which falls to the mother's share more frequently than it should, and she often does it because she can snatch a few moments when the girls are away at school or out of an evening; but doesn't the mother need these few moments for rest of mind and body, or the mental rest of a little reading? Every girl should be mistress of the patch and the art of darning, and a mending class would not be a bad idea in many a town.

It is vastly easier to be theoretical than practical, but if my ideas are impracticable, dear girls! glean one grain of wheat from my chaff; if more of you would be home *makers* instead of merely home dwellers, there would be fewer worn out and overworked mothers, fewer vacant chairs in sad households, which no one, however dear, can fill like the mother whose tender brooding love for you outlasts time itself.

Mrs. M. F. Howard.

A COMMON-SENSE TEMPERANCE TALK WITH OUR BOYS.



"THERE be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not," said a wise man about the year 700 B. C.

I, a woman, thinking aloud in the year of our Lord 1889, might confess to inability to understand, we will say, to be well within bounds, some three or four million things which I should like to master.

Not one of them puzzles me more than the problem, "Why do people who are well drink intoxicating liquors?"

The mystery becomes darker when we see thirsty men pour down their throats that which will make them more thirsty. The friends of the poet Shelley excused as eccentricity, and his enemies quoted as an insane freak, his habit of eating cayenne pepper to make a glass of sherry a greater luxury to his tongue. It would have been a madder freak had he cultivated a taste for pepper-tea, and added burning to burning, upon the pretence that what produced heat would also relieve it.

No intoxicant is palatable to the tyro. Brandy is like liquid fire. Whiskey is little more tolerable. Even when molli-

fied by sugar and water, neither is agreeable to smell or taste.

Champagne makes the tongue tingle and chokes the beginner in the act of "tossing off a glass." Sherry is astringent; port and Madeira leave a peculiar and not agreeable taste on the tongue, which a connoisseur in liquors once defined to me as the "true *cockroach flavor*—a great charm in fine old wine."

The expression is not delicate, but neither is the habit of tippling.

I know a man who is the laughing stock of his acquaintances because of his "peripatetic lunches." He always carries something to eat in his pocket,—crackers, cakes, figs, apples, almonds, raisins, even lump sugar, and munches continually. I have more than once met him on the street when his hand *stuck* to my glove—a sugary, syrupy hold both disgusting and diverting. I do not know that he has dyspepsia. If he has, the probability is that it does not deprive him of reason or usefulness. A man whose stomach is out of order may be a Christian and a good citizen. Our glutton harms nobody but himself.

The same thing is often said, *and always falsely*, of the man who plunges into four or five liquor-saloons on his way to his business in the morning, "takes a glass" half a dozen times during the day, and gets thirsty at every crossing on the way home. The boy who overcomes his natural distaste to the fiery potion which at first makes his flesh crawl and facial muscles contract, and grows into love of and weak dependence upon what he never needed, and ought never to have relished, takes the surest way to hurt his kindred and friends ever dictated by a tempting devil.

What is the "temptation" of which we hear so much? Why should ardent spirits which our boy does not like, incline him to indulgence, more than lemonade of which he is fond? Why not as well buy and devour a sandwich or cream-puff at every restaurant one passes, even when he is not hungry, as invest the same amount in so many glasses of what is as poisonous as aconite-and-water, and not more palatable? There is something back of it all, a something so idiotically weak that it would never stand alone if foolish, hot-headed boys would get far enough away from the absurdity to get a cool, steady look at it.

It is *not* a proof of manliness, or knowledge of the world, or fine blood and breeding, or even what the Yankee approves as "smartness," to be able to drink distilled liquors without winking, and to make a swill-pail of one's stomach by charging it with fermented intoxicants. If these are gentlemanly accomplishments, then have the extremes of aristocracy and democracy found a middle ground where they may clasp hands and dwell together in unity. The hod-carrier who gets "full" on Jersey Lightning at twenty-five cents a quart, exhibits the same symptoms, ache for ache, and qualm for qualm, with the patrician swell who grows "mellow" over French brandy at ten dollars a bottle, and champagne at five. When "full" and "mellow," they behave as much alike as if the same parents had given them life and brought them up. Drink is a great leveler in more senses than one.

"Our Boy" who is so young and silly as to feel more like a lord of creation when he has be-fuddled his senses with a "royal tipple," and made his breath offensive with cigarettes, is beaten on his own ground by the sottish loafer, rolling along the wharves, a clay pipe filled with bad tobacco in a filthy mouth, and his pockets stuffed with pawnbrokers' tickets.

There are people who grow madly fond of chalk and magnesia, and others who are addicted to clay-eating. Arsenic has its devotees; the lower-class women of North Carolina and Tennessee ruin body and mind with snuff-dipping; opium-eating slays its thousands yearly. The victims of these passions at least have the decency to indulge them in private and to be ashamed of exposure. Except among Chinese opium-eaters, no attempt is made to glorify any of the habits named into a desirable and beautiful thing. Superb saloons in which the passers-by are invited to nibble chalk and white earth, eat arsenic, to dip and drown the senses in cut-glass or silver snuff-boxes, to smoke and chew opium—would be a libel upon our civilization. Yet not one of these practices is more pernicious than that of dram-drinking.

And we all know it so well! The Spartans used to make a slave reeling drunk and exhibit him to their sons to disgust them with the habit of intoxication. Our streets offer such examples by the score to school-boy and college lad. With what effect?

I heard two collegians discussing the subject last month, apropos to a college dinner.

"Of course," said one, with the consequential touch of self-complacency and patronage "the fellows" call "fresh," and which only length of days can cure,—"if a fellow hasn't wit enough to know when to stop, he'd better be careful at first. Some heads are built weak, you know."

"Careful in what?" interpolated I.

Both laughed.

"Why, drinking, of course," said the first speaker. "A fellow has to take his seasoning sooner or later. Some can stand it. Some cannot, at least, for a while."

He was, as I have intimated, a freshman. His friend, a bearded senior, the only son of a rich man, clapped him good-humoredly on the shoulder.

"When I was your age, old fellow, my father said to me,—'If I had my life to live over I would never take a glass of wine, or smoke a cigar.' I answered, 'It would be foolish not to profit by what such a sensible man says.' I have never tasted wine or touched tobacco, and I am glad of it—gladder every day I live. *I* might have been 'built' with a strong head—and then, again, I might *not*."

"What do you say when you are offered 'a treat?'"

"I say, 'No, thank you, I never take it.' Generally, that settles the matter quietly."

"And if they poke fun at you?"

"I let them 'poke,' and stand by to be ready to put them to bed when *their* heads give out."

There are—for the comfort of mothers be it said—many "fellows" strong enough to maintain this stand; sensible enough to see that the risks are not worth taking. It is the fool who meddles with fire-arms; the coward who carries a loaded revolver. The youth whose head is "built" after the right pattern will not try upon his brains an experiment that unbalances so many; leaves the rôle of tipsy Helot for other and weaker men to play.

Another collegian told me how the seasoning had resulted in the case of a friend who "entered" with himself. Two glasses destroyed the equilibrium of his brains—good enough in their way, and if not tampered with—at the first college-supper. Maddened by mortification at what he accounted a physical defect, the wretched boy resolved to "get used to it," and soaked his intellects daily in spirits, as effectually as was ever the "specimen" in a doctor's office. During the whole term, he was hardly sober for a day. At the end of the first semester he was "dropped."

If we could only divest boyish minds of the idea that there is something "knowing" and dashing in tippling, make them comprehend that bravery, cleanliness, purity, health and strength are with him who refuses to debase the temple of his body to even the first stage of dissipation, the work would be done. Our boy does not, in the beginning, nor for a long time, drink because he loves the beverage. When the desire for liquor comes to him, the terrible danger has already fastened upon him.

"How"—sighed a mother, laying down a newspaper which gave the particulars of the mad career and suicide of the brilliant young son of a friend—"How can a man secure himself against such an end?"

Her own son—clear-eyed, sound, and brave—replied:

"*By not beginning*!"

Marion Harland.

A CHAT ON OUT-DOOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE SELECTION AND USE OF A TRIPOD CAMERA.



THERE is no doubt of the fact that, in the winter, photography is not so "catching" as in the more genial months. In the "cold and stingy zones," at least, the delights which tempt one out-of-doors in chilly weather are those which have a physical rather than an artistic allurement. But when Nature puts on her spring clothes, the photographic contagion is less easily withstood; and when this contagion has once seized upon the amateur's friend, the amateur is very certain to be asked, "What sort of an outfit should I get, and how much will it cost?"

The interrogation is about as vague and as difficult to answer as if an enthusiast were to say, "I want to take up art-work; what materials will I need?" With a sheet

of Watman's paper and a stick of charcoal it is possible to produce a work of art, but if one wanted to paint an "1807" the case of the expense would be somewhat altered. And so with photography. You may get a complete outfit for five dollars, and you may get a complete outfit for five thousand. Few of us care to invest in a five-thousand-dollar outfit, generally by reason of circumstances over which we have no control. Coming down to a régime of more reasonable figures we may say that outfits in general use cost anywhere from fifteen to two hundred dollars. To specify the cost beyond the statement of these outside figures is impossible, without a knowledge of the operator's wants. At this season of the year, we shall not err in assuming that the amateur wishes to haunt the fields, to make "back-yard studies," to "shoot" from aboard his yacht, and to otherwise enjoy the pictorial possibilities of the open air.

In out-door photography two general varieties of camera come into use—the tripod camera and the "detective" or hand camera. In the present paper we shall consider the apparatus necessary for out-door work with the tripod camera.

This apparatus may be sub-divided into three departments, the lens occupying one, the box and tripod another, and the developing and printing materials, a third. The last-named division must enter each variety of outfit, and must, to a certain extent, be considered specially with each, as the developing outfit and all materials for printing must be regulated by the size of the plate used in the camera.

Let us assume, to start with, that the would-be photographer wishes to invest the lowest sum I have mentioned—$15—in an outfit. This is a small sum, but there are often good reasons for so cautious an investment. If the newly smitten amateur is a younger member of the family, the head of the house may deem it wise to introduce modest materials until it be discovered that the fascination is permanent, and that the young operator has the tact warranting a larger outfit. In a total expenditure of $15, at least $5 should be spent on the lens, which is the principal factor in picture-making. "The lens is the thing." With a poor one, no elegance of settling or ingenuity of treatment can result in satisfactory work. A lens of this price will be "single," that is, with one disc, instead of the two employed in more expensive lenses. Despite their relative cheapness it is a curious fact that a good, single lens will do remarkably accurate work. Moreover, a single lens has all the chances of being more rapid in its action



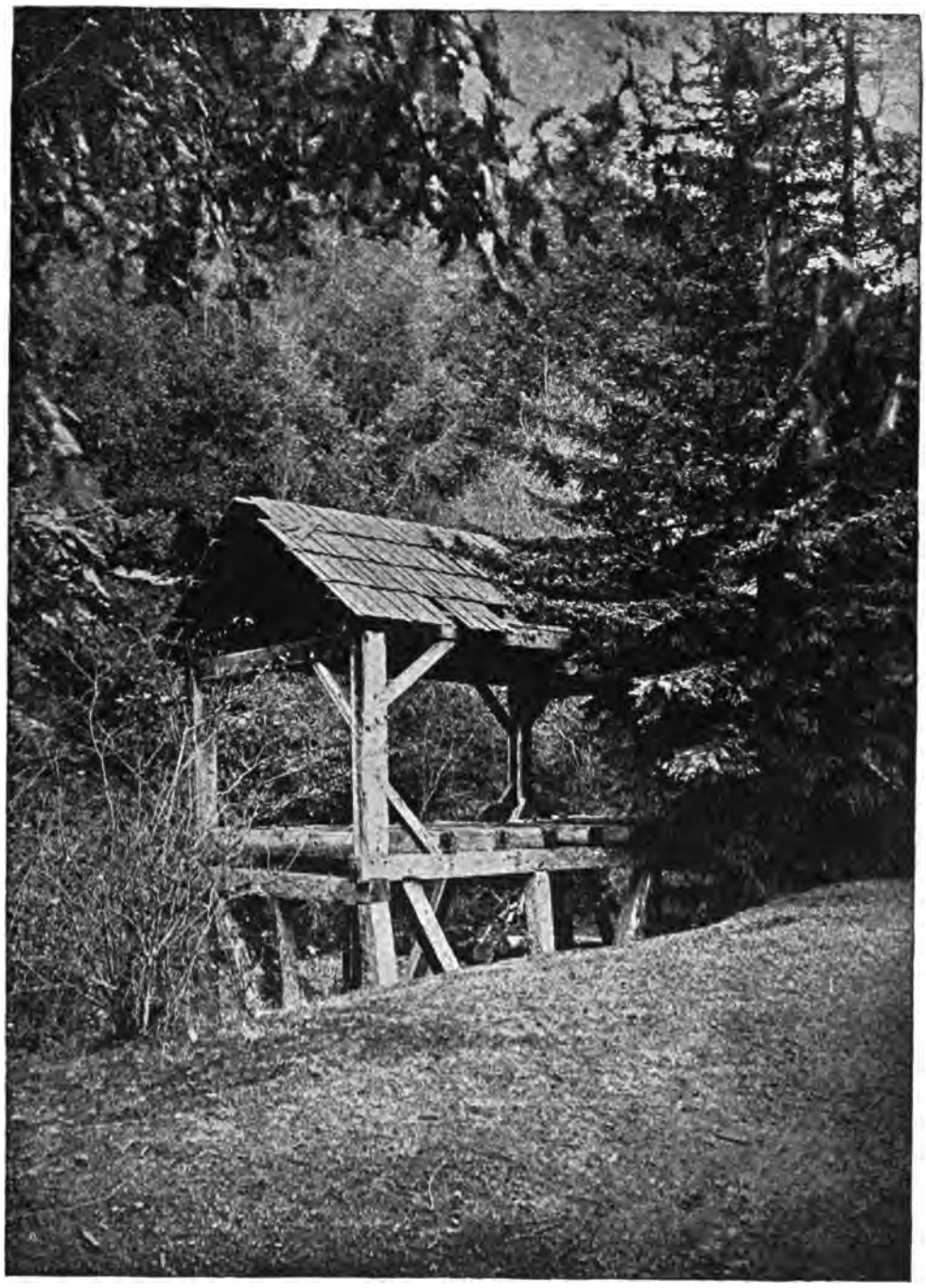
than a double lens, which is a great recommendation in out-door operating. For an outfit such as we are discussing, get a wide angle view lens, and have it fitted to a box that will bring the cost of lens and box together up to $10. This box should hold 4x5 inch plates. To undertake larger pictures in a modest outfit implies a poorer lens, and a poorer box. The chances are, that if a 5x8 inch box were undertaken, the lens at $5 would not "cut" to the edge of the plate, and when the prints were cut down to get rid of the weak margin of the image, a relatively small picture would be the result. A 4x5 inch plate, "cut" sharply to the edge will recommend itself to the beginner in many ways. In the first place, a 4x5 inch picture can be taken at a higher speed than a picture twice the size. The plates will cost half as much, and the developing outfit will be correspondingly moderate in extent. Having spent $10 for a lens and box, we shall be able for the remaining $5 to get a folding tripod, an extra plate holder, a printing frame, a small dark room lantern, and a few rubber trays for developing and toning. A dozen plates will cost 60 or 65 cents, and the chemicals for developing, fixing, toning, etc., will cost from $1 upward, according to the quantity. I find that the prospector in the field of photography often has a serious idea of the cost of "chemicals," as if they occupied a much more formidable position as



regards bulk and cost than they really do. The important thing about the chemicals is to get them pure, to keep them free from contamination, properly labeled and in bottles or dishes especially kept for them. Be scrupulously careful about labeling and separating, beyond chances of confusion with household drugs, poisons, such as nitric and sulphuric acid. Happily, most of the chemicals used in modern photography are relatively harmless, poisonous materials being used in very small quantities.

If, instead of a limit of $15, we give ourselves an expenditure of twice that sum, the difficulty of getting a satisfactory beginner's outfit diminishes considerably. We





"DESERTED." PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

shall now be able to spend say $13 for a lens, and may get a really excellent double rapid rectilinear lens for that money, and one that will justify the use of a 5x8 inch box—a size allowing pictures of ample size for all ordinary out-of-door work. The box may cost about $10, and should have a "swing back" for correcting exaggerated effects in perspective in taking buildings or other elevations at close quarters. For the remainder of the outfit, $8 remain. With economy this will be sufficient for the bare necessities. The developing tray



must now be 5x8 inches in size, and the fixing tray 8x10. It will be seen at once that all the expenses are materially increased by the change in the size of the plate. One package of plates will now cost over a dollar—about a $1.25 a dozen. If we adhere to the smaller size, 4x5 inches, the $30 will buy a handsome outfit capable of doing very good work. The camera will then be of first-class workmanship, readily adjustable and more modern in its appliances throughout.

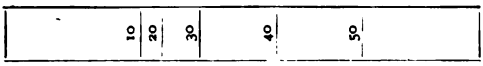
A high class 5x8 inch outfit should be bought for about $65 or $70, while $100 would give the amateur in making up his outfit a choice among the finest foreign as well as American lenses, and supply him with a first-class outfit in all respects, so far as the camera and its attachments are concerned, and ought to imply ample provision for the dark room.

I have said this much about prices as probably the most practical way of placing before those who wish to take up with photography the possibilities of the field as applying to their individual case. Of course there are other considerations by which the buyer must be guided. For one who has no intention of emphasizing the art side of photography, who wishes to make sketches, as it were, at odd times as a light amusement, a cheap outfit may be made to suffice. Even an artist who works with care for certain effects, but only regards his negative as a free-hand sketch requiring translation to paper or canvas, and makes no other use of the print itself, may find a single lens of low cost all that he requires. On the other hand if the print itself is to be made a work of art, and especially if it is designed for mechanical reproduction in any way, the lens must have greater powers, must cut a clearer and more brilliant image and be more exact in its alignments. A very small lens, costing perhaps no more than $2.50, will rival any lens in speed; but if that lens were to be used in copying an engraving, the effect would be disastrous. Artists who bring the camera into their service have always to consider this fact.

A camera that is to be taken afield must be portable in its packed state, or the pleasures of out-door work will be very considerably marred. Care should be taken that the appliance by which the camera is attached to the tripod works quickly and holds the parts firmly. The "legs" themselves should be stanch, for in even a light breeze the instrument is liable to shiver and endanger the sharpness of the image. Sometimes it is advisable to place the camera box on a rock or other firm prominence, where, weighted with a stone, there will be little danger of movement during a time-exposure. In time-exposures never

trust the hand to hold the camera steady. When rapid work is being done, the situation is different. With an instantaneous shutter, the camera may be held in the arms, without tripod, as a detective camera is held.

For the reason that the camera can often be operated free of the tripod, as well because focusing occupies much time, a "finder" and a focusing scale are useful features of a tripod camera. A finder is an inexpensive device containing a small lens and ground glass which, by attachment to the top of the camera, reveals (approximately) to the operator the field covered by the lens. The focusing scale may be marked off on the bed of the camera box in this way:



This scale of feet should be only carefully made by experiment, so that when the slide-rest of the bellows is set at any particular mark the camera will be accurately in focus for objects at that distance. The last mark should represent the "universal focus" of the camera at which a general view will be properly delineated.

A focusing cloth should cover the camera, whether focusing be practised or omitted. One with an elastic band, like an open hood, will be found useful, the band to hold the neck of the hood snugly about the back of the camera. Carry plate holders in a black cloth bag, or adopt some other means for screening them from the glare of the sun during field operations.

In another paper I shall take up the selection and use of the hand-camera in landscape and "detective" work.

Alexander Black.



CORRESPONDENCE.

Concerning Tennis Courts.

EDITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER: Is there any permanent thing to keep tennis courts marked off with? We break our backs leaning over to brush a straight line with ordinary lime, and as our court is not a turf one, the ground absorbs such quantities we find the lime of no use.

M. C. S.

Answer:

There are several methods of marking a "dirt court." Among the best is the digging a narrow trench in the lines that mark the courts and filling these ditches with cement. This is an expensive process, however, and it does nearly as well if slender strips of wood are sunk on the boundaries of the courts. Or, pebbles may be laid in the lines and pressed down sufficiently by a heavy roller to obviate the risk of making ridges over which the players may stumble. One of the commonest modes of marking is with tape, but there is always danger of this serving as a trap to throw unwary players, to say nothing of the ease with which the tape is pulled away from its fastenings, if any one catches his foot in it.

"WHAT! NO SOAP!"

EDITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER: We take THE HOME-MAKER, and like it very much.

We saw in the March No. that questions asked concerning health would be answered in the magazine.

Will you please tell us what will cure pimples and blackheads on the face? Also, what causes the roughness of the skin? We thought, perhaps, it was using so much soap, so now we use as little as possible, but my face is as rough and scaly as ever. And what soap is the best to use on the skin? We use no face-powder.

Yours truly,

CLEVELAND, OHIO. *A. and L. H.*

Answer:

Growing girls and boys are often annoyed by "pimples and blackheads," which pass away in a few months or years. The best curatives for them are health, cleanliness and patience. Avoid gross food—fat meat, gravies and hot bread; let tea and coffee alone; keep all the functions of the body in regular order and *bathe every day in tepid water*, rubbing the whole surface of the person gently with a flannel wash cloth, and drying thoroughly. Take this bath at rising, if possible, that the system may be rid of effete matter. The pores choke badly during the night. It is the clogging of these tiny waste-pipes that produces the blemishes you complain of.

One phrase of your note brings to mind part of the famous rigmarole quoted by Miss Edgeworth:

"What! no soap!" The hit-or-miss jargon goes on to state that "she"—whoever "she" was—"very imprudently married the barber." Perhaps to make sure of soap in abundance for the rest of her life.

Skins that are inclined to gross eruptions ("black-heads," for instance) cannot be properly cleansed without the use of a *mollified alkali*, such as a pure, bland soap, which, mingling with the oils thrown out by the pores, removes them gently.

Such a cleanser is found in Ricksecker's Skin Soap, already recommended by THE HOME-MAKER. It purifies, softens and smoothes the cuticle, relieving, instead of roughening it. Try it, using it freely, and washing off the suds with soft water, after a faithful rubbing.

Packer's Tar Soap heals cutaneous eruptions, being highly approved by mothers who have tried it for chapped skins, prickly heat and the various "rashes" to which infants are subject. It might act well upon your troublers. It is also said to purify the blood by skin-absorption. It certainly works like a charm upon mosquito-bites, and the stings of wasps and other insects.

You are wise to avoid face-powder. It closes the pores, thus making the skin coarse, and produces eruptions. To coat a pimply face with it is like hiding a fire, instead of putting it out.



HOME-WORK FOR HOME-MAKERS

By Mrs. M. C. Hungerford.

Ribbon Work. — Lamp Shades. — Bed Covers. — Embroidery Stitches. — Crocheted Quilt. — Advice Column.

Ribbon Work.



HERE is a revived fancy among needle workers for ribbon decoration on rather an extended scale. The patterns instead of being principally floral, as a few years ago when the fashion of ribbon work had a short reign, are scroll-like and wander connectedly over the fabric. Usually the designs are imitations of the work of that kind seen in old French palaces, relics of the times of Louis XIV. and his successors. In many of those draperies, embroidered flowers are introduced among the ribbons. The beautiful hangings that have been preserved through so many generations are much less faded than would be supposed, but dyes were vegetable products in those days, and our brilliant, but sadly evanescent, aniline colors were then unknown. However, as fashions change quickly here and now, perhaps the silks and ribbons we use will retain their beauty till we tire of them.

A curtain or hanging intended for ornamenting a reception hall, where it will hang against the wall straight, with no folds to break the pattern, has thin sheet-lead in the hem to hold it in place. The material is a mixture of silk and wool resembling poplin, and the color is a pale fawn. Across the top, a frieze fourteen inches deep is formed of light blue ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, crossed and recrossed to make a diamond lattice work. Coming from the lattice are four ends of the ribbon tied together in a long looped bow, from which hangs a basket of the shape the Florentine flower-girls carry. The basket is made of very narrow brown ribbon, interwoven with much the effect of real baskets. The baskets and the ribbons which support it, are sewed closely to the materials on each edge. In the model I am describing, grosgrain ribbon with a corded edge was used, but I am told that the cord is a disadvantage, and that the smoothest effects are gained by using satin ribbon. Many people object to the glossiness of satin, but others think its lustre adds richness to the work, so its use is, after all, a matter of taste.

The basket, which is quite large at the top, is loaded with a profusion of pink and red roses most beautifully embroidered. Some crowded out sprays of the roses are falling through the space between the basket and the bottom of the curtain, which has no other decoration beside a half-circle at each lower corner, like a section of an exaggerated daisy with the petals made of pink ribbons and the fragment of the center that shows, worked with brown silk in French knots.

Lamp Shades.

ONE of the large brass frames for a tall piano lamp is covered with white wash net gathered at top and bottom. The same quantity of black net with a polka spot as large as a quarter of a dollar, is prepared for the outside covering by outlining each circle with red silk in Kensington stitch, and filling the inside of the circle with French knots in red on the upper half of each, and small gold and silver spangles on the lower. The lace is then gathered and put on over the white, and tied at the top with red ribbon with a large rosette on one side. On the bottom is a frill of Valenciennes lace supporting one

made by cutting plain black net into strips and running upon one edge five or six rows of red "baby ribbon." The other edge is turned and gathered with a narrow heading of itself.

Bed Cover.

THE term bed cover suggests a quilt, but in this case, a method for partially concealing the unpleasing frame of an iron bed is meant. Brass bedsteads need no ornamenting, but iron ones have only the beauty of cleanliness to recommend them. When the bed stands with its head against the wall, it will only be necessary to cover the foot piece. First cut a pattern of the shape and size in paper. Then cut from this, two pieces in brown linen or momie cloth. Let one piece be long enough to reach the floor. The other need only come as far down as the mattress. It will be very much like fitting a slip cover to a sofa back, and the two pieces may be joined together with braid or furniture binding in the same way, but before joining the pieces, the outside one may receive whatever form of decoration the worker cares to give it. An outline pattern of poppies, as suggesting sleep, would be appropriate, or the flowers may be embroidered in satin-stitch instead of outlining them, or a scroll pattern introducing a suitable motto will be very pretty. The idea of making ornamental bed-covers came from Denmark, and ladies there regard fancy work as such a delightful recreation that they have made some covers which are most elaborately embroidered. Perhaps some housekeepers who like the idea, but lack the time to spare for embroidery, could use pretty French cretonne for the purpose. A cream ground with pink and white roses would be decorative, or colors and patterns to match wall-paper or furniture could be selected.

Embroidery Stitches.

AS stated in a previous article, the old sampler-stitch in which Mrs. M. E. Sangster's "Elizabeth aged nine" perpetuated her industry, is fashionable again. As applied to the ends of huckaback towels and bureau covers, where the weaving serves to indicate where to set the needle, it is very pretty, especially if the pattern chosen is a key or chain, or one of those which imitate a flat braid, and the work is done with dark blue, black, or red linen.

Cord Work is simply the use of a thick cord held down along the design by couching with silk, or hemmed down with fine thread or silk. In this way the stitches are not apparent. This work is applied to a variety of materials and is remarkably pleasing on curtains and sofa cushions.

"Long and short" stitch, is one very commonly used, where an edge for flowers somewhat broader than the simple outlining is desired. The stitches which are alternately long and short, are even upon the outer edge of the drawing, and point toward the center.

French Knots, now greatly used for filling in the plain part of cutwork, are made by putting in the needle and bringing it through at the dot that is marked for the knot. Hold the thread in the left hand and twist it two or three times around, then put the needle through to the back where it came up, and hold the thread firmly while the knot is drawn down to its place.

Satin stitch is like the "laid work" used to make leaves and flower petals on French hand-embroidered collars and handkerchiefs. It covers the design solidly, and making it smoothly is a matter of practice.

Guipure d' Art is an imposing name for the very commonplace work known as darning. As an ornamental stitch, it is very effective and very popular. In some cases the pattern is closely covered with darning in embroidery silk, in others, the design is outlined with stem-stitch, and the ground thickly covered with darning. In its application to ends of table scarfs and bureau covers, the latter is the method usually adopted, the darned work making a broad stripe which throws the pattern into fine relief.

Crocheted Quilt.

WHEN finished, this bed spread is in alternate squares of gray crochet work, and red or blue satin. The satin blocks are the same size as the crocheted, and must be hemmed all around. Barbour's gray linen thread is used, and a chain of twelve stitches made and joined in a circle.

First round:—Five chain, five treble crochets in circle, * nine chain, six treble crochets in circle. Repeat from * twice, nine chain, join to first five chain with a single crochet.

Second round:—One short crochet in each stitch of preceding row, three stitches in the fifth stitch of each chain of nine, to make the corners.

Third round:—Turn and work back on the wrong side, taking up only the farther edge of the stitch, a short crochet in each stitch of the last round, excepting the four corner stitches, in each of which are worked three short crochets.

Fourth round:—Turn and work like the third round.

Fifth round:—Five chain *, miss two, one long crochet, two chain. Repeat to the corner, where you make five chain, and a second long crochet in the same corner stitch. Repeat these directions from * for the other sides and corners, fastening the the last two chains to the third of the first five chains.

Sixth round:—Like fifth.

The next five rounds are like the second and third alternately. Twelfth and last round is like the fifth.

ADVICE COLUMN.

E. B. G.—A plate rail is a narrow shelf extending across the room near the ceiling. Plates, jars and pieces of artistic pottery are placed upon it.

Mrs. B. F. M.—Look upon the preceding page under head of Embroidery Stitches for reply.

Madam B.—You are right in thinking that a plain velvet carpet will be difficult to keep clean, but such a carpet, with a handsome border has an air of peculiar elegance. It would not be fair to others to give you an address in these columns, but any large carpet dealer in your own city or in New York, will show you such a carpet as you speak of. By a mottled carpet I meant a small inconspicuous pattern in two shades of the same color. Even these are hard to keep in order. The "hit or miss" velvet stair carpets are not what you suppose, but are woven, it is said, of "leavings," or irregular lengths of wool with no pattern. The softening effect of the long nap blends the colors, which are put in without method, and takes away any possible resemblance to rag carpets. They are woven like any other stair carpets with a border on each side, and are very satisfactory.

Miss Maxwell.—It would hardly pay you to work such very elaborate curtains in crewels, for beside the wear and tear of use and time, they run the risk of furnishing food for moths. When you propose to cover the entire surface as you do with embroidery, silk or even linen would be preferable to worsted. Linen thread for embroidery is now so beautifully made as to compare favorably with silk.

Mrs. A. C., Cornwall, England.—Your letter was answered by mail. Your commendation of our Advice Column is gratifying, especially as coming from an avowed "eager and admiring reader of *The Queen*."

"Hoosier."—Get the best quality of Hollands for your shades, and if you insist upon having them decorated, do not have a pattern stamped for working, as you suggested, for it is sure to be unnecessarily elaborate, but using a tumbler top for a model, draw a line of connecting circles across the bottom. Find the center of each circle and make a large dot, then, make long ray-like stitches from the center to the outside in any color you please, first working the outlined circle in stem-stitch. If you want a wider pattern, draw two straight lines an inch apart each side of the row of circles, and work the lines in the same stitch. You can do all the work in one color or use a solid color for outlining and put a number of colors within the circles.



OUR BABY

BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.



ONE first great lesson on playthings that we must learn is, that our children are never *our* playthings. They are our playmates if you will, and happy is that child whose mother is its playmate. But they must never be simply our playthings, pretty darlings, to dress up in tasteful clothes and pretty manners for the gratification of our pride, to be tossed with and caressed when good, and banished to the care of a nurse when "bad." Instead of our playthings, our little children will soon be men and women, with men's and women's duties to fulfill, and how they will fulfill them lies largely in our weak hands. Is it well for our easy comfort that the coming years so seldom loom up before us, with their fulness of good or of evil?

But to the practical present. What playthings shall my child have, in this, its play time?

One general rule: Keep away from the toy-shops. They are perfectly irresistible to you, but your child is happier and better with but few of their treasures.

Would not the King of your nursery sooner have a string of empty spools than the costliest rattle? Try him, and let him be judge and jury. I will abide by his verdict.

A genuine baby's heart beat in the breast of the little Scottish prince who left his new five pound toy to play with a pile of pine-cones.

If your little maiden loves her battered doll, don't injure her by taking away the old pet, even if it is forlorn. When my dolls were reduced to half an arm and one foot, I always loved them the more. We had traveled through storms together and felt a sort of comradeship.

Instead of writing of playthings for children in general, I want to write especially of toys for children who have lived only as many years as the blessed little maiden who for nearly three years has filled my hands and heart with happy work and happy thoughts. I want to write of simple things, within the reach of all, that have given her many a happy hour and that I want to tell some other mother about, and so help to simplify the vexed question, "How shall I amuse the baby?"

Start with one firm principle. Don't amuse her; it injures her. Let her amuse herself. Help her to do it, but don't let her know you are helping.

Has not your heart died within you at the visit of a child whose half-hourly cry has been, "What are you going to do to amuse me next?" See to it that your child is never taught by you that appalling cry.

My little one has been entertained for hours with a small pin-cushion, well stocked with pins, which she took out and stuck in again to her heart's content. Of course, before she was given such a plaything she had learned that her mouth was not the proper receptacle for quite everything. Before that little lesson was entirely learned, an old whalebone and a cane-seated chair was a combination for the choicest amusement. It was funny to watch with what absorbing interest she tried to get the bone in the desired hole in the canes. It was a little thing to do, but the chubby fingers were such uncertain agents that it was a pleasure and interest for more than a moment.

Her plaything box held some queer treasures. A string of horse-chestnuts was one thing. And what a marvelous knack she had of whacking other people with those horse-chestnuts, while her own tender noggin escaped.

Then there were clothes-pins and a good

strong bottle with beans in it that made a most delightful rattle. Then, too, there was an ivory rattle, with a whistle and silver bells, given by an adoring auntie. At least, there was for a few days, and then the rattle had no bells or whistle, and baby was once more crowing triumphantly over her bean-bottle rattle. Then she has a little gourd, with the seeds in it, that stood good service during the rattle period. As a little baby, she got a great deal of pleasure out of a little doll, fantastically dressed and fastened to a piece of stout rubber. As the baby-doll jumped and danced on the end of the rubber, the baby-girl jumped and danced from her place as though she were running in competition with it.

She has a lot of building-blocks, nothing fancy about them. The people who know only toy-shop building-blocks would stare at them. A carpenter made them for me out of inch boards. Some of them are three inches long and two wide, and others are two inches long and one wide. Such splendid tall houses as her fat little fingers can make and with what a delightful crash they tumble, when the wind blows hard, or a mousie noses around the lower story. She makes everything with them, fences and sidewalks, and railroads and houses, and she has so many of them that any architectural ideas she may have are not trammeled by want of materials.

My baby-girl has a doll that is dear to her loving little heart. It is made from one of the Butterick patterns, and is a rag-dolly from head to foot, and stuffed with rags. May be her inky face is not artistic, but Baby loves her all the same, and the staring look of the ink soon softened down under the subdued blending of the dirt Baby and Dolly seemed so soon to find.

Baby has a little wagon. We had to go to the toy-shop for that, but if Baby had only had a big brother, he should have had the pleasure and profit of making it for her, even if it should be rougher than the one we bought her.

She has a big cotton-flannel "Jumbo," so big she can barely carry him around. This she loads into her wagon with a reckless disregard of his legs and tusks, and wheels him around contentedly. When other moods take her, she sits on Jumbo as serene a little princess as any who rides an elephant under Oriental skies.

My baby has no rocking-horse, but you would feel that your pity for her was wasted if you could see her gleeful face when she starts out as "Papa's boy," with a cocked cap, made from a newspaper, and bravely mounted on her noble steed, which, in prose, is an old broom-handle with a string run through a gimlet hole. And how that broom-handle does "get up!" It makes better time than any stationary rocking-horse. It is a magnificent trotter, and not bad on a run. When playmates come in, she is prepared for a splendid drive by having a set of lines and straps knit out of gay wools and made merry with little bells.

When Baby was a real baby, she had charming picture books made out of muslin with pictures pasted on. The pictures were not choice, but among them was a delightful number of horses and dogs, and kittens and babies. Now she is such a big girl she is ready to make her own books. The very best use I know to which the Patent Office reports can be applied, is to make picture books for the little folks. For the pictures, I have some old agricultural papers with a perfect treasure of horses in them. Then my baby has very little use for the fashion-supplements, as far as her clothes are concerned, so they will supply her with unlimited girls and ladies. She has her own little scissors with rounding points, out of regard for her precious eyes, and she can cut out the pictures in a clumsy way, and it is better for her to do it herself even if the result is not so good as though older fingers helped. For a year or so to come I shall manage the mucilage bottle myself.

A little toy from the toy-shop that baby values is a tiny scrubbing-brush, and what a cleanly little woman she is! And how she scrubs with her pail of "make-believe" water beside her! On ironing day, she has her own little iron and ironing board, and the little feet make many a journey to the stove to "hot it." It is very harmless heat it gets, for baby irons are best "hotted" on the stove-hearth.

As soon as she gets a little older she shall have a play-house which shall be a box, and she shall be encouraged to fit it up herself; not by spending her money for furniture to go in it, but by using her ingenuity and skill in making it pretty. I hope she will make Brussels carpets out of bits of dress goods, and all sorts of furniture out of paste-board and similar materials. She will value such a house more than a handsome one expensively furnished,

and it will teach her, unconsciously, more than one lesson.

Are my baby's toys common? I want them to be—though she is not a common baby. I want her toys to be simple and home-made as much as possible, and by the help of her toys I want to teach her to have simple tastes, and a capacity for getting happiness out of the every-day things that surround her. I want them to teach her to help herself, and to believe that things to be nice and enjoyable do not have to be elaborate.

I want to so teach her to find sources of enjoyment out of any possible surroundings, that if some fine day she should be lifted up by a tornado and set down in a sand desert, instead of crying for the want of toys, she will immediately see the fine capabilities of the place for sand-pies, and go to work at them with all her baby might. *Margaret Montgomery.*

BABY'S RIGHTS.

EVERY child, no matter how young, has rights that all parents and guardians should respect.

First, the right to be let alone. Baby may be very cunning, but she has a right to be cross if you arouse her just as she gets nicely asleep, to show her to some relative or friend, to be tossed and tortured till the little brain is all in a whirl, and the little body racked with pain. If you think I put the matter too strongly, just let some one stronger than you are pick you up, just as you have dozed off to sleep, and pinch your cheek to see how fat it is, allow you to rest a moment, perhaps, only to hold you up by the arms with the thumb thrust into the ribs and the fingers searching for a firm hold on your backbone. Not very pleasant to contemplate, is it? Yet more unpleasant is the experience, and if the little ones could speak, they would tell you so. I never had much sympathy with the author of "Would I were a boy again." He must have made terrible work of his life to have been led to such a frame of mind. But even he did not care to go back to babyhood.

Babies have a right to their likes and dislikes. If they show a fear of anything, do not insist on their being continually confronted by the obnoxious object. Very likely, if let alone, in time they will overcome their aversion.

The right to fresh air, God has given to each of us. The idea that a baby should be nothing but an animated bundle of flannel, left to fight for breath in a room where the mercury is up in the nineties, is fast being exploded. Plenty of warm, loose clothing, the shirts made high in the neck, and with long sleeves, will be sufficient for warmth without the blanket that has often been used to protect the thinly clad neck and arms, while the rest of the body was being roasted.

With the warm flannel distributed evenly over the body, the blankets are unnecessary. And then give plenty of fresh air. This does not mean necessarily that the child must be taken out of doors every day. Some days will be too chilly in our latitude. But if the nursery is not well ventilated, take baby out at least twice a day into some other room, while the windows are opened long enough to thoroughly change the air. The room will soon be warm again, and baby can be returned to it. Let in plenty of sunshine. You would think twice before you took a treasured plant and shut it in a room but dimly lighted and full of impure air. But a plant would thrive under such conditions better than a child.

Baby has an unquestionable right to be welcomed. Those that look upon baby as a check to social pleasure, or a hindrance to labor, are not fit to be parents. The little ones come to us without their consent, ready to love us and longing for love in return. Do not let a servant become the recipient of the tender baby-love that should be your own. The mother that has missed the light caress of sweet baby fingers as she crooned the baby to sleep

upon her bosom, has missed that which social pleasure, wealth or fame can never bring back. The children are babies only a little while; let us have them with us when we can. Servants may be faithful, but none but a mother can know and check inherited tendencies. Babies have the supreme right to mamma. Not, perhaps, all the time, but part, at least, of each day should be devoted to the baby. Let a kiss seal the clear eyes at night, and greet them first in the morning.

In after years, memory will bring your face to them as you looked when beside them, and they will thank God for such a mother. Fathers cannot, in the nature of things, be with them as frequently, but that they have much to do in moulding the character no one can deny.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Yes, and the Johns should occasionally try their hand at "jogging the crib," as well as the Marys. Let the responsibility be equally divided between the parents. Women's rights, Men's rights, and Boys' rights have been written about and discussed, but babies have seldom been considered as having any rights. As the question stands now, this poem just expresses my sentiments:

"Oh, who would be a baby, for every one to kiss?
Tobacco, musk and onions, no odor will you miss;
No one to say, 'just by your leave,' or, 'baby, if you please.'
Why! all a baby's made for, is for older folks to tease."

There is more of it, but I refrain from copying it entire. I hope each one will fill out the list of baby's rights in her own home, and then respect them.

Dudley Dorn.

A REMINISCENCE.

An inland city hems me round
With miles of roofs, a landscape drear,
But still I feel thy solemn sound,
O sea! my friend for many a year.

Thy spray is like the blowing hair
Of her I press once more to me,
And, beating close together there,
Our hearts respond to thine, O sea!

They all repeat the endless tale
Of ebb and flow, of strife and stress
But, darling Alice, fair and frail,
With pain I feel thy helplessness.

I soon could learn for thee to live,
Oh! nevermore for fame to seek:
My life-blood I would freely give
To warm thy pallid infant cheek.

Methinks I would not pray, but tame
With strong command the waves of life,
To bow before thy tender name,
And waft thee calmly through the strife.

They should not bear thee far from me,
Should carry every sweet caress,
Should sing whate'er I wished to thee,
And all my billowy love express.

Thy weakness makes me feel divine,
And even now, from cliff to grot,
That ocean-heart repeats as mine,
"Forget me not! forget me not!"

Albert J. Edmunds.

"HOW SHALL I MANAGE MY BABY?"

EDITORS OF THE HOME MAKER:

I have a baby, my second, who will soon be six months old. She is always very good, never gives me any trouble, and she has never had a sick day. I undress her between six and seven o'clock at night regularly, and lay her in her crib. She never slept with me, and she sleeps soundly through the night until five o'clock in the morning. (1) Some said I ought to wake her and feed her before ten, but she sleeps very soundly. What should I do? (2) During the day I feed her every two hours. I give her the bottle. Some told me that after she was three months old I should feed her every three hours instead of every two, but others say I must feed her every two hours, beginning at five, that is seven times a day, including her meal at night when putting her to bed. If I don't feed her every two hours she will cry. Is it too often? (3) Some say that I must feed her on crackers rubbed finely in milk.

(4) Would it be better to feed her on some cereal just before putting her to bed, and lay her in the crib without the bottle, which I always do? She is a very knowing baby.

(5.) Had I better give her a little water during the day?

(6.) I always change her flannel shirt and put Canton flannel on at night. As spring is here had she better sleep without any shirt on except her night dress, band and diaper? I am going to have her night gowns cut very long and gathered at the bottom for her.

(7.) Must she have flannel, or cotton flannel night-gowns, this spring and summer?

(8.) Would Donet flannel be good? Her bowels are always good, but sometimes costive. Is it better to give her medicine, or lime water in summer?

(10.) Is she old enough now to take milk without water in it?

Yours respectfully,

(*Mrs.*) *F. H. M.*

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

Answer:

(1.) If your baby sleeps soundly all night, and seems none the worse for the prolonged break between her meals, there there is no possible advantage in waking her. If she felt the need of food, she would be fretful and restless.

(2.) A child six months old should have an interval of at least three hours between each daylight feeding. Once every two hours is too often. Increase the interval gradually, making the change so slowly that the "knowing baby" will not find it out.

(3.) Crackers contain about as little nutriment as anything you can possibly give your baby. The milk taken with them may nourish her, the crackers *will not.* It is unwise to give a child any farinaceous food until he begins to "drool." When her teeth appear she may take some cereal in small quantities, provided it agrees with her.

(4.) Never make a child's last meal at night too heavy. Try experiments in diet in the early part of the day, and give her a light repast of something to which her digestion is accustomed before you put her to bed.

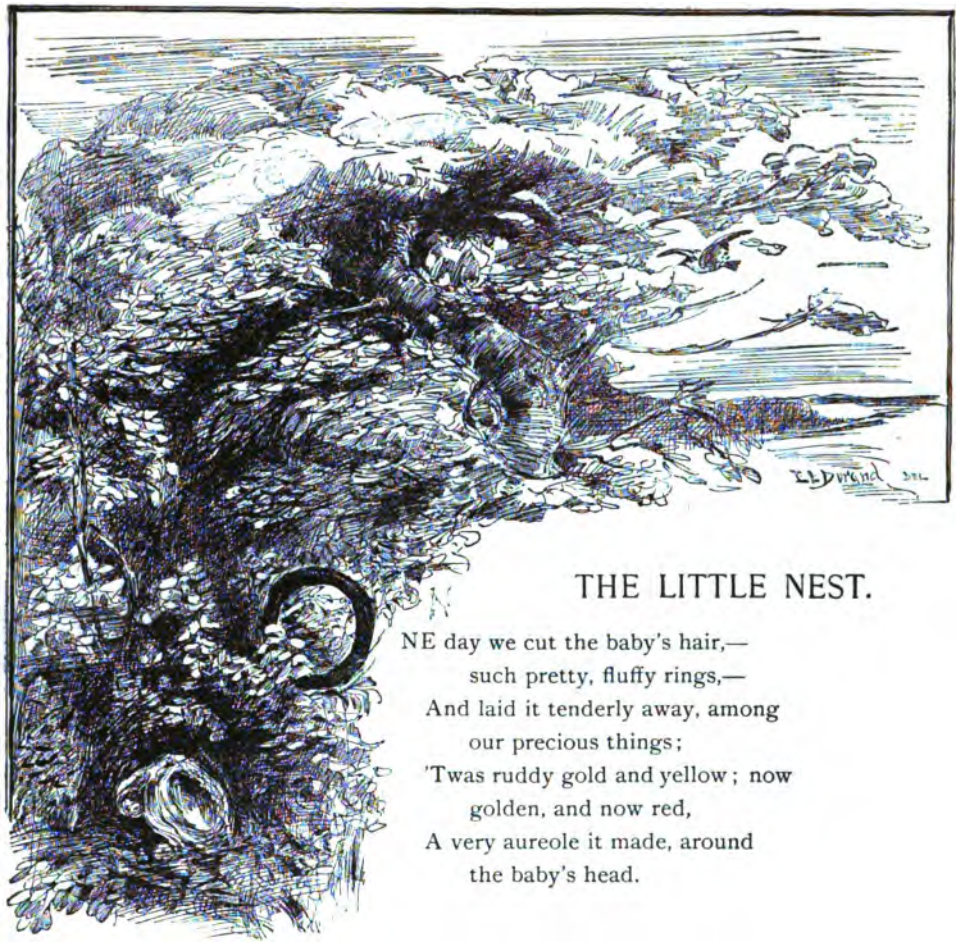
(5.) By all means give her a drink of cool, *not* iced, water occasionally, in hot weather often. Babies suffer from thirst as much as do grown people, and milk does not relieve it.

(6–7.) If you make the little girl's night dresses of Canton flannel, and long enough to come down well below her feet, she will need to wear nothing else at night except her diaper and band during the hot weather. When the cool nights begin to come, add a little gauze undershirt. You will find it better to have the night gowns *button* below her feet rather than draw up. The thick Canton flannel will make a clumsy bunch if drawn up with a string.

(8.) Donet flannel does very nicely for summer wear, if you get a good quality, with the nap on both sides. It has the advantage of "pulling up" very little when it is washed.

(9.) Lime water is excellent as a corrective to acidity of the stomach or bowels. It is always better to relieve constipation by diet rather than by drugs. Read Dr. Peckham's answer to a correspondent who asks much the same question that you do in the Household Health Department of the April HOME-MAKER.

(10.) Lessen the quantity of water you mix with the milk, little by little, watching the effect produced on the baby. If no evil results follow, give her the milk undiluted.



THE LITTLE NEST.

ONE day we cut the baby's hair,—
such pretty, fluffy rings,—
And laid it tenderly away, among
our precious things;
'Twas ruddy gold and yellow; now
golden, and now red,
A very aureole it made, around
the baby's head.

One day we sought the baby's
hair,—'twas all that was our own,
For the baby had gone up to Heaven,
and we were left alone;
And as we kissed the pretty red,
with all its glints of gold,
The wild west wind came frolicking,
and snatched it from our hold!

We searched in vain. O wild west
wind! where is the baby's hair?
Out thro' the open casement,—upon
the sunny air,
Away and away it wandered,
flying on golden wings,
Up and away in the sunshine
with the other lovely things!

A storm came out of the heavens,
and laid the flowers low;
When it had past, a
bird we saw, fluttering to and fro;
And deep in the honeysuckles'
heart, shone a gleam of golden-red—
'Twas a little nest, and 'twas softly
lined, with the curls from baby's head!

And I thought of the "little things" on
"wings," that "bear our souls to Heaven,"
And I prayed as I never prayed before,
that my sins might be forgiven.
And the mother-bird still keeps her
nest, sitting with brooding wings;
But the baby is up in the sunlight,
with all God's lovely things!

Maria Pendleton Kennedy.

HOUSEHOLD HEALTH

EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

LOW SPIRITS.



THAT we must sometimes have the "blues," goes without saying. We can hardly imagine a life attuned to such a pitch of serenity that there never occur any ups and downs, especially the *downs*, any more than we can picture a landscape without shadow. We all have our moods and tenses; but to indulge often in "low spirits," creates a habit, which when full grown, becomes melancholia. You say, perhaps, that you can't help it when these fits of depression come upon you, it is impossible to shake them off. You must shake them off for two reasons. In the first place, you spread about you an atmosphere of gloom, which, though you may be unconscious of it, affects every one with whom you come in contact. Your

LACK OF CHEERFULNESS

spreads like a blight over the household. You consume the vital forces of your neighbors who have to make an exertion not to succumb to your lack of cheerfulness. The worse effect, however, is upon yourself. There is scarcely an atom in your body, or to speak scientifically, a cell which does not feel the influence of your low spirits. Your digestion is impaired by it, your blood is impoverished, your nutrition suffers. Lines and wrinkles appear in the face. You have seen cheeks of women which are wrinkled like a russet apple in the spring. The skin is corrugated and full of fine lines, though the person may not be so old as she appears. Such a condition is brought about by low spirits, a continued fretting against surrounding circumstances.

THE CAUSES OF LOW SPIRITS

are various. Circumstances, controllable or uncontrollable, govern us with an iron rod. When circumstances are against us, it is very difficult to be Mark Tapleys. Most often, however, the causes of low spirits come from within, and may be mental or physical. It requires great philosophy, not to say power of will, to be cheerful when suffering physically. Dyspepsia has been credited with presenting to the world many gloomy ideas. Many of us have inherited, especially from despondent mothers, a tendency to melancholy. There are a hundred distracting ideas which assault the mind and destroy its equilibrium. Ambition and envy are powerful destroyers of cheerfulness when they incite a fruitless striving after the unattainable.

THE REMEDIES

for low spirits are not far to seek. They reside for the most part in one's-self. The golden remedy is diversion. This can be attained by change of employment; by reading something of absorbing interest; by turning one's attention to others, especially to cheer and encourage them, and try to make them happier. It has passed into a proverb that no one is so badly off, but that he can find some one who is worse.

It must ever be borne in mind that to indulge in low spirits is a base form of selfishness which should not for a moment be indulged in. One must work with a will to break up the habit, if it is forming.

Go to the physician with your dyspep-

sias and neuralgias and blood-poverty. If you have inherited a despondent turn of mind, do not excuse yourself, for by mental gymnastics you can attain a healthy development just the same as if you had inherited a puny muscular organization, you could make it strong and healthy with physical training.

HOW LONG A CHILD SHOULD SLEEP.

THIS question has been often asked, and Dr. C. F. Pollock answers the question sensibly and succinctly in the following manner :

" A healthy baby, for the first two months or so, spends most of its time asleep. After that, it should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon, and one hour in the afternoon, and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of four or five years, a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner, and it should be put to bed at 6 or 7 in the evening and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours.

Up to the fifteenth year, most young people require ten hours, and till the twentieth year, nine hours. After that age, every one finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable, or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill, or its life be cut short at an early age."

CORRESPONDENCE relating to Household Health should be addressed to the Editor of this department, Dr. Grace Peckham, office of THE HOME-MAKER, 19 W. 22d St., New York.

DOMESTIC USE OF MINERAL WATER.

PURE earth, air, light and water,—these are the physical elements which, all would agree, are essential to the perfect home. Those of us who live in cities have but little earth to dwell upon, especially if we chance to live on the tenth story of a towering apartment-house. Air can be had in abundance and of good quality at that elevation, and also light; but pure water,—that is not so easy to get. What shall we do for water that is free from impurities, that is agreeable to the taste, and that may be tonic or medicinal, as well as pleasant ?

Any house-keeper knows that the ordinary sources of supply are not always safe or uniform. What dangers lurk in impure wells and tainted cisterns, in streams that have been accidentally fouled! One would think that a deep well would be safe; but no well that receives its supply by percolation from the surface is safe, however deep. On the other hand, an Artesian well, though it may not be so deep, is safe. What is an Artesian well ? It is one that receives its supply from subterranean streams that flow great distances under stony strata ; and it is not therefore, immediately affected by the rains or freshets above. Such wells cannot receive any surface impurities ; while all surface wells are more or less in danger of fouling. So often, indeed, is contagion carried by streams and wells, that one must exercise much care in choosing their waters.

I am not by any means going to write an alarmist paper upon the subject of drinking-water ; and yet, when we bear in mind the contagious diseases like cholera, dysentery and others that have been dissemi-

nated, both in city and in country, by the medium of impure drinking-water, I am ready to say that water has slain more people than whiskey. The assertion is literally true ; but that does not by any means make it necessary to have recourse to stimulants as an alternative. For nature gives us beverages of the most delicious kind in the various carbonated mineral waters.

What are mineral waters? In the strict sense, nearly all waters are mineralized, since even the purest are not quite devoid of some saline, alkaline or acid constituents. But we mean in general by mineral waters those that have a sufficient proportion of such constituents to have a tonic effect upon the drinker, and we may extend the definition to include those carbonated waters that are especially agreeable to the taste. A water to be especially agreeable to the taste must have more or less of minerals in solution. A chemically pure water—one that contains nothing but oxygen and hydrogen,—is hardly palatable. Either nature or art must add to it before it is really good to drink. How tasteless is rain-water ! The distilled water that some manufacturers have upon the market is insipid until it is carbonated or charged with some of the salts that are natural to the human blood. Add to absolutely pure water a small proportion of salts or bases,—throw in a little potash, a little sulphate of lime or magnesia, a little iron, a little common salt,—and we have at once a drink that meets a need of the body for solid, as well as fluid food. Nature supplies in nearly all countries an abundance of these admirable waters, the appointed drink of man. In Auvergne, in France, is a spring that has almost the exact composition of the serum of the blood. Of course it is an invaluable tonic.

And aside from these mineral constituents, there is a gaseous constituent of equal value. It is carbonic acid gas—the same that is so dangerous to inhale into the lungs. Taken into the stomach it is, on the contrary, a most useful and perfectly harmless stimulant to the digestion. It gives a fillip to the nerves of the stomach, and it gently stimulates the appetite. To the sparkling wines it gives the greater part of their charm: notably to Champagne, and it may be added that it not only imparts a good taste, but it tends to conceal any deficiency in the taste of wine with which it may be mixed. Champagne wine is not by any means the best of wines in itself ; but in popular estimation it is the best, because of its sparkle, which is nothing but the carbonic acid gas that is produced in it by the saccharine fermentation. But as I have said, we may find a gentle stimulus to digestion in mineral waters as well as in wine.

Is it possible to drink mineral waters too freely? Undoubtedly it is in the case of those that are especially medicinal. The strong saline waters like those of Saratoga or Salins, alkaline waters like those of Vichy or Carlsbad, the arsenic waters of La Bourboule, all these and many others are excellent waters if taken in moderation, —injurious, if drunk in excess. "Too much water drowned a miller," said Sancho Panza, and too much water has often hurt a patient. My first advice to any one going to Saratoga is to find out the right amount of the especial water to be used, and not to exceed that amount. People forget too often that the medicinal mineral waters are really medicines like any other, and that they may be easily used to excess.

They should never be taken except by the prescription of an intelligent physician. The calcic waters for the stomach and liver, the saline, arsenic, or iron waters as tonics, the alkaline waters for complaints of the liver and other viscera, the sulphur waters, so called, for diseases of the lungs and skin,—all these form a varied and extensive store of remedies, and each of them should be taken only under proper advice. Many patients go to a spring and treat themselves, choosing with the utmost confidence the water and the hygiene that they prefer. The man who should enter a drug shop and help himself to opium or arsenic, because he had been told that they were excellent drugs, would behave as wisely. I have seen scores and hundreds of people at our fashionable watering places who were doing this, and some of them I have advised in all seriousness as to their treatment. It was in vain ; they knew all about it themselves, or thought they did. Then, failing of a cure, they have gone abroad to Mont-Dore, or Royat, or Carlsbad, only to have the same injunctions that I had given repeated to them by the local physicians. Then, at last, they were contented to take my advice ; but they might have found the cure just as well at home.

But this is not the occasion to indicate the waters for the positively sick or ailing, or I would summarize what is known of this branch of an important subject. We

are now speaking more particularly of the advantages of the table waters, both as regards their tonic and their preventive qualities,—their value as blood nutriment, as aids to the digestion, and as safe-guards against the diseases that come of impure drinking-water; and I should add one point to what has already been said. One of the functions of properly-mineralized waters is to promote physical growth. All over the world, where accurate observations have been made it has been found that the tallest men and women live in the limestone districts; that is to say, the bones get a fuller development, as we should expect, in regions where the drinking-water is the most charged with calcic salts. The Kentucky soldiers, during our civil war, were the tallest of our troops; and in Kentucky the calcic waters predominate. Now the growth of a child is apportioned to each year of childhood. I have pretty well satisfied myself, from the careful observation and measurement of children, that if the process of growth be checked for a time, Nature does not catch up, so to speak, does not make up for lost growth. If this be the case, and all the observations that I have made bear out this view, then the proper employment of mineral waters from childhood up will serve to increase the growth of the bones, and to make the ailments of childhood less a drawback to the attainment of perfect stature and development.

Coming to a practical question again: What table waters shall we drink? All the world can use Clysmic, Apollinaris, Bethesda, or Giesshübler, with advantage. None of these waters are too strongly mineralized to be used as every day drinks; all of them are pure and appetizing, and those that are the most strongly carbonated are a powerful aid to digestion. Then there are waters that are almost absolutely pure, such as the Underwood Spring, the Poland Spring, and the excellent Hygeia waters, which are sufficiently charged with carbonic acid gas to make them palatable; and even these table waters have sometimes a directly curative effect. In many cases, the free use of a right mineral water will act directly upon the diseased or sluggish gland; the liver or kidneys will be brought back to its right functions, and an invalid will become a healthy person again. In many other cases the stomach is stimulated and whipped up to its work. In other cases again the sluggish bowels are stimulated and long-standing constipation is relieved; and if the right use of table waters will cure some complaints, it will prevent others. For it must not be forgotten that, as I said at the bebinning, their use enables us to avoid the risk of the contamination and contagion in our drinking-water. Filtered from all impurities through the deep strata of the earth, a true mineral water is both a prevention and a cure.

It is not perhaps generally known that in any given region the mineral waters partake somewhat closely of the chemical character of the rocks through which they flow. Water is one of the most surely dissolvent substances; and under heat and pressure it wears away the contents of the hardest rocks. In a granite country, the mineral would have the constituents of the granite rocks. The springs that flow in a limestone valley will be strongly alkaline; and an immense variety of minerals, and even of metals are found in these different distillations of nature. At Carlsbad there is even a certain amount of gold in the spring water: but those who go to Carlsbad leave gold there rather than take it away with them. Usually, I may add, it is gold well spent. There is no better tonic and safeguard than a good table water; there is no better medicine than a good curative water rightly chosen.

Titus Munson Coan, M. D.



FLEUR-DE-LYS FOR DADO.

HOME-MAKER ART-CLASS.

THE June No. of THE HOME-MAKER contained a letter from a correspondent and subscriber descriptive of a *Fleur-de-Lys* or Iris dado painted by an amateur.

This month the same design for the same purpose, is offered by a skilled artist, with instructions for preparing it.

DESIGN FOR DADO.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

The design should be enlarged one-third, or a trifle more, to make it the natural size of flower and leaf.

Outline in pencil (a No. 2) on single or double-ply cardboard, then, with a stout needle, prick the outline into holes an eighth of an inch apart, and attach the design with thumb-tacks to the surface to be decorated. Rub, with a fine, chalk-like pastel, or powder, or any friable substance that will pass easily through the perforations. Remove carefully the pricked cardboard, and trace the outline of the design indicated, using light-red and a fine brush. Paint the flowers violet, blending vermilion and blue until you have a rich, clear tint, making the color somewhat strong on the edges. Soften with white for the lighter shading, or use less color, letting the under surface show through. Terre verte will do for the stalks. There is a hairy "fuzz" on the petals that adds character and beauty to the flower. Use yellow-chrome here, or, better still, a little cadmium, handling the brush delicately. If the flower be dark, add vermilion to the yellow to enrich the "fuzz" into orange.

The Fleur-de-Lys is sometimes a pale lavender, and may be painted of this color here, softened with white.

If the dado is of light-gray paper or canvas, a white Fleur-de-Lys would be dainty and effective, relieved by the green stalks and leaves. The green is rather dark, yet not opaque, laid very sparsely over the lighted portions that express the swell of the round stalks and the light upon the leaves. *E. Léon Durand.*



A GOOD INVESTMENT.

THE keeping of fowls is not a new investment, and the undertaking is usually considered in the popular mind, to be one involving more trouble than recompense. Of course, that depends largely upon the adaptation of the family and their surroundings for the business. There is nothing worth having that comes without some care and trouble, and the keeping of a choice lot of fowls is not an exception to the rule.

The selection may be of choice varieties, which bring high market price, or of the more common mixed breed, which are quite as good or better, where eggs are the object desired, as they are generally consid-

ered better layers, but in either case, good care, and a snug warm house for them, with a well ventilated park, will insure you a fair return for all the trouble involved.

There is no investment of a small amount of money that brings in larger returns of profit and satisfaction, than such a flock of hens. They can easily be confined to the park, by the clipping of one wing, and therefore need not of a necessity be of any annoyance to your neighbors, an objection often raised, for they will do very well with good care without other freedom than the park affords.

If there be a Grandpa or Grandma, or both in the family, then poultry-raising becomes very practical, for the occupation is eminently fitted for the old people, and the fowls will thrive best with just such tender care as they are most willing to give.

They will see the value for chicken food in the waste of the kitchen, and the scraps of meat from the dining-room table will be cut into dainty bits, and thrown out to their pets. They will see that their drinking water is fresh and wholesome each day, that all celery tops and cabbage leaves shall go to form their relish, and that egg shells and burnt bones are well crushed and turned over to their pickings. Indeed, their vigilance will grow so sharp that much that is now wasted, will be sure to be used towards the support and enjoyment of the fowls and the reward will be a bounteous supply of freshly laid eggs.

An elderly lady and dear friend of mine, after leading a most active life, found at old age, she had ambition still, but her occupation was gone. She had reared a large family, and had assisted in bringing up to manhood two grandchildren, but the flock had all gone to homes of their own, and she was left widowed and alone.

The necessity for activity and labor had ceased its demands upon her, and the revelation made her restless and discontented.

She took up her residence with a daughter; there they kept fowls. Gradually it came to be Grandma's work to look after them. It was she who prepared the warm mush in cold weather, and the dainty dish of Indian meal for the young chicks on a spring morning. It was she who knew exactly when that young family was due; she always knew the exact number belonging to each motherly hen, and their age to a day; and to her alone was owing the healthy state of their bodies, for though her eyes required glasses, yet no vermin escaped her sharp inspection. The cook never ventured among the storage of eggs, without instruction from Grandma as to the order in which they were to be used, and no fowl was permitted to end its days on the sacrificial block, until she had determined, and pointed out the one best fitted to go.

Of course she had some help from the willing boy of the family, who, under her directions, has made good use of hammer and nails, and provided coops for the growing broods and stubborn setting hens. Then he was trusted to throw out feed to the flock, on such days as it seemed best for Grandma not to expose herself to inclement weather, but he, the brave young lad, was quite willing to show his defiance of the storms by doing this for her.

These duties sometimes wearied Grandma a little, but they made rest sweet, and prevented her from using her eyes too much in reading, and enabled her to rest contentedly from her knitting the hands that had grown a little lame and weary with keeping so steadily at that one occupation. Besides, it gave her a little exercise in the open air, and brought her into greater sympathy with living, out-door life. It afforded her subject for thought and conversation, and brought her companionship among the boys of the neighborhood, who were interested in the same business venture. Housekeepers respected her opinions, and it restored her sense of usefulness, and supplied her with well-earned pocket money. It interested the children of the family, and they gained a little experience that may afford them some profit and pleasure in the years to come.

As the years wore on and Grandma grew feeble, the boy assumed more and more the care of the flock, but he had received a valuable training for the occupation, which is a wise one for young boys, and learned the sweetness of employment and the value of good care to dependent creatures.

Boys' ideas may be a little larger, and they may wish to branch out into a more extensive blooded stock, and work for state and county fair premiums, but then let them try it; it is a good business and a school of experience, with the chances largely in their favor.

Annie Wade.

THE SEVEN DECADES OF LIFE.

"Six shalt thou labor and do all thy work,
But the seventh is the sabbath."

THREE periods of our life are spent in the development of body and mind and character; three, in toiling, hoping, enduring.

But in the seventh, comes the daily weakening of nerve and muscle, the gradual dulling of the once active senses; the knowledge that nothing ever quite fulfils expectation.

What then?—If strength fail, others stand ready to assume our burdens; trials are the more easily borne when they are so soon to be over; and if earthly hopes be slowly dying, day by day grows more steadfast that eternal hope, the only anchor for this land-locked sea into which our being has imperceptibly drifted.

To those, then, who have entered their seventh decade, we would say, "think it no hardship that you cannot do as you were wont—withdraw willingly from the absorbing things of earth—seek only peace for yourselves and for those you love. The sabbath of your life is here; your day of rest has come; 'a holy day unto the Lord.'"

S. H. Ludlum.

FASHIONS

RACKET AND HAMMOCK.



EVERYWHERE there is a contrast between the summer wardrobes of the girl of '79 and the more sensibly and comfortably dressed lady of '89. Ten years ago, heavily-embroidered, stiffly-starched muslins and flounced and ruffled lawns filled Saratoga trunks to overflowing. And how soon they lost their pristine freshness! A moonlight promenade on beach or esplanade, a few moments lingering on the lawn after the sun had set, and they were damp and limp. How many delightful walks and drives have been shortened and spoiled as twilight approached, for fear of "taking all the stiffening out" of elaborate costumes? How expensive it was to have them washed, and how they shrank in the process. Surely, Dame Fashion has grown much more sensible during the past decade. Muslins and lawns are still worn, but are so simply made that they may serve as pretty morning-dresses, and, when soiled, are easily washed without fear of injury to frills, puffings and lace. Now, we also find pretty ginghams and dainty satteens. Much care should be taken in the fitting of these, as on that depends their beauty. A well-made, perfectly-fitting satteen or gingham is quite as stylish for a morning costume as a cloth gown would be.

This year, soft stuffs, like flannel, serge, wool-grenadine, challis and cashmere are prime favorites, and surely they combine beauty and comfort as no other fabrics can. The girl who wants to look well, and yet goes to the country or seashore to have a

"good time," will do well to put aside all idea of starched dresses, and confine herself chiefly to these more sensible materials. They need little trimming, and thus "making up" is greatly simplified.

For tennis, Our Girl may have, if she wishes, a white, or some plain or striped flannel skirt. It should be very full, that it may not impede running. With this skirt there should be several light flannel tennis shirts, such as come ready-made for ladies. One girl, who is a lover of tennis, has very thin muslin blouses, as she finds them much cooler than flannel. They are washed as often as necessary, and, consequently, always look well. Any hatter will make a tennis cap of the same flannel as the skirt or blouse. Rubber-soled canvas shoes for this game should, unless the ankles are apt to turn, be low, and laced firmly over the instep.

One beautiful afternoon gown is of white challis, sprayed with tiny blue flowers. The back of the gown is all in one piece, and laid in pleats to a point several inches below the waste-line. There it is gathered in full folds and falls straight to the feet. The waist has a surplice front, ending in a broad belt of dark blue velvet. The front of the skirt is laid in accordion pleats. The cuffs and collar are of blue velvet.

A white serge walking-gown has a kilt skirt and a long Directoire coat, the fronts of which come only to the waist. The tails of this coat are lined with dark green satin, and the front is finished with velvet revers of the same shade. The closely fitting sleeve has a wide velvet cuff.

For rowing, lounging in a hammock or on the lawn, and for being generally comfortable, nothing is prettier than a dress of challis or canvas. This last-named material is especially serviceable, as it never creases, and nothing short of drenching rain will injure it. Make it with a full skirt, finished above the broad hem with several tucks. The round waist is laid in pleats, and buttons at the belt to the band of the skirt. A soft silk sash ties in front, a little to the left. A broad sailor collar and cuffs, of the same color as the sash, complete this very simple and most comfortable costume. The sleeves should be loose, and, if one has a white, plump neck, the collar may be cut a little low to show an inch or two of the throat in front. If a blouse is preferred to the waist, a pretty effect is produced by having the front smocked.

Russet-leather shoes are fashionable again this year, and are worn in both town and country. Our Girl going to the country needs, in the way of shoes, a pair of rubber-soled canvas ties for tennis, russet-leather high shoes, with common-sense heels and toes, for walking, and a pair of slippers for house-wear.

Gloves need not be mentioned here, as they are worn less and less out of town every season. Of course, gauntlets are needed for riding and driving, but in country walks and sports, they are out of place, especially as the fashionable thing at present is to be tanned as brown as a berry. For this same reason, broad-brimmed hats have given place to cloth and felt knock-abouts, which may be had in any color. They are the pleasantest head-covering in the world, as they are light and soft and not injured by being tossed on the grass or crushed under the head in a hammock.

Now that Our Girl who is summering no longer wears stiff dresses, hats heavy with flowers and lace, thick veils to prevent the sun from peeping at her, high-heeled shoes and tight gloves, but has, instead, adopted gowns and boots that enable her to run, walk and row, and hats that allow the country and sea-air to bring a healthful glow to her cheeks, we may soon hope to see her growing as well and strong as her brother, who owes his health to the fact that he has always taken the out-door exercise and recreation that fashion has heretofore denied his sister.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Watch Chains in Full Dress.

Dear Fashion Editor:—

Please let me know in your next number if it is *never* the "correct thing" for a lady to wear a watch-chain when she is in evening dress? I have a beauty of a short chain, with a ball crusted with emeralds and diamonds, and some one tells me it would not be "good form" to wear it even at a sea-side, or Saratoga hop. I certainly ought not to sport it at breakfast,—ought I?

S. A. B.

Newark, N. J.

Answer:

It is not the "correct thing" to wear a watch-chain or fob at *any* evening

affair. Even if you do not "sport it at breakfast," you will have plenty of opportunities to show its beauties during the day. It will be perfectly permissible at church, matinee, walking or driving, receiving and making calls, or staying quietly at home. You would not think of consulting your dainty time-piece at an evening reception, and would be shocked if you, as hostess, saw one of your guests do so. Then, why wear it, any more than you wonld carry a thermometer to test the atmosphere of your entertainer's rooms?

"MRS. JOHN JONES."

EDITOR OF FASHIONABLE WAYS AND MEANS:

A very wealthy and fashionable lady—in fact, one of the Buffalo "Four Hundred"—has written me a note signed, "Yours affectionately, *Mrs.* John Jones." Let that go for the real name. The incident is true. Is it ever right to sign a friendly note "*Mrs.*" Anybody? I thought not, but so many nice people do it, that I am perplexed. Please enlighten

An Admiring Subscriber.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Answer:

It is a pleasure to receive a query which can be answered as decidedly as this. No! a woman should *never* place *Mrs.* before her signature. It is against all rules of polite society, and nothing more certainly stamps a wealthy woman as one of the *nouveaux riches* than this habit. What would you think of a man who signed himself "*Mr.* Thomas Smith?" If Mrs. Jones is writing to a stranger who does not know whether or not she is married, she should sign her name "Mary Jones," writing underneath: "(Address Mrs. John Jones.)"

CLAW-HAMMER OR PRINCE ALBERT?

DEAR MADAME FASHION-EDITOR:—I am a business young man who works hard in an office all day, and would like in the evening, to recreate himself in pleasant society. Is it necessary to get one's self up *cap-a-pie* in dress-coat, broad shirt-bosom and low-cut vest and patent-leathers, in order to make a call upon a nice girl around the corner? I wore a Prince Albert and gray pantaloons last night when I called on my next-to-the-best girl. Two other fellows were there in claw-hammers and low-neck vests, and I *thought* she liked their looks better than she did mine. If custom demands full-dress on such occasions, I'll conform, of course, but I wont go so often.

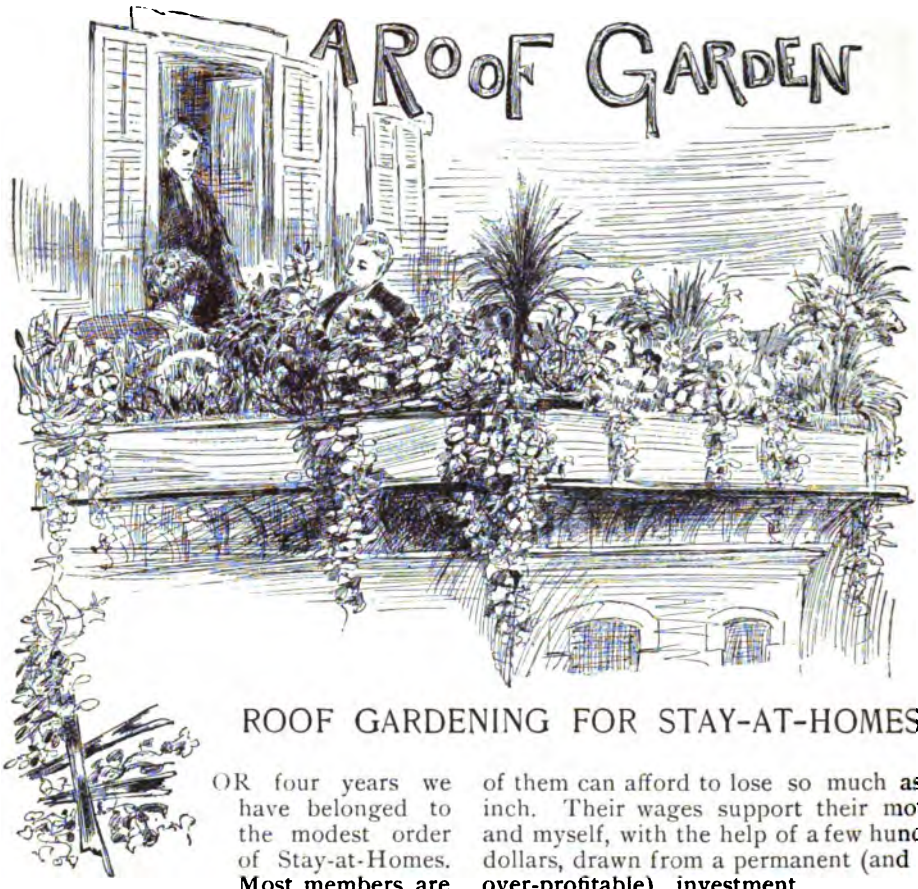
A-matter-of-fact-young-man.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Answer:

It is always in good form to wear a dress-suit when calling on a lady in the evening. It is a compliment to the hostess, and insures you against any uncomfortable feeling such as you experienced in finding yourself the only man in the room in a Prince Albert. It is far better to be the only man present in a dress-suit. Then, you have the consciousness of being suitably dressed. If you are engaged, and call on your *fiancée* several evenings in the week, she will hardly expect you to come in full-dress every time. But unless the relations between you are such as to warrant her in bidding you to come in business-suit, or Prince Albert coat, make up your mind to endure a "claw-hammer," or give up evening calls.





ROOF GARDENING FOR STAY-AT-HOMES.

FOR four years we have belonged to the modest order of Stay-at-Homes. Most members are such from choice. At least, that is what they say. They are tired of watering-places and all other American summer-resorts. Some of them "do not care to go abroad again." Others are inveterate home-lovers. They cannot find comfort anywhere else in hot weather. "The dear girls are importuned by friends who have superb country-places, etc., etc." But the dear creatures are sensible and obdurate, and not to be won from the cool seclusion of their own drawing-rooms and the assured luxury of a bath-tub which is not a public institution. The freshest fruits are to be found in town. Likewise, the finest vegetables. Likewise, spring chickens under a year old, and fish in variety and condition. So—"East or West, hame is best!"

We stay at home because we cannot get away. There are five of us, three of whom are young men, who have every step of their way to make in the world. Not one of them can afford to lose so much as an inch. Their wages support their mother and myself, with the help of a few hundred dollars, drawn from a permanent (and not over-profitable) investment.

What has this to do with our roof-garden?

Only this; the people who, not being able to do as they like, determine to like what they can do, have the best times of any I know. We would like to have a garden in summer, and a conservatory in winter. We can afford neither. Ergo, we must have something quite different from either, and enjoy the substitute.

Our house is a two-story brick, with a one-story extension, in which are dining-room and kitchen. The extension has a flat top covered with tin. I planned an air-garden. The boys built it, out of business-hours. Along the edge of the roof, just inside of the slope of the gutters, we set long boxes, eight inches wide by eighteen inches deep, steadying them to a level by blocks of wood nailed to the bottom, which allow the rain-water to run under them into the gutter-trough. The boxes were painted inside and out, the color of the

roof. The hardest part of the task was bringing up from the cellar in baskets the load of fresh, rich earth we bought from a florist. He had dumped it through the coal-hole in the side-walk. The boys carried it up for us on two moonlight nights, and filled the boxes with it. My mother and I set out slips and roots and sowed seeds.

By the middle of May everything was in the ground. By the first of August, the bloom and greenery of our flower-borders was a marvel in the eyes of others of the Stay-at-Home Club besides ourselves. The boxes were edged with mignonette, blue lobelia, and sweet alysseum. Patches of brilliant coleus, scarlet geraniums, and pelargoniums blazed in the sunshine. Tall, bright-edged *cannæ Indicus* flaunted at the angles of the parterre. Salvias nodded and flamed in the wind. Heliotropes flourished so rankly that we had to prune them weekly. Of course, we selected only sun-loving flowers. Nothing else could bear the fierce glare of noon-day. But we were surprised to find so many of Sol's favorites. Verbenas did well. I never saw finer nasturtiums any where. We watered them abundantly at sunset every day, by means of a hose run out of the bath-room window.

Unless it rained, each evening found our family group assembled after supper upon the newly-washed roof. My mother had the easy chair, a foot-stool under her dear feet. Rugs and cushions were laid about, with an ottoman or two and my rocking chair.

The long rows of closed shutters on all sides of us gave a delicious sense of seclusion. The distant roar of the great city supplied the song of the ocean surge, when we "made-believe very hard." The sea-breeze that is rarely absent after 4 o'clock P. M., in New York and Brooklyn, came to us over odorous plants, wet as with falling dews.

We entertained other members of the "S. A. H." when they called, by inviting them, in Jenny Wren's words, to "Come up and be dead"—to the mortification of belonging to the Order.

As I write, I smell mignonette and yellow-blossomed musk-plant and pungent-sweet nasturtiums. Our roof-garden is in its glory.

If—

> "A pitcher of mignonette
> In a tenement's highest casement,—
> (Queer sort of flower-pot) yet
> That pitcher of mignonette
> Is a garden in heaven set,
> To the little sick child in the basement,"

who can estimate the elevating influences of our triple flower-border?

Judith Smythe.

BABY IN THE GARDEN.



A WELL-KEPT garden is such a thing of beauty, and such a work of grace withal, that it goes very hard to have it molested by intruders. Perhaps no intruder is more to be dreaded than Baby, yet who has the heart to keep her out?

I shall never forget the sight long ago, of a dear little baby sister laboring up the kitchen steps, one fine May morning, her face all aglow with her exertions, and in her hands, a washbasin full of *rose buds!* the whole June crop!

Notwithstanding the dangerous presence of "Two-and-a-half," "Four-years" and "Six-years," an Aunty decided to make garden last spring.

A garden was a new thing to these little girls. They had lived all their lives in a rocky, sandy desert in the far west, where vegetables grow in tin cans, and most of the plants that thrive are thorny and prickly.

In the northwest corner of the square of

ground allotted to us, was a tree with seats around it. After the ground was well spaded, we took this tree for a center and with a line fastened near it, drew quarter-circles four or more feet apart, for walks.

Then across these and the beds that lay between, we made three straight walks, running out from the tree like the spokes of a wheel. Before we we had gone very far with this operation, out came Two-and-a-half.

"Oh! you mustn't come here, Babsey. We are making garden," said Six-years.

"Yes, Babes can come if she will help," said Aunty.

"But," cried Four-years, "you don't know how she does, Aunty; she just walks everywhere and spoils everything."

But her plaintive "Tan't I he'p, Aunty?" was irresistible, and we took her in on trial to help make paths.

All the morning, the little feet beat up and down and around the many paths, following the others with great delight, and only a few missteps, and the lesson of walks was learned.

She was never after known to transgress, which is more than can be said of the older children. A new flower or a wandering butterfly might tempt them out of the lawful lines of travel. Not so with baby. She was always in order—if she remembered to leave her baby-wagon outside—and she was always on the alert for transgressors.

"Oo mus' wat in the paf!" was the decree for the whole family and visitors as well.

Next came the seed-planting, a hard lesson for the little hands; the trowels, seed papers and all were so tempting.

Here a compromise was made. Each should have a garden of her own, and plant what, and how she pleased.

We gave Two-and-a-half, a bed in a corner where there was plenty of room for experiments, and let her have beans and four o'clocks to plant.

More got planted, somehow, than she could possibly dig up again, so she had a huge crop of each. Having her freedom with these and a bed of petunias she learned the lesson of mine and thine, and was very respectful of our rights. She had her share and was satisfied.

But,—as Grandpa used to say of his "chippy-bird"—there never was so smart a baby.

To go back,—we left a few feet of playground around the tree, and in the first circle, planted portulacca. In the second, mignonette and verbenas, and the third was given up to poppies, geraniums and zenias. In the fourth were lettuce, beets and beans, a pretty bed of foliage. Beyond this were tomatoes, then, corn, and last of all, sunflowers.

At the far sides, the girls had popcorn. A line of peas in front of this made a background for a row of balsams.

A castor bean in the far center grew to a great size and gave variety of form and color among the corn. We were pleased as the summer came on, to find that nothing was lost in the general make up, a pretty mosaic of foliage and flowers.

Over a vacant trellis to the north, we strung some old-fashioned morning glories. These, in their whole history of growth, climbing and blooming, were a perpetual source of wonder and delight.

The first little maid out in the morning, reported the new shades in the wealth of blossoms, and breakfast could not be attended to till the round of the garden had been made.

There is no end to the entertainment a garden can furnish. Long processions of morning glory belles and four-o'clock fairies covered the walks. Petunias also could stand alone and take part in the dolls' lawn parties. The distinguished guests on all occasions were some Arizona four-o'clocks, tall, slender young ladies in white dresses and pink ribbons.

The weeding was the hardest lesson, and baby's part here was confined strictly to the carting away of the weeds pulled by the rest.

Her baby-wagon did good service at last, after a few serious mistakes,—poppies for lambs' quarters, etc. Four-years and Six-years came to know the difference between weeds and flowers, and were very proud of their powers of discrimination. But the work grew heavy, of course, and finally required the inspiration of Mamma and Aunty sitting by with their sewing, to observe the wonderful progress made in the destruction of the common enemy.

The little girls found their crop of radishes a charming resource for tea parties, and they were served up in a variety of ways and to every chance visitor. When the trunks came to be packed for the far away home, there was more popcorn than Mamma could find room for.

As baby's four-o'clocks came in bloom,

she made it her business to pull every one every day, until they got beyond her, her apron ran over and she could no longer keep pace with the wonderful bounty of the dear Allmother.

L. M. F.



BOOK NOTICES

(*An Hour's Promise*, by Annie Eliot. "Sunshine Series." Published by Cassell & Co., New York.)

In the December number of THE HOME-MAKER, appeared a story purporting to be an abstract of the "Memoirs of Mary A. Twining." It was a quaint and wonderfully pathetic sketch, so consonant throughout with the tone and times of a century ago, as to beguile one into belief in the authenticity of the narrative. The reader felt assured that the new writer would be heard of again, and honorably, and it is with pleasure, not surprise, that he finds on the list of recent publications, her longer and more ambitious work—"*An Hour's Promise.*" The motto explains the title:

Rosalind.—Break an hour's promise in love!
—As You Like It.

Annie Eliot may be a new writer, but she is not a novice. Her hand draws boldly and shades delicately. Were there no other character in the book worthy of mention, Altamera, the Southern girl—be she creation or portrait—proves the author a true artist. Her graceful languor, her blended "knowingness" and ignorance; her provincially ungrammatical, yet altogether fascinating speech; the ease with which she transfers her troth from one man to another, and her heroic sense of honor—are faithfully and daintily portrayed.

Those who have met the original anomaly (or dozens of them) in city drawing-room and at watering place, can hear the musical intonations of the "sweet lazy voice" in this little scene:

"It was right funny," she was saying, (swinging her round stiff fan.) "We were all down in the hammock, and he came down from the house after he had found out we weren't there. Kentucky, that's my maid—she told him, she reckoned we'd gone after persimmons, and told him to go the wrong way, just as I said, but he's just stupid enough to go the right way when he's been told the other, like some men are, and when he found us it was too late to do anything, and he said, "So you all came down here after persimmons? did you?" And I said, "Yes, we did, we wanted some in a hurry," and he looked around and said, "If that's so, it's mighty funny you didn't come where there were some bushes!"

"Then Altamera laughed, and Owen laughed too. He had a very hazy idea what she was talking about. * * * He was watching the color in her creamy skin, and noticing how ivory-white her throat was against the white lace that was twisted about it."

The mournful realism of Owen's weary journey through the Southern forests, to the death-bed of his friend, depressed by the interminable procession of "draped, moveless trees, knee-deep in muddy water," the halt at the country post-office; "the one incongruous feature in the scene," the graceful figure on horseback, waiting vainly for a letter; the intertwining of this slight thread with the closest web of the after-story; the conflict in the mind of the educated man of the world between the love of his lower and that of his higher nature;—the rupture of a mistaken betrothal that, however right and inevitable, leaves remorse, bitterness, and gnawing dissatisfaction which lingers with us, like a bad taste in the mouth, when the *dénouement* has passed and everything seems to have "come right"—these are work of which Howells might be proud, and which Constance Fenimore Woolson seldom surpasses.

The book has a flavor—which is all charm—of its very own that will give it high popularity among the many offered for summer reading.

(*Vagabondia, A Love Story*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

Upon the principle that it is better to read a good book twice than an indifferent once, we welcome an old friend under a new title in "*Vagabondia.*" Dolly as "Dolly," was altogether delightful. Revised by the author and veiled by the temptingly suggestive title we quote, she allures us as irresistibly as when we made her acquaintance "several years ago," the indefinite date assigned by the author as that of the appearance of her "first novel."

Jolly, deep-hearted, rattle-pated Dolly, is our darling as ever, but Toinette, Grif, Mollie, Annie, and the ubiquitous cherub Tod, to whom we are introduced as he "sits in the coal-box, eating Phil's fusees," interest us with the freshness of new creations, draw upon our heart-strings, with the tender violence of old loves. We are not sure that Mrs. Burnett did not give us her best wine at the beginning of the feast of which we never tire.





MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD,
EDITOR OF
"*Home-Work for Home-Makers.*"

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1889. No. 5.

EDITORIAL.

A WORD TO WIVES.



HE abundant charity always necessary to people living in the closest of human relationship, has a fresh strain put upon it just now. The time has come when all sorts and conditions of men,—or all who have the ability,—follow the apostolic example, and announce in effect, if not in precisely similar phraseology, "I go a-fishing!"

The communication is generally less succint in form. Occasionally it comes as an abrupt declaration: "My dear, I am off to the Rangely Lakes,"—or the Adirondacks, as the case may be.

In those homes where a mild species of terrorism,—alas! only too common,—is exercised by one of the joint heads of the house over the other, the notification is preceded by an elaborate introduction, accompanied by involved arguments, and concluded by profuse explanations,—the aim of all being to justify the perfectly natural and harmless desire of a hard-worked man to escape for a while from the trammels of an office or study, and return for a season to a free, careless life in the open air.

That such apologies are ever necessary argues a decided lack of the perfect unanimity that is supposed to characterize married life at its best. Of course all rules fail when the husband is lazy, selfish or a ne'er-do-weel, who thinks only of his personal gratification, and to whom all sacrifices on the part of his family are as nothing, only so that his personal whims are humored. Under such circumstances one cannot wonder that a wife's opinions of outings should be sufficiently adverse to cause her lord to approach the subject with many preliminary propitiations, which, be it remarked, are usually transparent to her quick vision.

But even in homes where the master of the house is an earnest, conscientious worker, making his household and their comfort his prime consideration, there is often shown by the wife a lamentable want of appreciation of the complete change and rest a toiling manager of a business or a profession requires. [illegible] that the style of vacation which is his best [illegible] it needs of the case to spend [illegible]

or a country boarding-place. The simple pleasures of strolls or drives over country roads, of mornings on the piazza, where the women are engaged in fancy-work, and the men with their papers, and of evenings passed in common-place chat in the same spot, are unspeakably wearisome to the man whose thoughts, in this enforced monotony, revert only too readily to the work which should, for the time, be utterly banished from his memory, if he is to derive any real benefit from his vacation. None of the employments enumerated are sufficiently absorbing to bring his mind into a fresh groove and keep it there. They are as toilsome to him as it would be to his wife to take her amusement by sitting in his counting-room and watching the workings of the machinery of his business.

"You may say what you please of staying with one's family all the time," asserted an energetic business man. "I am as fond of my wife and babies as any fellow, but I tell you a man's nature *demands* that he should break away from all ties once in a while and go among new people and surroundings. It refreshes him as nothing else does."

At the first blush this speech may sound harsh and unfeeling. But although she may clothe their expression more gracefully, are not a woman's feelings much the same? Is it not rest unspeakable to her when she can, for a little space, turn her back upon all household cares and spend a few days among the friends of her girlhood? Her heart may long for the dear ones left behind, but she comes back to them, loving them more tenderly than ever, and better fitted to serve them because of her brief outing.

To the brain-and-body-weary man, who goes a-fishing, the same gentle healing comes. The hills, the streams, the meadows, are *his* old friends, dear to him since he wandered among them as a country boy, or spent beside them his rare holidays.

A trip to some one of the out-of-the-way spots, where fishermen love to go, is not necessarily a very expensive luxury. Even if it were, it would pay for itself in the benefit derived from it by the seeker for health. Let the wife be thankful that she has so harmless a rival as the trout-pole, and let her be generous enough to urge the journey upon the husband who longs for the pleasurable excitement of the sport.

She possibly may not understand the fascination that leads a man to sit all day in a tottlish little craft, under a broiling sun or a soaking rain, throwing flies and watching a line with eager intensity, for the sake of bringing in a basketful of the "speckled beauties," especially when the prize is won at the cost of a sun-peeled nose or soaked clothing. Still, if he enjoys it, it behooves his wife to put no obstacles in his way. Since the pleasure is innocent, why should she object? Because she is virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Let her send him away cheerfully, listen to his account of his exploits when he returns, and thank Heaven that in this rushing, wearing life of ours, the man dearest to her retains enough of the spring of youth to relish simple, healthful pleasures.

HOME LITERATURE

HOPE HARDING.

CHAPTER XV.



POOR Hope scarcely knew how she spent that night. She was so afraid of Joan returning—she was so afraid that she had done the girl some injustice by not asking her where she was, that it seemed almost impossible to attend to Steven. The doctors came and went. They gave her further orders for her care of him, and it seemed to her as though she never moved her eyes from him. She knew, almost by instinct, what she had to do for him; changed and moved the bandages with a sort of precision which later she wondered at in herself for knowing how to do. Later in the next day he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize her. All her heart went out towards him in that moment, but she did not feel that she ought to speak. Once, he touched her on the arm and said, "Hope, this must be you."

She drew back immediately, and I think in that moment she decided what she must do when he was well. It was simply awful to her. She loved every gesture that he made, every look of his face, and she would at any moment have sacrificed her life for him. There he lay, injured by an accident which might prove fatal, and she was compelled to wait for the doctor's final verdict.

Everything that he had said to her during their brief engagement seemed to return now. His arguments against eternity seemed forcible while she paced the room and sometimes knelt beside him, touching his cheek with hers, but she was quite sure she had no right to call herself his wife.

When the doctors first returned she had made no sign of what was passing in her mind. They knew the character of the accident and did their very best for him. Meanwhile, Hope held herself aloof, unless she was called upon to do something for him; she was fearful of having an attack of hysterical crying. For the next ten days she watched him day and night; during this time she did not let him know what Joan Fettermore had said. After about the middle of the next week, when he was convalescing, she tried to speak to him of what had happened.

He could not understand it.

She tried again and saw that it was useless.

Possibly, no one will ever know what Hope suffered in those days. She sent in every direction to try to find Joan Fettermore, but could not accomplish her purpose. Before the physicians and nurses, she had to assume as natural a manner as possible and yet, day and night, while she cared for Palfrey in the tenderest way imaginable, she had to say to herself that she knew he was not her husband and that in his first day of complete consciousness she must tell him the truth.

Once, during this time he opened his eyes and looked at her very fixedly, asking her why she had changed the little white gown they had purchased.

His eyes were close upon her and in them she saw the full intelligence of returning life. She knew that probably in the next hour she would have to tell him of Joan's coming, and I think all the angels in Heaven would have forgiven her for what she did. She laid her face down on the pillow near him and held him closely in her arms before she answered, and then asked him if he would keep the flannel dress forever and love her always as his wife.

Almost at once she left the room, giving orders to the nurse to look after him and do everything needed.

When she returned with the white gown over her arm, he was sitting up in an easy chair and looking quite like himself. He seemed to have regained all the strength he needed for what Hope felt she must tell him, and her own feeling was such that she knew there should be no delay. He held his hand out towards her, but instead of responding to the caress he offered, she knelt down at the side of the chair and put her face behind it. He tried to draw her towards him, and then something gave her courage to speak. She turned around, seating herself on the little foot-stool at his feet.

"Dearest," she said, "something dreadful has happened to both of us. The woman you married long ago is alive and I have seen her. You see at once I must go away from you. She says she will never worry you, and I will always let you know where I am and contrive to hear from you. I know that when we were married we made our compact as solemnly as it could be done; but don't you see? I am not your wife and I must not stay with you."

She had spoken slowly and Palfrey seemed to take it all in, and she was so very gentle with him that he felt no undue physical result in it. Even at the last she had her arms about his neck and her head upon his shoulder, and something of the day in the studio flashed back upon his mind; he remembered how he felt when she had crept back to the shelter of his arms.

"Hope!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say that you will let anything on earth part us?"

"But, dear heart," she answered, raising her face, "what can we do? I feel that I would do anything on earth to make you happy, and you must know what it is for me to go away and leave you. I shall contrive in some way to make the Hardings understand it, and you see it is the only thing that we can do."

Palfrey rose, and, as in the studio that day which both remembered so well, paced the floor, talking to her violently and with all the eloquence he possessed. Meanwhile Hope stood wondering what God meant for her to do or say. Once in a while she answered his arguments with some brief word which seemed to her very convincing. The worst of it was to see him weak and suffering—to hear him say that his life would be a wreck without her.

"Don't you see what you are doing?" he exclaimed at last. "You are deliberately ruining one life for the sake of a perfectly worthless one. As Joan told you, not a human being except ourselves knows that I was married. If this is what you call your religion, I don't want to have anything to do with it."

After a moment Hope reminded him of the day they had sung together, "O, that we two were Maying," and asked him if he could recall how she then felt?

"Do you think," she said, as gently as possible, "that we could feel 'our souls at home with God' if we consented to act such a lie?"

He was beside her now, and every tender feeling in her heart was aroused, and she had that instinct which belongs to all real love, which made her dread to see him suffer.

"Hope," he said, suddenly, "there is no use in discussing it further—you don't really love me—perhaps you never have from the beginning—it may be that you are of a temperament incapable of any deep affection. It could not be that under the circumstances, knowing that in the sight of God that woman is not my wife, you would take this course!"

The doctors had ordered the carriage to take him out for a little drive late that afternoon. Hope was to have gone with him. Now, suddenly she arose and flinging her arms down upon the table and laying her face upon them said:

"I will stay—I will—there is nothing which ought to part us. Go out for your drive and let me compose myself."

I think the next half hour was to Hope a sort of Purgatory which we all go through sooner or later. She fully realized to what she had pledged herself and the amount of wrong involved in it, yet, the feeling of Palfrey's arms was about her, the touch of his lips seemed to linger in every fibre of her face, and it was simply an argument between herself and evil what she should do. She could trust herself no longer, and she knew that another meeting between herself and Palfrey could only result in unhappiness.

One of the nurses who had been attending him was an English woman going to America. In an instant, Hope resolved to go, if possible, with this woman. She wrote hurriedly to the Hardings, knowing that they would ascribe any thing that she did to a caprice or eccentricity, and to Palfrey she wrote a few lines, saying how she felt, and that she dared not go against her con-

science; that she was going to America; that she would let him know as soon as possible of her whereabouts, but that he must not try to see her, or she would simply hide herself. She left the white gown he had cared for carefully where he could find it, and on it fastened the violets she had worn that morning.

It seemed to her like a dream, how she gave every order respecting his comfort to the people in charge, how she touched the cot where he had so long lain, how she tenderly kissed the things he had worn, then made her way from the hotel and towards the residence of the English nurse.

Paris, which had seemed to her so beautiful three weeks previous, looked now in its sunshine and brilliancy like some place which mocked her. Almost involuntarily she stopped before the shop windows where she and Steven had been in those first few and happy days, but what she was looking at she could not have told. I think passers-by must have noted a beautiful and pale girl with tears coursing down her cheeks. But her end was accomplished.

She found Miss Fulton at home and confided in her freely. Sometimes,—once or twice in a century, God raises up one woman who can understand and help another. Such an one was Alice Fulton.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Are you sure you can stand it, my dear?"

Miss Fulton, chief nurse of the Schuylkill Hospital in Philadelphia, was the speaker. The remark was addressed to Hope Harding, who, in blue uniform, white apron and little frilled cap, looked very unlike the blooming, joyous, young creature of a year ago, who had begun a honeymoon in Paris with Steven Palfrey. The girl's beauty was not dimmed, but altered. A peculiar spirituality had taken the place of the old gay sparkle in her eyes; the curve of her cheek was thinner—the lines of her lips showed oftentimes a repressed pain, but Hope was still Hope—and an unquenchable determination to master herself—to do good work—to fight out her fight bravely, so that "well done, thou good and faithful servant!" could be said to her when she should enter into "the rest prepared for her," had kept her courage from flagging, kept her from crying aloud, even in the darkness of the night, at times, that Steven *must* come to her—*must* claim her as his own.

Miss Fulton, from her secretary, turned her keen, strong face towards Hope, who was seated on the sofa in the sanctum of the chief nurse. Hope's year of training was over. The question was now whether she should remain a second term, or go out to take charge of a small and rather poor hospital which had been erected to meet the sudden need of an epidemic in a town near the city. Hope's mind wavered. To leave Miss Fulton seemed a cross—but—on the other hand?

"I want to act for the best," Hope said, with one of her rare smiles. "It is hard to decide when all that is *personally* happy to me is my association with you. You know it all—and to have strength from *your* strength is much. But you see, dear Miss Fulton, I must not be selfish. Tell me! You are wiser and calmer—more practical than I am. To begin with, am I suited for such an undertaking? Am I fitted to organize and direct others? You know"—a sort of twinkle came into the girl's eyes for a brief instant, leaving them with something sadder than before in their expression—"I have always been called foolish, erratic and impulsive. Now, you know such qualities are hardly suitable for the organization of a new hospital, however small."

Miss Fulton regarded the girl with an expression which, could Hope have translated it, would have meant the most intense sympathy and admiration for the fearlessly brave, self-controlled young creature before her. Owing to the fact that she knew Hope's story, knew the sacrifice which leaving Palfrey had cost her, the chief nurse had endeavored to keep her pupil as near her as possible, and, while Hope was throughly trained in the wards, Miss Fulton had assigned her a position which brought her constantly in that lady's parlor, and, appointing her as a sort of special assistant, gave her a bed-room adjoining her own. But a short time had elapsed before Miss Fulton's mind and heart were won over to the girl, who had always exercised so powerful and so good an influence upon all with whom she came in contact. Miss Fulton had entered upon the life of a nurse solely from motives of philanthrophy; a friend and disciple of Florence Nightingale, she had gone to Paris for the purpose of investigating some points in which the famous nurse of the Crimea was inter-

ested, and it was by the merest chance that Dr. Vigot had called her in to consult upon Palfrey's condition. It had been at Hope's earnest request that she remained ten days in attendance upon him, but, even then she had made arrangements to take charge of a famous, although rather run-down hospital. Hope's appeal to her had been startling in the extreme. That the young wife was in some dire distress, not dependent upon the illness of her husband, the keen and sympathetic mind of Alice Fulton knew too well, but Hope's story contained elements of tragedy which she certainly had not suspected. Life had contained for Alice Fulton periods of triumph and of despair, but at fifty years of age she had realized with a calm sense of security that the storms had passed away. Not perhaps all the heart-ache—not all the agony which moments of remembrance had to bring to a nature intense as her own. But never again would there be the problem which she could not solve by faith and prayer. Never again would there be the old battle with herself; and, as this peaceful sense of security came to her from the Divine source, the power of doing good to others increased tenfold and there was hearty sincerity, genuine love in her work. A tall, slenderly built woman, with a face strong in outline, the brown hair which showed beneath her cap already plentifully streaked with gray, the gray eyes keen but full of kindness, the mouth redeemed from too much strength by the sweetness of her smile, the slender, characteristic-looking hands, so gentle in their touch,—such were the outward characteristics of the woman who proved herself the best and truest friend Hope ever knew; and while the girl sat waiting for a response to her questions, she took in all these details, knowing them to be the outward semblance of the noble heart and soul within. Might not the day come when she too could reach the height of calm and cheerful activity which belonged to her guide, philosopher and friend?

"My dear," said Miss Fulton, "I would never have suggested your taking this place had I thought you for an instant unsuited to it. Hope, my child, I am old enough to be your mother. I know the world and human nature better than you can suspect."

A gesture of one of Miss Fulton's thin hands brought Hope to her side, where the girl knelt down as she might have done at her mother's knee. The sweet young face uplifted to the older woman's had a new confidence and purpose in it.

"Nothing can be better for you," continued Miss Fulton, stroking gently the little waves of hair which, with all her effort at sedateness, Hope could not keep in order—they escaped in soft little rings beneath the frill of her white cap. "Nothing can be better, I repeat, my child, than for you to take up some responsibility—something which will call out your executive ability and teach you to feel that much depends upon your own courage and perseverance. I know from experience just what it can do. Some day, perhaps, I can tell you more of what my own life has been—of its peculiar struggles,—and I say this much to make you feel sure that I understand all that is passing in your mind. Now, decide at once and let us write to the Trustees and say that you will accept the position. It is near enough to Philadelphia to have you see me often, and we will take counsel together. You know that you will not be alone, for you are taking two of your favorite nurses with you. After a time you will find how thoroughly you enjoy the work."

"I will obey you," said Hope, "and if I find the work too much for me I will come back and be only your stupid assistant again."

A light knock sounded on the door, and as Hope rose to her feet and Miss Fulton gave permission to enter, the door opened quickly and a tall, soldierly-looking young man made his appearance.

"I suppose, doctor," said Miss Fulton, smiling, "that I am sent for. Well, perhaps you and Miss Hope" (the girl made use of her Christian name for her surname in the hospital, the better to conceal her identity,) "can look over these reports for me while I go over to the surgery."

A moment later Miss Fulton had left the room, and Hope, who was used to attending to many such duties for Miss Fulton, seated herself at the desk and began to search through the papers for the reports which were to be examined.

Meanwhile Dr. Collins walked over to the window, where he stood, his hands clasped at his back, in profound silence.

Presently Hope turned her head towards him, saying in as cheerful a tone as she could assume:

"Doctor, my fate is sealed. I am going

to Helstone Hospital. I suppose you think me very audacious to accept such a position?"

The man turned suddenly.

"When was this decision made, Miss Hope?" he inquired, and coming nearer rested one of his strong hands upon the back of the chair.

Hope laughed.

"Five minutes ago," she answered. "I was very cowardly about it, it seemed so much to undertake, but Miss Fulton has reassured me, and I start, I believe, to-morrow afternoon."

There was a pause, scarcely perceptible, until the doctor spoke again.

"You intend to take up that dismal piece of work?"

Hope rose and faced him with one of her sunniest smiles.

"Do you really think me so cowardly, doctor?" she said, "after all the tragic experience you and I have gone through with together?"

"Cowardly!" The doctor's handsome young face glowed as he spoke. His kindly blue eyes rested upon the girl before him with something almost reverential. "My dear Miss Hope, can you suppose for an instant that is what I was thinking of? Do you remember last Christmas eve?"

Hope was silent for an instant. Her power of reminiscence seemed to lie in far away scenes—in a moorland village—in the ruins of an ancient monastery—in a London studio—in a somberly-toned French country—finally, in a room where the only man she had ever loved lay dying. Since then, any events outside of her actual hospital life had come and gone like shadows. She paused an instant, trying to understand to what he alluded. Meanwhile the young man was regarding her anxiously.

"I am afraid," she answered at last with a little apology in her voice, "that I do not quite remember."

"It was when we were dressing one of the wards," he said. "You may remember that you had asked me to get some bitter-sweet and holly for you to put in Miss Fulton's parlor, and also near the bed of that old sailor."

It was with a sigh that he continued:

"I told you then that it was hard for me to hold my peace about something very dear to me, and you said—to wait a little while and think it over—half-confidence you did not believe in."

Hope exclaimed eagerly:

"Did I say that? Believe me that if I thought you were in any trouble, if I could give you any help or consolation in any grief, I would gladly do it. I must have seemed very heartless."

"I have no half-confidence to give you now," he exclaimed. "You were not heartless; you could not be! I suppose you did not understand."

Hope again searched the recesses of her heart and mind. They seemed to be left vacant, the one kind of remembrance lying behind locked doors. Everything in her hospital life had engrossed her thoroughly, but it was like something experienced upon the upper stratum of what must be hidden. Dr. Collins had been to her the kindest and best of friends. In countless ways he had helped, taught and encouraged her. Could it be, that at a moment when he most needed her sympathy she had in some careless, selfish fashion, withheld it?

"It must have been my fault," she said, coming nearer to him and holding out her hand, "doctor, you have been so good a friend that I will tell you that there have been passages in my life which seem to have dulled or blunted some of my sensibilities and I suppose I was too selfish to see that you were in any trouble."

For an instant, Dr. Collins regarded Hope with a mingled look of surprise and inquiry, but the girl's fair face was unclouded by anything but the frankest sincerity. He could not doubt her entire misapprehension of what he had meant to say. The words which had been stifling him for days past rose to his lips and he almost uttered them, but something kept them back.

"Never mind now," he said quietly, "you will have enough to do in preparing for your new work, and as," he smiled, "I have been appointed one of the visiting board to the little Helstone Hospital, I shall see you often enough in the next few weeks to tell you all my woes."

He held his hand out, clasped hers for an instant and then set himself to work over the reports Miss Fulton had left them to investigate.

Hope, when she went across into the surgical department half an hour later, felt as though this decision, which it seemed Miss Fulton had made for her, gave a new sense of freedom and activity to her life. As Miss Fulton said, the feeling of responsibility would do her good. She had

a pleasant word and a smile for everyone whom she passed in the corridors, even for the poor half-demented creature who was allowed the freedom of the place, since for twenty years it had been her home, and who had attached herself to Hope in a pathetic, almost canine fashion.

"Well, Betty," Hope said, taking the poor creature's hands tenderly in her own, "How do you feel to-day?"

Betty shook her head and began to moan.

"Bad, Miss, very bad. I hear you are going away."

There was a chair in the corridor by one of the small tables and Hope, seating herself upon it, drew poor Betty towards her.

"But it won't be far, Betty," she said very gently," and Miss Fulton will let you come and see me often."

The dull face lightened and Betty's hands clasped Hope's firmly.

"Make her put it down in writing, Miss," she said, "and I'll keep it, so they won't deceive me."

"Come with me now," said Hope, rising and taking one of the listless hands of the girl in hers, "I am going to see that poor man whose spine was so badly hurt."

Hope, as she walked down the corridor with Betty's hand tightly clasped in her own, realized to the full what Miss Fulton had so often and impressively said. Interest, sympathy of the deepest kind in one's fellow creatures, power for good even over what is evil, there may be in the ordinary run of hospital life, but romance never. No good ever came of idealizing it, for the practical side is always uppermost and one's sense of heroism fails, if it be not of the right sort, before such duties as the worker for the sufferer must encounter. Perhaps the greatest comfort Hope Harding had found in the past year had been in the fact that she had felt no sense of the heroic, no periods of enthusiasm in her work, but the consciousness that she faced humanity at its saddest, and was able to stretch out her hand with a mite of alleviation in it.

Chapter XVII.

The epidemic at Helstone had been one which spread itself chiefly among the children of the poorer classes, and the workers in a factory situated in a marshy bend of a very unsavory river. Naturally, all the inhabitants of the town feared contagion, since, although the doctors gave it no very bad name, fever was known to be one of the prominent symptoms, and among the children a sore throat had been frequently fatal.

Helstone had a sort of Hospital—more properly speaking, an Infirmary—but when this disease began to spread, and the very College Professors took the matter in hand and roused the Board of Health from the apathy of years, it was decided that a wing of the old almshouse which was seldom used should be converted into an hospital. Accordingly Miss Fulton had been communicated with, and as a result Hope Harding, or "Miss Hope," accepted the position of head nurse, taking with her two competent nurses, which with the two fledglings who had had charge of the "Infirmary," were deemed a sufficient staff—at least to begin with.

By that curious and yet sweet faculty Hope had of attaching all creatures to her, she had won the confidence and affection of two sisters who were nearly through their second year at the Schuylkill, and who at first had been inclined to rebel against the amount of authority Miss Fulton gave her protegee. But it was impossible long to resist Hope's sweet, sympathetic yet dignified way—and the "Lester girls," as Margaret and Joanna Lester were called, succumbed very soon. When it was made known that "Miss Hope" was appointed to take charge of the Helstone Hospital, they were only too delighted to have an offer to accompany her. Hope was glad of their eagerness. It lifted a certain despondency from her heart about the work she had undertaken. It gave her the sense of relief from personal isolation which had at times been almost unbearable. The Lesters had months since testified to their affection and fidelity: they had tried to do any little thing which would please her, and showed their absolute respect for the beautiful, dignified woman whom they had at first slighted. But Hope had cared little for this. It might be caprice or policy. Now, a voluntary sacrifice of personal comfort, possible renown, or even any interesting phases of Hospital life, moved her strangely. Something, these now ardent friends touched in her heart, which woke up her old free self. Confidence returned. It might seem to many a slight cause for such satisfaction, but, as the wagon conveying Hope and her companions crossed

the bridge dividing Helstone proper from what was known as "The Flats," the girl raised her eyes to the autumn sky—felt a thrill of her old delight in the russet hues of the country and was glad—for the first time in months—that she was alive!

Full directions had been given Hope. One of the "Board" and the Infirmary Physician were to meet the party at the newly organized Hospital, and Miss Fulton, as well as Doctor Collins, had expressly stipulated that "Miss Hope's" authority as head-nurse was to be absolute. At best, the Hospital would only be a make-shift for the present emergency. Later, if the town council, etc., etc., etc., saw fit, it might be continued as a regularly Trusteed, Boarded, Committeed and Lady Directressed affair.

"Here we are, Miss," the driver said suddenly, and Hope roused herself from a reverie to look about.

They were on one of the dreariest streets in Helstone Flats. To the left was a tangled sort of hedgerow, broken by cottages of a poor description and presenting an almost hopeless aspect. They seemed to have drifted there because Helstone proper had discarded them all. To the right was the almshouse. That part in constant use was a square frame building, whitewashed, and desolate in appearance. Happily the so-called "wing" which Hope was to convert into an Hospital was detached; separated from the other by a wide stretch of stone-flagged courtyard, where tiny weeds sprouted between the stones and where it seemed the desolation of the whole place concentrated. The wing was long and narrow, two stories high and with wide, lofty, dreary-looking windows. Anything more unpromising could not be imagined, and Hope, fresh from the comforts and the refinements of the Hospital in Philadelphia, felt for a moment that her courage must fail. But one glance in the direction of the Lesters nerved and braced her into a cheerful aspect. Their usually bright faces were ludicrously downcast. Margaret's mouth drooped pitifully; Joanna's dark brows had drawn together in despair.

"Well, we've plenty of work before us," Hope said brightly. "Let us see how much pluck and ability we can show."

Her voice inspired them somewhat and they tried at least to assume some cheerfulness of demeanor, as they descended from the wagon and followed Hope into the courtyard.

A side door in the wing opened, and a gentleman hurried forward to greet the little party.

"You will find your quarters as comfortable as we could make them, Miss Hope," the gentleman hastened to say." "I must introduce myself as Doctor Ward. I have been appointed here. This fever is spreading so fast we had to hurry things considerably, but in a day or two you will set all things right, I am sure."

Hope's response and thanks were uttered—the Lesters were introduced, and the Doctor, after giving certain instructions in regard to the luggage which was expected, turned and led the way to the door from which he had emerged.

"Your rooms are here," he said, looking with evident satisfaction upon Hope, who walked beside him. "You won't find things very comfortable, but any help you want shall be given and the women at the almshouse can clean and work for you. Everything had to be hurried, you see—we *must* move at least twenty patients here to-morrow."

Hope tried to smile brightly and cheerfully, but it was certainly hard to do so, when, on following the Doctor into the hallway, and to a room on the right, the desolate cheerlessness of the place seemed so oppressive.

The room was to be her own "Sanctum"—her sleeping apartment being overhead. Whitewashed walls, cracked and seared, a floor irregularly boarded, creaking, and carpetless; mouldy wainscot and tall windows on two sides of the room, with shaky-looking lintels and small panes of glass; such were the first impressions! There were half a dozen pieces of furniture in the bare room, and the one spot of good cheer seemed in the open fire, a wood fire on a generous hearth.

"In time all this can be put in order," the Doctor said, becoming suddenly aware how very uninviting it was. "Here, you see," leading the way into a smaller room adjoining—"Here you can have your meals—and you can see"—drawing back a pair of folding doors, "here is your own kitchen—it can be soon put to rights."

Hope said something as brightly as possible, and the Doctor led the way up stairs into a room about the size of the one below. It was furnished barely, with an adjoining room which the Lesters could have to themselves.

"Now for the wards," he continued,

and the three "volunteers" followed him across the hall into a corridor with four rather hopeful-looking rooms which could be used as wards, and which already contained twenty or thirty beds, some chairs and tables.

"This used to be the almshouse infirmary," he explained, "but the Board last year decided to have it all under the same roof and this place has not since been used."

There were windows at intervals along the corridor, and for an instant or two while the Doctor was talking to the Lesters, Hope loitered behind them and stood looking out upon the dreary stone-flagged courtyard bounded by the almshouse building. A shiver of dread, of disgust, could not be repressed. The forlornness of the place emphasized the complete cutting adrift from the old life, and a rebellious moment sent something very wretched into the girl's mind. The doorway of the almshouse opened, some old men trooped slowly out and took their places in the one sunshiny spot of their special yard. Some women followed, then a tall slip of a girl, holding a baby in her arms. They walked about. They seemed to be talking quite contentedly, to judge from their gestures, and Hope felt one of the rushes of compassion which always were so swift to follow on her dejected or rebellious moods. Life, humanity, the needs of her fellow beings! These forces appealed to the girl with all the strength which in former days had helped her to charitable work, and it seemed as though the past with its keen interests and high endeavors confronted her; a challenge from the old days of heroic ideals—of lofty and sustaining impulses.

She hastened forward to join the others, and to himself Doctor Ward said with surprise:

"What a beautiful woman! What a marvelous combination of purity and strength." Ten minutes before he had thought her very charming, no doubt, but rather lifeless.

Chapter XVIII.

When they returned to the rooms assigned to the head-nurse, the little range in Hope's kitchen had been lighted by one of the almshouse assistants, of whom Doctor Ward had spoken, a middle-aged woman, too superior, it seemed to Hope, to be dependent upon the town for her daily bread. Certain provisions had been sent and preparations were going forward to form some sort of evening meal. Doctor Ward expressing the hope that they could make themselves comfortable for the night, at least, explained that he had to leave, but would be at hand very early in the morning.

"We must get some of the patients in by twelve o'clock," he said. "Then there will be a meeting of the Board and regulations to be made. Don't be disheartened," he added presently; "I must say you don't look like a very old and experienced person, but I am sure you will do this very well."

Hope laughed.

"Miss Fulton and Doctor Collins must be blamed if I do not give satisfaction," she said, looking brightly into the Doctor's face. "They were my references, you know."

"I do not think we need disquiet ourselves," the Doctor said, holding out his hand for goodnight and taking in every detail of the sweet face lifted to his. "I fancy, Miss Hope, that you are what the Italians call *simpatica*, which, if it does not descend to sentimentality in work, is the very best quality in the career which you have chosen."

When he had left them Hope stood still for an instant in the centre of the cheerless room, recalling his words. They had startled her, but only after the fashion in which came the formulation of what we really have known all along. Of course she had to admit to herself that she had "chosen a career." The sight of the Lesters standing dolefully in one of the great curtainless windows aroused her from any consideration of herself.

"Come, girls!" she said brightly, "let us go up and inspect our rooms. I saw that the trunks had arrived. Let us try and make things a little homelike if we can."

An hour later, Hope and her companions had completely aroused themselves from any despondency they had felt on arriving. There was a decided sense of fascination in the idea which Hope elaborated for the benefit of her companions, that they had the whole place to themselves to "transform, reform and uniform," as Margaret Lester said gaily in answer to one of Hope's merry remarks.

The woman from the almshouse proved to be a gentle, respectful creature, to whom Hope spoke as encouragingly as possible,

and with Margaret's assistance a really nice supper was set out, in spite of the fact that the table service was of the cheapest quality, but Hope had learned for months past to drink out of thick cups with no handles and eat off plates that seemed made of cast-iron. The woman—Mrs. Mahony by name—had a cot put up in one of the small rooms near Hope's, and the fact of her being with them prevented the peculiar sense of loneliness from which Joanna Lester, at least, declared she would have suffered terribly.

Ten o'clock saw the little party ready enough for retiring. Hope and Margaret Lester went to the door of their corridor and looked out for a few moments at the white line of the almshouse, showing clearly against the chilly starlit sky.

"Will it ever seem *home-like?*" Margaret said in a half whisper and with a little fluttering sigh.

"We must make it so," answered her young "chieftainess" with bright decision. "After to-morrow, Margaret, I mean to set to work and make my 'sanctum' as cosy as I can,—so that all who come in there will feel *something* like the welcome we always had in Miss Fulton's room."

"You can do it, Miss Hope." Margaret's tone had revived and she glanced up with a mingled admiration and reverence at Hope's profile in the pale light.

"With your help—I want you and your sister to feel we are all working hand in hand and heart with heart."

But it was with a strange feeling of loneliness, of having completely severed herself from old ties, from warmer relationships, that Hope, when she found herself in the cheerless seclusion of her own room, sat down to think over all that this decided step of hers might involve. A fire had been lighted in her room. Its glow concentrated all that there was to suggest a welcome or homelike suggestiveness, and Hope seated herself in the one easy-chair the room could boast of, her eyes on the sinking flame, while she revolved slowly the events of the past thirteen months: since, on that awful October day, she had fled from the man she loved because she knew that, as it were, a very messenger from Heaven seemed to point out to her that strength, that safety, that fulfilling the ordinance of the Divine lay in flight!

How had it fared with her—how with him since that dreadful day of parting? Once a month she had written him a brief letter, Miss Fulton through a trusted friend managing that it should be mailed from a distant place, for Hope would give him no clue to her whereabouts, and through the same medium, letters from Palfrey, as brief as hers, reached Hope. How could he write what he felt? He told her that he was searching for Joan Fettermore—he hoped—he prayed that he could find her and learn in some way that his first marriage had been illegal. He said little of himself. He did not ask her to come back, but the ring of a man's despair was in every line and between them, to the woman who read and re-read these letters with a prayer for resignation or *conformity* always in her heart and reaching her lips in agonized supplication. To the Hardings, her sole relations of any near kinship, she wrote in the same way. She begged them to believe that no *fault* on either side had caused the separation and that a brighter day *might* come. Until then she asked to be left unhindered in a charitable work she had undertaken. Her own small income reached her regularly through the same source as her very meagre mail. It more than sufficed for her needs in Hospital work. Here in this forlorn, needy place it could be well spent.

These past thirteen months seemed to have included a lifetime, so completely did they remove her from her other existence, so entirely out of the former grooves had they taken her. At first she had been feverishly anxious to work hard, and among the most trying cases, but Miss Fulton checked this.

"My dear," she had said one day, "you must not rush into it like this. It will not do you any good. Take it slowly. Let it become part of your daily life. Then you will not tire of the work, nor it of you."

And so she had composed herself to a calmer fashion of working, had studied, gone about as she was told, and gained a more peaceful possession of life and of her soul. The patience she had prayed for came: the strength to be daily and gratefully active in a good work was given her, and that joyous past, that perfect time of sunshine and content came to be a less torturing memory.

But, the very mechanism and enforced self-control of her life had made her hopeless of any change. She thought of Palfrey hourly, wondered where and how he was, thought of his every look and gesture,

every word and tone, missed the fine flavor of his comradeship as well as the strength and power of his love, yet hourly taught herself to think of it as belonging to a past never to be revived.

And Joan Fettermore, the woman who in "God's sight" she knew truly was his wife, where was she? Hope had sought vainly to find her. She had determined, if possible, to bring about another meeting and learn more of the woman's life, her past, her traditions. There had been a time when she resolved to visit the old mining camp where Palfrey had lain ill and Paul Fettermore had betrayed him into the hands of his sister; but on inquiry she found the settlement had been of those transient ones, common to the far West, failure resulting in desertion, and an expedition thither would have been fruitless. But some faint clues had reached her only lately, and she had a hope that perhaps Joan might be found.

Naturally, the Hardings held but slight communication with her. The mystery in her separation from Palfrey emphasized what they considered its disgrace, and so Hope's identity and her whereabouts were the better concealed. No one cared to find her, and as for Palfrey, he had been seen but for one week in London since that tragic honeymoon. Now, so it was said, he had gone to Algiers.

Hope sat until long after midnight slowly reviewing the past year—slowly, and with heavy heart-beats, pledging herself to a whole-souled absorption in the new work she had undertaken. If this first crude effort proved successful, there was no doubt but that so crowded a factory town as Helstone would insist upon the establishment of a regularly endowed or incorporated Hospital. It was to Hope as though she kept a vigil over the armor which on the morrow she must take up and wear for a good cause, fearlessly and bravely. Impulses to desert her post came with sudden eagerness, but the very remembrance of that last farewell, what it had meant, what it involved, checked and sent them flying from her. When the fire burned low, she rose, and walking to one of the great windows in her cheerless room, knelt on a chair and looked out at the country stretching cold and desolate under the starlit sky. Warmer remembrances could not but return.

Her lover—her husband! What if she had but let her scruples go to the winds—have accepted the passionate and alluring sophistry in which he believed! The girl let her head fall upon her hands! He seemed *so* near her! The very feeling of his lips seemed upon her own, and she could hear him say that she "did not love him!" Hope almost moaned aloud, and, as many times before, paced the floor, praying for strength to hold and clasp her own beliefs nearer to her heart! How many years must go by like this? How could she endure it? The look of the star-strewn heavens brought her back to her better self. He would ask no more than she could bear; and then suddenly came the sound of steps along the courtyard—a wagon was being driven in, There was a knocking at the lower door, and Hope, seizing her lamp, flew down the rickety stairs to open it.

Doctor Ward was standing outside. Two men were by the wagon.

"We shall have to begin hospital work sooner than I thought, Miss Hope," the doctor said. "There was an accident in the town, and, knowing your surgical skill, we had the case brought directly here, as to-morrow we might not be able to move the patient."

It was but the work of a few moments to waken Margaret Lester and Mrs. Mahony, and at Hope's suggestion the patient, a young woman, was carried into the very smallest of the wards, which had been well heated all day. The lamps in ward and corridor were lighted, and Hope was once more only the deft, well-trained pupil of Miss Fulton, every instinct of her new profession keenly aroused.

In hospital work the most sympathetic, the tenderest, the most emotional natures can learn in emergencies a peculiar self-control or personal abstraction which keeps them from observing a patient otherwise than as a "case," until he or she is diagnosed—made comfortable—treated. So it happened that Hope thought of nothing familiar in the pale, pinched face of this first patient at Helstone until she found herself alone at the girl's bedside. Then, like a strange and lurid flash, the evening at the Hurstley reading, the hour in the Priory ruins came back, for the poor, silent, perhaps dying creature she was gazing upon could be no other than Joan's cousin—Agnes Fettermore.

Lucy C. Lillie.

(*To be Concluded.*)

GUENN AT HOME.

(*Continued.*)



CLOUDS and mist usually hang over and enfold the rugged coast of Brittany. This very grayness lends interest and sentiment to the landscape, and makes it the favorite resort of painters, both French and American. And this dull climate, with its scant sunlight, has an effect on the peasantry, for the Bretons are not light-hearted and gay, like the dwellers in the south of France, but their natures are tinged with a sadness and quietness that harmonize well with their sombre surroundings. But as the skies are not always gray and lowering in Brittany, so there are occasional gleams of pleasure and pastime in the hard, rough life of the sturdy Carcarneau peasant. These little sunny gleams in their dull life take the form of "*Pardons*" and marriages. The first fête and festival combined, viz., "The Pardon," is universal all over France, but especially in superstitious Brittany is it looked upon with great favor. When a Pardon is announced to take place in some little church, in some small remote village, a throb of joy is felt in almost every rustic breast for miles around. For the promised celebration combines pardon for past sins, absolution for future ones, meetings with friends, a trysting place for lovers, and a feast and amusements for all.

To an artist, it is a fine field for the study of the peasant character. Such devotion in upturned faces and eyes, such religious rapture in the countenances of the young girls, as the Virgin is borne about the church, and such penitence and humility in some of the old farmers. One old man with flowing white locks and ruddy cheeks, seemed made for a canvas. He was easily approached, and a bargain concluded in which he promised to trudge into the next town, a distance of six miles, for an early pose. It is only necessary to add he kept his word, and daily appeared in his wedding garments that he had worn nearly seventy years before.

Religion and entertainments go hand in hand at the Breton "Pardons." A short service in the old gray church, a murmured confession, mostly concerning brawls occasioned by too much drinking of hard cider, a tour of the church, candle in hand and bared head, and then, the world, the world in the Breton sense, has full sway. And this bright spot sheds a ray for many a day into the peasants' prosaic, hard-worked lives.



A little more cheerful, but to a spectator solemn to a marked degree, is the marriage festival.

Hearing that a well-to-do farmer was to marry a neighboring heiress, and that it would be a typical wedding, continuing for three days and ending with a "largesse" of food to the poor, we wended our way to the little inn on the high-road. We took our places on a stone wall opposite, and became silent but alert observers. Two musicians with Boreas faces and distended cheeks, worked industriously on an old bagpipe and clarionette, perched up on a table by the door. Through this streamed the wedding guests in festal array. The



groom was distinguished from his comrades by some tinsel flowers in his hat, while the bride was bedizened with the same, together with numerous ribbons, and a string of orange blossoms that was tied to her girdle and fell over her apron. Every now and then, a group, inspired with the cracked strains from the bagpipe, would start off in the dance in the dusty road, if dance it could be called. It was more like the prancing of heifers, or like the childish game of crack the whip, or "follow my leader." The most noticeable feature of the performance was the utter solemnity of the dancers; no smile seemed to play over their features, but the most stolid, set expression remained on their scrubbed, rosy faces. This dance was carried on at intervals for three days; the intervals being taken up by the guests in eating plain, solid food and drinking very sour cider; this at their own expense. The last day, however, as the couple were well off, food was served out gratuitously to the very poor.

When one looks into the life of a wedded Breton couple, the seriousness and the solemnity can be accounted for. The wife is never treated as an equal after marriage. During the courtship, which is very short, she has a little deference or tenderness shown her, but when she assumes the duties of her household she becomes a mere drudge, so that at the marriage festival she bids good bye in plaintive tones to her former joys, "if joys they be," and to her companions, the groom doing the same. So it is needless to say that the future dreary round of work hangs like a spectre about the village peasant weddings.

Before leaving the home of Guenn, a few words must be said about the charming farm-houses, that nestle everywhere in this delightful country. If their exteriors, with whitewashed walls, curious shaped windows, and thatched roofs are interesting and picturesque, how much more are the interiors, when one is permitted to intrude on the domestic life of the peasant folks. If ever spot or room suggested a fairy story, it is the living room of a Breton farmer. The fire-place usurps one end of the room, and is so large and open that the whole family could fly up the chimney on a broomstick, if they belonged to the Coterie of Witches. Always of stone, its sides are furnished with old wooden settles which seem made for a forlorn Cinderella to sit upon and bemoan her fate, while above, on rickety shelves, are jumbled together the most artistic utensils, full of the richest color. There one sees old earthenware bowls, and plates of yellow and brown mellowed by the fire, coarse images of saints, and almost always a great wooden, painted crucifix. Next comes the bed sunk into the wall, and covered with doors like a closet. These doors are the

enemies of tourists and painters, for they are covered with grotesque figures and lattice work, and blackened by age. Leaning up against the bed, an inseparable companion is the great carved, oaken press, filled with coarse homemade linen and family treasures. No bride in this land would think herself fitted out unless she brought this wardrobe to her husband's home, well filled with the fruits of her industry, any more than an Italian contadina would think she was complete without her heirloom earrings, or an Alaskan-Indian squaw without her lip-ornament of silver. The floors of these farm parlors are of earth; the other pieces of furniture, rude and heavy, but all in keeping. So, no wonder, with such a setting, with robust figures in rich low-toned dresses, and white caps, the French artists can make such charming pictures of low life. Such is then the real "entourage" of the Ideal Guenn, and it is no wonder that those who see the true pictures, so like the ones vividly portrayed in the novel, believe the heroine and her sad fate to be reality. *Walter Satterlee.*







PET-LORE FOR PET-LOVERS.

VI.

THE DOG.

THE elevation of the dog to his present high place in the hearts of our countrywomen is not a peculiarity of the time or place, it is not even new. Among the records of manners and customs which have come down to us from the past, we have the account of an eccentric French nobleman who, more than a hundred years ago, had his own table spread to accommodate his dozen or more of dogs, each animal being provided with plate, napkin and chair, and making use of them in company with his master. Even so early as the Sixteenth Century, in England, at a time when it was the greatest honor possible to offer a guest, that he should occupy the bed with his host, room had also to be provided for the tribe of dogs common in the great houses of the day, who had also a right to the couch of their master. Hence, no doubt, the necessity for beds of the vast proportions of the famous "great bed of Ware," which remains to us as a curiosity, being twelve feet square.

Blanche Willis Howard has painted for us, in her latest novel, the dog at his present point of vantage over the human. Who shall dare to predict what he will be when he has completed the subjugation of the race?

In thinking of the dog as a pet, the mind involuntarily turns to the favorites in our city homes, the curled darlings of the drawing-room, the blanketed and bedecked little beasts, whose toilet is as elaborate as a child's, and whose belongings, in the way of baskets, tubs, toilet and table service, clothing, playthings, ribbons, and even jewelry, have become so formidable that it will be no surprise to hear any day that every dog must have his own apartment, as many already have their own maids. A weekly column of the changing fashions will follow as a matter of course. The next step will doubtless be entertainments, dinners, luncheons and five o'clock teas; a private carriage is next in order, and a set of servants, if not indeed a separate establishment altogether, must be the end. Such, at least, is the trend of events; what cataclysm of nature or society may come to relegate the dog to his original second place in the animal kingdom, no one can foresee.

But, while we laugh at the follies of our time, let us not forget that these unnatural products of luxury are but a small part of the great dog-world. Let us remember the companions and playmates of our childhood, the dearly-loved "family dog." Even then will still remain unmentioned the vast army of the canine race, the hunters, the bearers of burdens, the draught animals, the sheep-herders, the guardians and rescuers of men. Always and everywhere the dog may be found with man, his most useful servant, his most faithful friend, or his most exacting tyrant, as man himself (which means also woman) shall elect.

It is with the house-dog only that we

have to do now. Let us begin with the smaller, the so-called toy-dogs. The favorite for several years, especially with people who do not aspire to the "latest thing in dogs," has been the pug. The really charming qualities of this little fellow, his good nature, sweet temper, love of children and merry pranks, have made his reign unusually long. Every few weeks a paragraph goes the rounds of the newspapers with the ominous heading "Puggy must go," or "A New Dog on the Horizon." Yet, as a matter of fact, puggy does not go, and his quaint little black muzzle continues to be seen, as usual, everywhere. So winning indeed is he that it is only persons who exalt fashion above affection, and change their dog as they do their dress, who will discard him because a newer fashion has arisen. It is said that the pug came from China in the reign of William III., and it is evident that he came to stay. The perfect pug should be broad and thick of body, with straight legs, and not more than fifteen inches high. His head should be nearly square across the top, and his velvety black ears should hang over in front. In color, his delicate fawn skin must be "set off" by a jet-black face up to the eyes, a mark on the skull and a line down the back, all markings clear cut and sharply defined. The tighter he can manage to curl his absurd little tail the greater his pretentions to pure blood. As a house watch-dog and generally desirable companion that will not require too much care, he can hardly be excelled.

On the other hand the pug takes kindly to the luxuries of life. He submits amiably to bathing, brushing, teeth cleaning and blanketing, consents to wear the embroidered coat and the jewelled collar, the bows and the bangles which fashion prescribes. He prefers to go about on his own stout legs, but he does not object to riding in a carriage, or a traveling dog-satchel if desired. The price in vulgar dollars of so much gentleness, affection and fun, has been from one to five hundred, but since his star is said to be on the wane, he may sometimes be bought for much less.

The French poodle is perhaps the most teachable of the house pets. It is one of this family whom Sir John Lubbock has taught to express his wishes in human fashion. Not, to be sure, by spoken, but by written language. This learned personage selects from a numerous collection a card bearing the word "food," "water," "tea" or "out," according to the desire in his mind. The experiment is said to be entirely successful, the dog never makes a mistake, and has learned to put aside the natural doggish way of expressing himself for the artificial manner of man.

The French poodle is always the best trick dog, the dancer, the performer, the show animal of our museums. Another valuable quality, from the pet-owner's point of view, is his willingness to be decorated, which some dogs object to. The poodle will not only go about with his curling black coat shaved in fantastic style, without the mortification that would crush many dogs, but he will submit gracefully to any size of bows, wear bracelets on his shaven legs, bangles on his silver collar, boots on his feet, and any other adornment which the lively imagination of his mistress may suggest. He is a small philosopher whom nothing disconcerts, and his price is always a fancy one.

For drawing-room amusement nothing can be prettier than one of the tiny long-haired family, the tender-hearted and entertaining skye-terrier, one of whom Mrs. Browning has immortalized in verse; the blue-tan of Yorkshire, with silky hair sweeping the ground, and no countenance to be seen; the white-coated Maltese, or the dainty Dandie Dinmont. Or one of the toy spaniels; the sensitive King Charles in black and reddish tan coat; the affectionate Blenheim, in white marked with lemon color. Both these little creatures are beautiful, with long silky hair to the tips of their toes, faithful as watch-dogs, and well-bred in manners. They are always desirable and always costly, and they require so much care that they will never be common.

A later fashion in our country is the Japanese pug, with a coat like the spaniel and a tail like the pug. A dog so hard to import and accustom to our climate that he is as yet rare.

Of the short-haired, the old black-and-tan was long ago dismissed from the parlor, where, however, a copy of him in miniature—the toy terrier—still holds place. These well-named "toy" dogs are of all sizes, down to four inches in height, and are dainty and pretty pets, although rather uncertain in temper. Their price increases as their size diminishes.

A dog that has been in favor in New York is the bull-terrier, and pure brindle is the preferred color, or white with a brindle

patch over one eye. A great drawback to the pleasure of owning one of this family is his quarrelsome disposition.

The fox terrier, white, with black-and-tan markings on the head, has rather passed his day, having become common, consequently undesirable.

It is plain that nature did not design the small dog for the position he now occupies as pet, for she neglected to provide him with a convenient arrangement for lifting. The cat is equipped for handling with her loose skin ; the rabbit, as everybody knows, is furnished with long ears for the purpose. Some of the monkeys and lemurs carry stiffly erect their stout tails, thereby plainly offering them for this use, and never resent it when the offer is accepted.

The dog, on the contrary, was evidently intended to take care of himself, but an ingenious man, seeing the imperative demand for an improvement in his anatomy, too pressing to wait for the slow process of evolution, has—it is said—met the crying need of the hour, by the invention of a dog-handle.

These playthings of the parlor are not the only dogs of the household, nor even the exclusive pets of ladies. Several of the larger varieties are quite as popular. The biggest of all, the St. Bernard, is always a favorite, and is probably the noblest in character of the whole canine family, for while perfectly gentle and kind, he is also a trustworthy protector in time of need. The most desired color is orange-fawn, with white feet, white on breast and tail. He is a grand creature, and his price is apt to be in the thousands.

Much valued also by the lovers of big dogs is the English mastiff, whose special line of usefulness is guardian of children or of grounds. The pure-blooded dog has a smooth coat of stone color or fawn, with black muzzle and ears, and a look in his eye that forbids trifling. He has not the generous disposition of his rival, the St. Bernard, nor the tolerance of other dogs, necessary to peaceful life in a city. Above all, he has a strong sense of personal dignity, and the best-loved master or mistress may easily offend him past endurance. Considered as a house-dog, he must be acknowledged a failure. His place is the country and out-of-doors. His money value ranks with that of the St. Bernard.



AN ENGLISH SETTER.

In looking at the varieties of a family noted for its subserving to the human race, it is really refreshing to come upon one with a reputation for independence of character. When is added to this, strong, individuality, musical intelligence and a

beautiful coat of long, dark-red hair, the great attractiveness of the red Irish setter is understood. Well as man likes the unquestioning obedience of his dog, he cannot fail to respect one having opinions of his own. The master or mistress of a red Irish setter is always warmly attached to him.

The most truly delightful of dog-pets, in the opinion of many people, is the cocker spaniel. In character and disposition he is everything desirable. He is lively, yet gentle; watchful, yet never cross, and is certainly one of the most beautiful of his race.

Ladies, who are for the most part the pet-keepers of our cities, have become somewhat educated in the matter of the treatment necessary to health. But there is one point on which mistresses are apt to fail, and that is exercise. Some of the little unfortunates indeed live so unnaturally that they are obliged to take exercise in an "exercise box." Whatever that may be, it can never take the place of the daily run out of doors indispensable to the health of an active animal like a dog. As to food, it is almost hopeless to speak of it, so hard it is to deny the pet anything he wants, a bit of the candy we are eating, a taste of the rich cake he asks for so coaxingly.

The sun of a new day has already appeared above the horizon, or more truly, an old dog is about to "have his day," according to the old saying. This tribe has grown and flourished for ages on the canals of Holland; his life has been spent in the service of its boatmen. A good fortune (or is it ill fortune?) has suddenly come to him; he has reached with one bound the drawing-rooms of England. Need we predict his speedy trip across the water and the throne awaiting him in New York? He is intelligent and good-tempered. He is—it must be admitted—the most formidable rival yet brought forward of the pug. If it is on the books that "Puggy must go," he will probably abdicate now.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE TWISTIFICATIONS OF MOLLY MALLOY.



SURE, Molly's the most unfortunate crayther that iver you see," said Donal, "for misunderstandin' gintale conversayshun intirely. Sure, no matther what you're pleased to say, she'll take it in its literary sinse; like as whin, in spakin' of the great shower of rain we had, the praste said 'the windys of heaven were opened.' 'It's right your riverence is,' says Molly, 'for faith I heard the smashin' of one of the panes.' And if the stupid gurrl wasn't afther gazin' up into the skoi, to see if the windy had heen shut.

"Molly's me cousin, sorr, as we make it out in Ireland, and very aisy reckonin' it is; for, in straight descint backwards, me greatgrandfeyther and Tim O'Gorman's greatgrandmother were brothers, and Tim's wife's grandmother and Molly's stepmother's feyther's uncle were sisters.

"So you see that whin Molly's feyther was transported and her mother died, me feyther couldn't let his own flesh and blood perish with hunger, and he took her in, and we were brought up like two twinses, in the same cradle. Well, there was niver enough of anythin' in the shanty for two babies, and whin Molly had the sup of milk I hollered with an empty stomach, and, whin

I was covered up with the bed quilt, she ran around to keep herself warm, which is my understandin' of how it happened that I got all the brains and she got all the good looks. There wasn't enough of ayther for the two of us. And sure its a beauty Molly is intirely, with the purtiest rid cheeks and black hair that reaches down to the knees of her. And great rollin' eyes, soft and gentle, and set wide apart in the honest face of her like those of a little Kerry cow; eyes that always looked you straight in the face and yet niver seemed to see nothin'. She was niver sinsible that you were pokin' fun at her, and she hadn't a mimory long enough to remimber an onkoindness.

"She nursed me feyther when he died of the faver, and she cared for me poor bedrid mother, and kept me at school, and dug the pertaties, and did all the work there was to be done, till I was grown a man in size. Sorra a bit of thanks did she get for that same. For, by the same token, the more you give a bye the iddication of a gintleman, the more he'll look down on thim that slaved thimsilves to death to raise him; leastwise it was that way with me, sorr, and me pet name for Molly in thim days was: 'You blunderin' ignyramus of a grane cabbage-head!' And sure it would have angered a saint to have seen the stupid things that Molly did, all the time tryin' her very best to moind what I said, all through the thick-headedness of her understandin'.

"Well, one day I brought home a piece of mate, and its not often we had the luxury of a beefsteak in thim days, and, by the same token, Molly had no more idea how she should cook it than if it was the dinner of an imperor.

"'Put it on with a cabbage-head!' says I, 'and sure an illegant biled dinner we'll be afther makin'.' With that I took me hoe and went to work at the end of the lot. But, howly saints! when I came back hungry for me dinner, what did I see but the pig munchin' the beefsteak forninst the cottage, and Molly going about her wurruk singin' as merrily as a lark in the mornin'.

"'Why, Donal, dear,' says Molly, 'you said put it on a cabbage-head, and first I thought it was my own head yees was manin', for that is what you're always callin' me, and thin I thought it couldn't be that sure, and so I laid it on the biggest cabbage in the yard. Its thinkin' about things that muddles me up, and afther this, Donal, dear, I'll niver think about anythin',' and the tears riz in her eyes as she spoke. 'And, oh! Donal, do yees think it will do the pig any harm?'

"Well, I was that mad I could have bate her, but a Malloy is always a gintleman, and niver bates a lady—savin' and exceptin' his lawful wedded wife. 'Molly, Molly,' says I, 'this is past all bearin', sure its lavin you I am, for his holiness the Pope couldn't live with you afther this,' says I.

"'Just as you plaze, Donal dear,' says Molly; 'but if you're goin' away, I'll go wid ye, for sure I couldn't live widout you.'

"I made her no answer, but just struck out across the fields, not rightly knowin' or carin' which way I wint; but happenin' to look round I saw her followin' afther.

"'If you will be comin',' says I, 'draw the doore to behind you;' for I misthrusted that while she went back to shut the doore, I could get well out of sight of her. To do this the better, I made straight for a bit of boggy woods, and lapin' into the midst of it, I went crashin' me way through till, before I knew it, I was in the open bog, and a-sinkin' deeper with every plunge in the bad ground. This brought me to me sinses, and I tried to turn round and come back; but I was in a sort of quicksand, and the more I struggled the more I sank, 'till I was up to me waistband in the cowld, clammy mud that was like soon to be the death of me. Well, I hollered and I bellered, without any likelihood of making mesilf heard in that lone place, and with the illegant prospect of having me mouth soon stopped with the mud; and I had about givin' mesilf up to me fate when I heard Molly callin', 'Donal, where are you, Donal?'

"'Here, Molly darlint,' says I; 'but look careful where you're steppin', and forgive me for all the evil things I've said of you, for its dyin' I am.'

"'Whist! Donal, be aisy; I'll git you out,' says she.

"'Ye can't do it,' says I; 'for even if you should lay down a log for me to catch on to, I misthrust it wouldn't bear me up; what I need is a flat boat, and there's no time for the gettin' of that, for I'm sinkin' deeper ivery minute.'

"'By the same token, it's this that I've brought the doore for,' says she. With that she laid the doore of our cottage flat-wise on the bog, and I managed to crawl upon it and to get safe to sound land.

"'And how, in the name of all the saints, did you happen to have the doore wid ye?' says I, as she scraped the mud off me trousers. 'Why, Donal, dear,' says she, 'don't you mind how you towld me to *draw the doore too behind me?* Sure, I'd have been here the sooner but for the thrubble I had gettin' it off its hinges and tyin' the halter well around it and draggin' it afther me through the wood.'

"I was sinsible enough that it was Molly's blunderin' that had saved my life, and she looked so purty, with her cheeks a-flamin' and her eyes a-shinin', that I kissed



her thin and there; and as I did so, I minded how she had said that she couldn't live widout me; and a new idee come into my head and nearly knocked me sinseless. I thought that Molly might be even more satisfacthory as a wife than as a cousin, and what a fool I had been not to have thought of it all these years. I was afraid to ask her right out would she marry me, knowin' how much it would surprise her, and misthrustin' that no one had iver axed her before. So I waited till we had eaten our pertaties that avenin', and as I was sittin' on the doore-sill smokin' my pipe and Molly was washin' the dishes, I says, careless-like:

"'Molly, did you iver think of bein' married?'

"'That same I have, Donal,' says she.

"'Well, what have yees thought about it?' says I.

"'I've about made up me moind,' says she, 'that it's married I'll be.'

"'What!' says I; 'yees don't say that yees already promised? Who is the gossoon?' says I; 'tell me, an' I'll break his head for him. How long has this been goin' on, ye desateful craythers?'

"'Don't be angry, Donal, dear,' says Molly, 'but I've been thinkin' about it iver since yer mother died. Sure, it isn't dacent for me to be kapin' house for yees in this lone way.'

"'Whin are yees afther bein' married?' says I.

"'What do yees think of Christmas Day, Donal?' says she.

"'Make it Michaelmas,' says I, 'and maybe by that time I can scare up a wife mesilf, for it will be lonesom' widout yees.'

"'Just as ye plaze, Donal, darlint,' says Molly, and we settled back again into the ould ways.

"But though I kept watch for him, niver a peep could I catch of Molly's young man, they were that sly, the craythers! and though I considered in me moind all the gurrls in Tipperary there was not one of them that I wanted for a wife; and I had no money to go courtin' with, and whin I considered how hard it was to make me livin' with Molly, I wondered what should I do when she was gone.

"Those were sad days for Ireland, for, by the same token, what with the landlords livin' in London, away from the estates, and the agents carin' only how they could squeeze the rint out of the tinants, and turnin' thim as were behind out of their cottages and farms, to starve on the roads, no wonder the byes, with the discouragemint, got wild like, and did crazy things intirely. They made a society amongst thimsilves, 'Ribbon men' they called thimsilves, and they helped the poor people that were thrown out of their shanties, and they bothered the bad landlords. But I niver had any doin's with thim, for by one way or another I had always had the rint ready, though the pig wint for it one quarter, and sorra another bit of mate did we have that winter afther the steak that Molly put on the cabbage. No more had Molly a new dress or a bonnet, and she had denied herself the amusemint of ivery wake that had been held in the parish, till her spirits were growin' as heavy as her understandin'.

"There was a fair at Cashel, and, one fine day, 'Molly,' says I, 'I'll take what eggs we have in me handkercher, an' I'll sell thim at the fair, an' bring you home a ribbon,' says I, and with the eggs in one

hand, and me shillaly in the other, off thrudges I to the fair at Cashel.

"Now, while I was gone, who should come to the cottage but one of the byes, to get me to meet with thim the night at the crannach, to help thim with some of their diviltry.

"Now, they were not that sure of me that they could out with their business to once, so Murtagh began, in a roundabout way, and 'Whist! Molly,' says he, 'is Donal a 'Ribbon Man'?' says he.

"'Not yit,' says Molly, thinkin' of the ribbon I had promised to bring her; 'but by the same token, he's thinkin' of bein' one the night when he comes back from the fair.'

"'That's good,' says Murtagh, 'and if its sure you are that he's with the 'Ribbon,' tell him to meet with us at midnight in the skirts of Ballymoran Forest.'

"'I will that same,' says Molly, and to be sure that she shouldn't forgit, knowin' her talent for twistifyin' a message, he made her repeat it three times—'Midnight in the skirts of Ballymoran Forest.'

"Now, its right you are in thinkin' that Molly made a mess of it intirely, but before I tell you the how and whyfore of that, you must know the luck that came to me on the way to the fair.

"I was thrudgin' along whistlin' to mesilf, when I heard a great rackit behind me, and whin I looked around, there was a gintleman's dog-cart a-runnin' away with his horse; and the gintleman himself a-runnin' afther, and, by great exartion, losin' a rod or two the minute. I planted mesilf in the middle of the road, and droppin' me eggs, I grabbed hould of the bridle, and hild on to the baste till he tired of draggin' me, and the gintleman come up pantin' and blowin' like a grampus.

"The horse it quieted down afther a bit, and prisently the gintleman's footman came up, a rubbin' of his showlder, which had been hurt with bein' tumbled in a ditch. 'Ye'd better go back to the hall, Terry,' says the gintleman, 'an' have the docther look at your showlder,' says he; 'I'll drive on to the fair, if this honest lad will get up beside me, and hould the horse when I get down,' says he.

"'Thank you, your honor,' says I, 'and its just what I'd like, for I'm goin' to the fair mesilf to trade me eggs for a ribbon for Molly;' and then I looked around and there were me eggs all scrambled, ready for the atein', into what the Frinch cooks to the gentry calls a epaulette, or an amulit, or the likes of that.

"Well, the gintleman, when he see the condition of the eggs, first he laughed, and thin he said it was a pity, it was; but niver moind, Molly should have her ribbon, and the best he could find at the fair. With that we rode on togither, an' a right pleasant-spoken man I found him, barrin' a



great trick of askin' questions about the tinants, and the agent, and how much the pertaties sold for, and how much I could save when the rint was paid, and this, that, and the other. And at the fair, he was here, there, and iverywhere, talkin' with ivery one, and askin' and askin' more questions than a praste with the catechism. But he didn't forget Molly's ribbon, don't you be talkin'; an illegant one it was, with a rid satin sthripe and roses blossomin' all over it. Thin he said, 'Donal, come in; let me see you take a turn at the dancin';' but though there was a harper an' a fiddler on the grounds there was no one dancin'. 'And why is this?' says his honor.

"'If your honor pleases,' says I, 'it's because the poor people of this country have little time, money or heart to spend on the dancin'.'

"'It doesn't please my honor at all', says the gintleman. 'I've heard so much of the blithe village games of Ireland I fancied a fair would be much gayer,' says he.

"'You should have seen our fair in the ould days' says I, whin

> "'The byes were all in muslin dressed,
> And the girls in corduroy.'

"Thin we set out for home, and on the way we stopped at a school-house, and its empty we found it, and no glass in the windys, or floor, barrin' the ground.

"Feyther McClosky, the parish priest, saw us comin' out of the school-house, and he came over from the church, and his honor bowed to him, and asked him a mort o' questions, as he had me, and gave him some money for the church-poor. And whin Feyther McClosky tould him that the rayson the children didn't go to school, was because they had no time from the work, and besides it was no one's business to send us a tacher or rid' up the school-house.

"'It's *my* business', says his honor, 'an' what that agent of mine's been doin' these years, I can't consave'.

"With that they shook hands friendly, and in a short time we reached me cottage, and there was Molly standin' in the doorway with the surprise knocked into her to see me come drivin' up like a lord.

"'Is this where you live?' says his honor; 'why, its on me own land.' And thin, whin he come to a stand, so that he could look into the cottage:

"'Is it possible that human craythers live in sich a hovel?' says he.

"'Please your honor to look in, you'll find it clane', says I. 'It's not much that Molly has brains for, but scrubbin' is not above the measure of her understandin'. So his honor looked around.

"'I thought the Irish kept their pig in the parlor,' says he.

"'Please your honor,' says I, 'the pig wint to pay the last quarter's rint, and Molly has been lonesome enough without the darlint.'

"With this he says, 'Come up to the Hall, and I'll send you back with one of me best Suffolks.'

"As I was climbing into the dog-cart he noticed that there was no doore to the cottage, and av coorse he asked me the why of that, and I tould him how we lost it in the bog, and I thought he would a died of laughin.'

"'She's a good girl is Molly,' says he; 'a faithful heart like hers is better than the best intellect in the world.'

"'Sure its truth your honor is spakin',' says I; 'If I could find out who the spalpeen is that has the ownin' of her heart, sure its a good drubbin' I'd give, for I misthrust he's not treating Molly right, for they were to have been married last Michaelmas, and its two months gone.'

"'Find him out,' says his honor, 'and give him a good batin', with me compliments.'

"'I will that same,' says I, and that was the first and only promise that I iver broke to his honor.

"He sint me home with a basket of victuals, and a beautiful little spotted, black-and-white pig, tied by the hind leg of him, which gave me such a chase that whin I reached home again I was worn out intirely. But it was a lucky day for us both, and Molly was taken with admiration, what first with the pig and thin with the victuals, and thin with the ribbon, and lastly with the thought that our own landlord had come home to live amongst us like a Christian, that she clean forgot to give me Murtagh's message until it was nearly bed time.

"Now, if she had given me the errant as it was given to her, divil a bit would I have stirred out of the shanty that night, but, says she, 'Whist! Donal, and you haven't caught all the good luck that's stirrin' yit,' says she, 'for Murtagh was here the mornin', and he says for you to come to the crannach in Ballymoran Forest at midnight, dressed in me petticoats, and you will see some fine fun the night'

"'Dressed in your petticoats!' says I, 'and what rayson did Murtagh give that I should rig meself out as a woman, as though it were a Candlemas procession,' says I.

"'Niver a bit of a rayson, but belike, it's some fun of the byes, for its particular he was about it and made me say over three times, 'be sure he comes in skirts to the forest.''

"Well, I felt gayer that night than I had for many a day, and I thought I would like nothin' better nor a frolic with the byes; so I let Molly disfigure me by putting her Sunday dress on me, one with big flowers on to it, a stoilish kind of caliky that they covers sofys with in the houses of the gintry. An' I tied a kercher over me head, an' I hardly knew whether I was Molly or Molly was I. Thin I took the remnints of our supper along in the basket, for I thought I'd treat the byes and we'd all drink to the health of our young landlord.

"Well, I wint on gaily enough till I come to the hedge foreninst the forest, and thin two of the byes jumped up



from a ditch, with guns in their hands, and pinted thim at me. 'Give the pass-word,' says they, 'or you're a dead woman.' With that I threw one of 'em a hunk of mutton pie, and the other a piece of plum puddin', and they lowered their guns and let me pass. 'It's Molly Malloy,' says one. 'Whin is your cousin comin',' says the other. 'He's not far off,' says I, imitatin' me cousin's vice. 'Where are the byes?'

"'They're in the crannach,' says one, and I wint on, but I misthrusted now what sort of a frolic I'd fallen into, and purty soon I found mesilf amongst a dozen or twinty of them all talkin' and conspirin' amongst themselves. 'What have you let that woman come here for?' says the leader to one of the guards who had brought me.

"'Sure, she's the bearer of important dispatches,' says he; 'an',' he says in a whisper, 'it's only half-witted Molly Malloy, and she's that thick-headed she'll niver understhand nothin', says he.

"With that I dropped thim a curtsy and thanked the gintlemen for their politeness, and said that me brother, who had come home from the fair with a broken head, had sint them some pervisions to testify his kind feelin's. They grumbled to thimsilves, and some one said, low-like, that if Donal had come he wouldn't have got off that night, for there was work to be done, and thim that were not moinded to help, should have their mouths shut. Thin they sint me away, but not till I had heard by bits that there was an attack planned for that very night, come two hours, when all were asleep at the Hall, an' that they meant to give the new landlord a house warmin' that should not be of a welcome. Afther this they hustled me out of the wood, and I took to me legs with all me might for the hall, and informed on thim—the villains!

"But his honor didn't have the house put into a state of defince at all, at all. Instid of that he ordered it lighted from garret to cellar, and tould the servants to hurry and set out a big supper, and me to run for Feyther McClosky to come in and make a spache of welcome to his company. And Feyther McClosky arrived in the nick of time, and come out on the balcony with his honor, just as the byes marched up foreninst the house. 'And,' says he, 'his honor has heard of your kind intintions to give him a surprise party,' says he, 'and has pervided a little supper, to which he bids you all welcome.'

"Well, whativer Feyther McClosky tould the byes to do, that they did; and whin he tould thim to eat first, one slipped his blunderbuss into his coat-tail pocket, and another



threw away his shillaly, and another hid his shotgun behind the hedge, an' so they all came into the Hall and ate their fills.

"Thin his honor talked to thim, an' tould thim his intintions of doin' his best by thim, and they inded by givin' him three cheers.

"The school-house has been rid' up, and Molly has took to the larnin'; by the same token she makes fewer mistakes than formerly, and a better behaved or more peaceable parish than ours you'll not find in Tipperary, or a kinder landlord, and all through the twistifications of Molly.

"And the weddin'? Sure, a finer was niver seen in the parish, for his honor sint the band from Cashel, and we had dancin' on the green, and a barbecue, at which the spotted pig had the pleasure of bein' roasted, and other good victuals galore. For its mesilf that would give Molly a good send-off, more especially as I had no fault to find with her swateheart, barrin' his slowness in the courtin'. It was the day afther the house-warmin' at the Hall that I had the pleasure of makin' his acquaintance.

"'Molly,' says I (we were workin' in the field togither), 'Molly, that swateheart of yours is a bit backward in comin' forward.'

"'He is,' says she.

"'Spake the word, and I'll larrup him,' says I.

"'Don't throuble yourself, Donal, he can take his time.'

"'Oh, give him up, Molly, bad luck to him! Sure, its not much you care for him, I'm thinkin', and there's others a-waitin' to take his place. Sure, I'll marry you mesilf, if ye'll tell me who he is, and let me give him his walkin' ticket, the villain!'

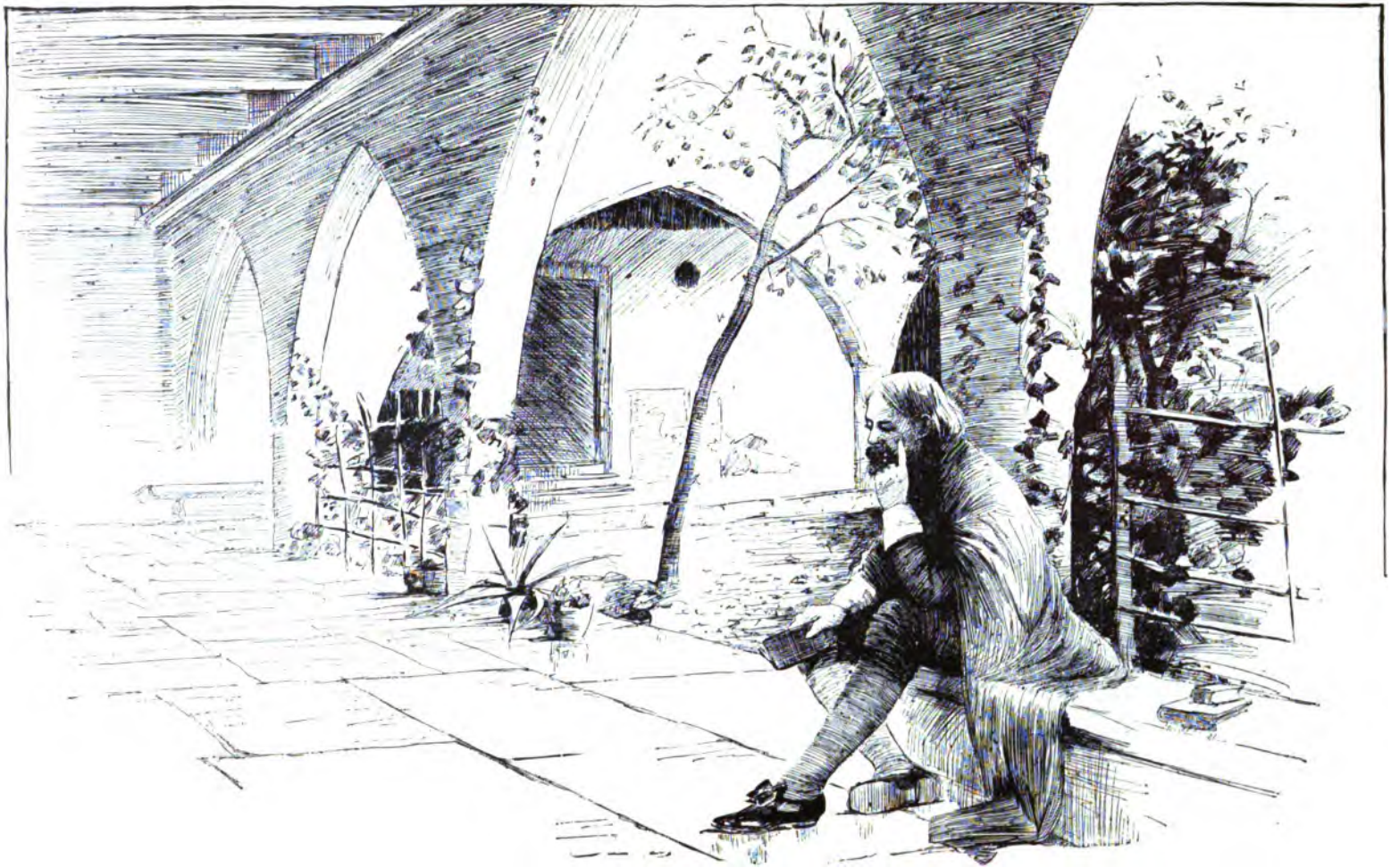
"'Sure, I'll niver give him up,' says Molly, 'not if his honor himself axed me to be lady of the Hall, for I love him more than the wurrld besides. And yees needn't look so black, Donal, for it's you, darlint, that I'll marry, and no other at all, at all!'

"'Molly, Molly,' says I, when I could spake for kissin' her, 'this is the worst twistification of all, for who could have thought that I was your swateheart?'

"'Thin it's you that has twistified the matther,' says Molly, 'for it's mesilf that knew it all the time,' says she."

Elizabeth W. Champney.





IN THE PORCH.

IN THE PORCH.

Through the long days of summer-time
Here in the porch I come to sit,
Counting my rosary of rhyme,
Telling the jeweled beads of it.

Monk of this vine-clad cloister, I
Forget the busy life about:
The fret and noise of passers-by
My monastery walls shut out.

With me abide a silent throng
Who long ago the world forsook,
The Fathers of immortal song
Whose patient labors fill my book.

Homer is here, and Shakspeare, too;
Omar the grave, and Hafiz gay:
Virgil and Horace; Dante, who
From pleasure ever turns away:

Milton and Herrick, Shelley, Keats,
And hosts of later comers,—all
From time to time rest in the seats
O'er shadowed by my cloister's wall.

And their companionship is mine
All day within this leafy porch,
Till Night the fragrant eglantine
Dips in the silver of her torch.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

IN WONDERLAND: NO IV.

RANCHING FOR HONEY.



WHEN our grandfathers set up a few stands of little black bees in cone-shaped hives in the door-yard, they thought they had done all man need to do to lay the foundation for a future honey-crop. They no more dreamed of planting them fields of herbs, or of going out to camp around with them, than they dreamed of camping in the sweet-grass pastures with the butter cows.

A hollow gum or a clumsy skep on a bench with legs was the usual home of a colony until swarming-time, when,—following that wild instinct which domestication through many millions of bee generations has been entirely unable to eradicate,—they "took to the woods" (and frequently stayed there) in spite of all the ringing of bells, blowing of horns, and beating of pans, to which owners and neighbors resorted to bring them down.

Improve as we will upon hives, it is doubtful if anything has ever yet been invented that a bee loves as well as a thatch of straw, the shelter of a rock, or the cavity of a tree. Yet different races ply their industries and rear their young in almost as various ways as different people. There are foreign countries where honey is not put in cells at all, but in queer little bladders of wax, smaller than a hen's egg, hung around the inside edge of the hive. On the isthmus of Panama the sweets are sealed in pots ranged in tiers along the walls. African bees dwell in domiciles of bark, pegged with pins, placed high in tops of the forest trees, where the natives must climb to gather honey and wax. Large combs are found in some tropical and semi-tropical lands suspended from boughs, or attached to the walls of ruins. The woods of the island of Sicily abound

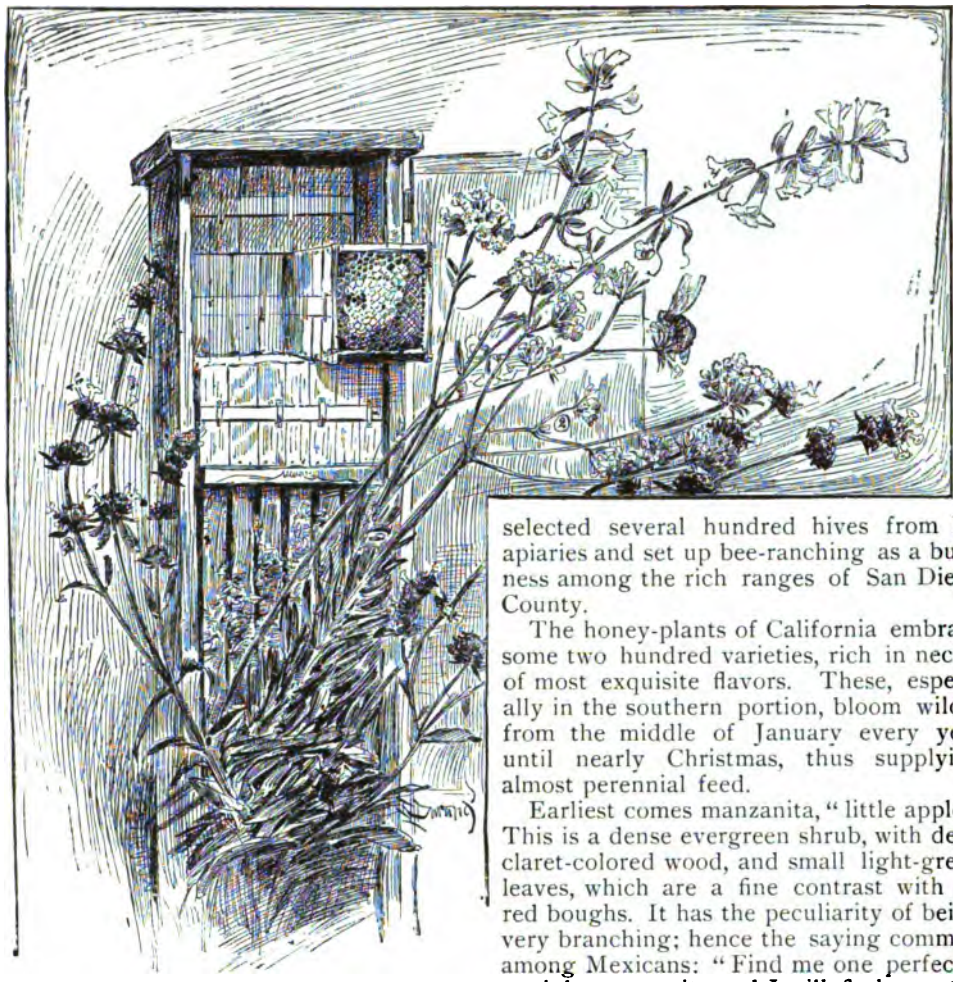
in wild honey,—a favorite storage-place with bees nearly the world over. There are mining-bees that drill the rocks and lay their eggs, mason-bees that build of mud, carpenter bees that bore in wood; and notched leaves of roses and other plants are, on some shores, fashioned into receptacles from which the young issue in countless numbers. Extensive apiaries flourish on roofs, even in the largest cities; while wooden beehives in foreign villages are often suspended, by the peasantry, by cords from the cottage eaves. In other localities these hanging hives are of earthenware, cylindrical and much ornamented, making a pretty picture of industry among veranda vines.

The floating beehives of France have long been celebrated. Barges freight the bees out to fresh pastures, following up the bloom from the first opening bud to the season's close. Every year a similar flight takes place in Egypt, where hives are gathered from all along the Nile and floated to and fro wherever blossoms lure them. Recently this practice has been adopted in our own lands, and now apiaries borne along the Mississippi and other rivers are a common spectacle.

That the ancients derived a great part of their living from honey is well authenticated, yet this was due in a considerable measure to the fact that sugar was not then known. We are told that Nearchus, an explorer sent by Alexander on a voyage on the Indus, brought back word that he saw "honey" being made by the Asiatics without the aid of bees. This, as afterward learned, was sugar produced from cane, and for centuries sugar, as manufactured by some of the Greeks and Jews, went by the name of "artificial honey." The antiquity of bees, bee-keeping, and honey-eating dates far back. When Pindar of old lay asleep the bees dropped honey upon his lips. And Philistratus became so absorbed in studying these little workers that he retired to the wilderness, —practically took up a bee ranch,—where he spent nearly a quarter of a century familiarizing himself with their nature and habits. The healthfulness of honey was also recognized at an early date. "Eat thou honey," commanded Solomon, in his proverbs, "because it is good; and the honey-comb, which is sweet to thy taste." Honey and fruits, in Scriptural days, were fitting gifts for those it was wished to honor. "And their father Israel said unto them: Take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts, and almonds." And how simple the story of a hearty life as expressed by a hale centenarian, who, when the Emperor Augustus inquired of him how he had preserved such perfect enjoyment of every faculty, replied "By oil without, and honey within."

The finest natural honey land of which we have had any record was famed Hymettus—a country of Greece, where amber and golden stores were gathered from mountain thyme. "Fair as the honey of Hymettus," was, for ages, expressive of the highest type of excellence. The island of Sicily, and lands along the Mediterranean, also furnished rich spoils; but none could equal the product from Hymettus' hives. The Old World's floweriest places yielded their sweets to the honey-seeking bee; yet not until the New World's undulating ridges along the Pacific shores were traversed by our pioneers was it dreamed what a wealth of floral treasure was wasting ungarnered here.

In days before California's soil had been pressed by a white man's foot it was a vast range of bloom, without a single tongue to sip the nectar from its cups. Not until 1853 did the "white man's fly," as the Indians called the honey-bee—deriving the term probably from a little stingless creature hardly bigger than a common fly, of some of the red-tribes' lands—reach the Pacific coast from New York; and the colonies of the few hives thus introduced dwindled and died in inexperienced hands, until hardly a remnant was left. Shortly after this first unsuccessful attempt Mr. J. S. Harbison, the descendant of a keeper of bees, and himself of practical experience in their care—having handled them largely since 1843—being then in California, conceived the idea of peopling the new coast with swarms from his own far-away Pennsylvania hives. Searching among these foothill belts he discovered vast acres rich in spontaneous honey-producing plants, where bees might fly, finding provisions nearly all the year. Feeling confident from the very start that he had chanced upon the finest bee-ranching region in the world, where delicious honey might be obtained in almost incalculable stores, he returned east in May, 1857, and during the summer prepared sixty-seven colonies for shipment, sailing from New-York with them in charge



November fifth, by way of the isthmus, and landing them safely in Sacramento December 2d, of the same year. This was, so far as then known, the longest continuous voyage—five thousand and nine hundred miles—ever yet undertaken by bees; and they made it in good condition and without great loss. This stock was at once introduced among the bee-hills of the new land, where they formed the nucleus of those extensive apiaries which have since contributed so largely toward making California famous.

So successful proved this venture that the following year Mr. Harbison again returned to his native State, obtaining an increased supply—one hundred and fourteen colonies—which he located with the former in Sacramento valley and adjacent foothills. In 1869, having formed a partnership with Mr. R. G. Clark, he selected several hundred hives from his apiaries and set up bee-ranching as a business among the rich ranges of San Diego County.

The honey-plants of California embrace some two hundred varieties, rich in nectar of most exquisite flavors. These, especially in the southern portion, bloom wildly from the middle of January every year until nearly Christmas, thus supplying almost perennial feed.

Earliest comes manzanita, "little apple." This is a dense evergreen shrub, with deep claret-colored wood, and small light-green leaves, which are a fine contrast with its red boughs. It has the peculiarity of being very branching; hence the saying common among Mexicans: "Find me one perfectly straight manzanita and I will find you *two* perfect women." Its blossoms, fine and pinkish, white in clusters, are especially honey-producing.

Iceplant (*Mesembryanthemum*) supplies vast quantities of nectar to the bee, although it is not of as superfine flavor as that from many sources. The plant is a fleshy little low growth, with lumpy stems, and leaves coated thickly with glittering drops which are like crystals in the sun. From pressure of any part a thin watery substance exudes. Its flowers open from innumerable buds of vivid crimson, paling to blush as they develop; and when fully expanded at midday they are pure white and deeply frilled as the ruff of a daisy. They are nearly odorless.

Apiarists depend largely, in early spring, upon alfilerilla—the "'filaree" of the ranchman—the native pin-grass which runs from coast levels far up the mountain slopes.

It will stand excessive drouth; and its mat of foliage, set with rosy-purple flowers carpets thousands of acres. Later it bears the pin-shaped pod from which it takes its name, and its value, both as stock and bee fodder is widely recognized. The honey it affords is of a delicate amber color. It is also a prodigal pollen-yielder, and stores of indispensable bee-bread are gathered from it early every year.

Through April and May mustard blooms furnish fine food, and a light honey which is, however, less prized than some for commerce. Wild alfalfa (*Hosackia strigosa*), with its gorgeous shooting spikes of yellow turning to flame, is rich in saccarine matter. The honey of these cups—which are little flaring tubes in form—is pure and nearly white; and the flowers are exceedingly brilliant in the sun, long stretches of hill and mesa being gay with them. Wild clematis is greatly beloved by bees, its riotous trails embracing rocks, shrubs, trees, and even the sharp lances of the Spanish bayonet, which it almost covers. There is, too, a delightful crowfoot holding nectar in its snowy chalice. This is a pretty and choice plant under cultivation, and a card of crowfoot honey from one's own garden would be a dainty morsel to serve. Wild sumac (*Rhus laurina*), quite different from eastern sumac, is freely nectar-giving. And that charming, graceful native plant (*Eriogonum fasciculatum*), commonly known as wild buckwheat, or buckwheat greasewood, is a royal bloomer and a great assistant in the honey-crop, lasting for many months of the year.

But when the wild sage-cups open then the rush of sweetness flows. As soon as the bees get a taste of the first drop in the little sage-flower nectaries, they are almost wild with delight. From sunrise until dark they fly back and forth, loading up their sacs, unloading, and loading again. The wax cells fill with the thin, sweet liquid. This yield from the sages which, including many species, are indigenous to California, forms the first and finest honey of commerce of the entire world. As soon as you put your tongue to the amber filling of a white sage cell you note the difference between its pollen-grains and any other that you ever tasted. And it is largely these sage-crops, springing spontaneously, blossoming riotously, and yielding exuberantly, that have given to the southern foothill belt such renown as a bee-keepers' paradise.

Considerable quantities of prime honey are yearly stored from fruit-tree blooms. Just how detrimental bees actually are to a fruit country it is difficult to determine; but it is a point being much argued. That bees will suck fresh grapes, raisins, figs, apricots, and various fruits, must be conceded—provided a single crack or puncture breaks the skin sufficiently to admit the presence of those little lapping tongues. They hold rich banquets wherever an accommodating lady-bug, bird, wasp or yellow-jacket opens the way for them; but evidence goes to prove that not a bee, unaided, can pierce the soundness of a skin, however tender, or the tissuey film that coats a cell. It seems that myriads of them, then, must hover within seeing distance of every fruit upon an orchard bough; for how greedily they come swarming around if but a prick or a decay-spot shows! In a little while they suck themselves tipsy, every last drop is drained, they fly home reeling drunk on nature's wine.

In certain localities ordinances have been enacted obliging bee-keepers to remove their apiaries to long distances, on complaint of the growers. Immediately the fruit yield fell off rapidly. The absence of wind from the right direction, or lack of sun, or some unexplainable cause, prevented the fertilizing of the blooms; and a short fruit crop was the consequence. The apiarists said it was because their colonies had been removed, and offered to make the test of setting a hive full of bees, at flowering season, among the groves. The trial was allowed; and when the flower-cups opened the little workers snuggled down into the tubes of the honey-pots, rubbing into the bit of pollen in each, smearing their bodies and carrying the fertilizing dust from blossom to blossom. What was the result? Wherever a hive of bees was set that orchard fruited abundantly. So convincing was this that, in one case, a petition was circulated and signed freely asking that the bees be brought back and kept permanently in the midst of the trees.

Another matter of contention, among learned bee-men especially, is whether the nectar from the flower undergoes any chemical change in the little interior honey-sac where it is carried before being closed up in the cell. When the field-laborers draw sweets from out the nectaries they are in a thin and limpid state, quite unlike the thick honey of commerce. Every hour of the day the gatherers are flying home to

deposit this fluid; yet it is not capped at once. Plainly the bee knows too much for that.

If sealed in its watery condition the honey could not undergo that necessary evaporation which exposure to the air brings about, and which we call "ripening." It needs to lose its green and somewhat rank flavor before it can be waxed over for safe keeping. Yet who does not recall the fact that the exact processes by which, in jelly-making, the fruit juices are caused to turn to the right consistency, are problems that weigh heavily upon a housekeeper's mind? Can it be possible that bees are ever kept awake o' nights worrying for fear the nectar in their hives may not "set" and harden properly! Certain it is that they seem to know when the acme of the thickening stage arrives. Whether they go from card to card sampling each cell in turn we cannot say; but peering in some day and lifting a frame out by its shoulder, we find every receptacle deftly closed, capped with its white-wax wafer, or lid, as securely as we could have done it with the most approved patent device. It has a mild delicious smell now, and looks ready to use; but if we will leave it a little longer we shall be rewarded. In a few weeks more age will have worked wonders for it, and it can be safely set aside. Then if we control our honey-tooth, ten or twelve years hence, if we slice its caps we shall doubtless find it as exquisitely clear, amber, liquid, and delectable as on the day of its removal.

We hardly realize how much "invention" has done for us, until we recall that, previous to 1843, the only method understood of obtaining honey from a hive was to smoke or kill the bees, in order that the comb might be cut away. It was then taken out mutilated, mixed with bee-bread, and disfigured by carcasses of the little unfortunates so ruthlessly put to death. About 1844 many changes in styles of hives began to be placed upon the market. Among others who turned their attention to improving the working-places of the bees, was San Diego's honey-ranchman. Immediately upon his arrival on this coast with his first installment, Mr. Harbison procured lumber and other material and went to work experimenting upon hives for his own colonies.

Ah, well! what would our grandmothers —who went to the grocer's for a dripping slice from a monstrous comb of some ten or fifteen pounds weight—think of a little delicate, perfectly sealed card, served up in a section-box; and which, when transferred to a salver, leaves not a drop nor a stain? What would our grandfathers think to see every particle of waste comb reduced by swift processes to a marketable commodity, with foundation cells so like the ones the hivers make that even the bees themselves are deceived? And what would the bees of that by-gone day think of a patent hive with a projecting roof, an alighting board, as many surplus boxes as a Saratoga trunk has tills, a "starter" of machine-made wax, and a ventilating-flue?

Verily, the world moves. But no man has yet learned the composition of that "royal jelly" needed to turn a common clod to a sovereign. And there the bees have the advantage of us. They feed a groveling grub and cap it in a cell; from whence, in due time, it emerges freed from its earthly form—beautiful, shining, slim and tapered, *and a queen.*

Estelle Thomson.

NATIONAL CITY, CALIFORNIA.

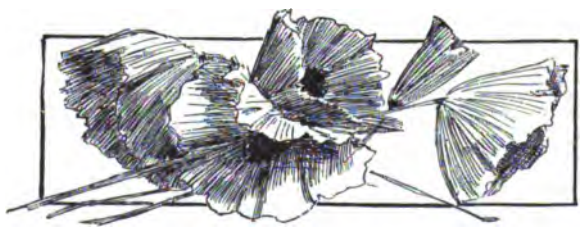




AUGUST.

She stands in the flush of noon,
The year's triumphal queen,
And river, and lone lagoon,
And spreading lands between
Lay tribute at her feet
And crown her hair with gold.
Who dreams, mid rapture sweet,
That the year is growing old?
But the shorn fields glow like a coral reef,
And the lorn acacia casts its leaf.

Sarah D. Hobart.





THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

ANOTHER OLD NEW YORK HOMESTEAD.



OLAF Stevense Van Cortlandt, a soldier in the Dutch West Indian Service, accompanied William Kieft to America in 1638.

He came of a noble French family (Courland), long-resident in Holland. In 1648, he left the service of the company, and a year later, his signature appeared among those of the "Nine Men" who presented to the West Indian Co. a protest against the maladministration of Kieft and Stuyvesant. In 1654, he was a Commissioner from New Amsterdam to settle difficulties with the Indians after the Esopus massacre.

"Old Burgomaster Van Cortlandt" was one of the six chief townsmen who advised and conducted peaceful capitulation to the English squadron that summoned the settlement on "the Island of Manhattoes" to surrender. In the political see-saw of the ensuing decade, the wise Hollander kept his seat on the safe end of the plank. We find him in England, lading governmental ships under commission of Charles II.; investigating Lovelace's unsettled accounts when the latter was deposed by the reinstated Dutch masters, and he was one of Andros's council after the international episode was settled by the treaty of Westminster. In all this, he improved so cleverly cloudy, as well as shining hours, that he had, by 1674, amassed a fortune of 45,000 guilders and much real estate. He was by now, the happy husband of Annetje Loockermans, who, like himself, was born in Holland. He died in 1683. "A worthy citizen, and most liberal in his charities," says an old chronicle. His widow survived him but a twelve-month. Her epitaph, penned by the pastor of the venerable couple, asserts that she,

—"after Cortlandt's death no rest possessed,
And sought no other rest than soon to rest
beside him.

He died. She lived and died. Both now in Abram rest.

Tautological testimony which, if trustworthy, implies wifely devotion and a common Christian faith.

Thus runs in brief, the opening chapter in the American history of a family than which none has borne a more conspicuous and honorable part in the Story of New York. Compelled by the stringency of space (or the lack of it) to restrict myself to the barest outline of an eventful history, I pass on to the threshold of the picturesque Manor House, built in 1681, upon the Croton River, then, "Kightewank Creek."

The Manor of Van Cortlandt was "erected" in 1697, with especial privileges pertaining thereto besides the usual rights of "Court-Baron, Court-Leet, etc." Under this title were collected lands accumulated during nearly thirty years by Stephanus Van Cortlandt, eldest son of the emigrant Olaf. At thirty-four, he was the first American Mayor of New York, and appointed First Judge in Admiralty by Sir Edmund Andros. Office heaped upon office followed, until in number and importance they surpassed those held by his doughty brother-in-law, Robert Livingston. The two Manorial Lords married sisters, the daughters of Philip Peterse Schuyler of Albany. The cares of political life, business toils and responsibilities, perhaps the chafe of the high-strung, ambitious spirit within a not-robust body, made his days less than those of his parents. He survived the creation of his Manor less than four years, dying in 1700, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven.

Eleven, out of fourteen, children outlived him. Verplanck, Bayard, de Lancey, Van Rensselaer, de Peyster, Staats, Beekman, Schuyler,—are some of the notable names joined in marriage with those of his sons and daughters.

His son Philip (1), married Catherine de Peyster, "was an eminent merchant in possession of good estate," and one of His Majesty's Council in 1731. Dying in 1747, his estate was divided among his four sons.

To Pierre (1), although the youngest, was devised the Manor House. His wife was his second cousin, Joanna Livingston, a grandchild of Robert.

"With their eldest born, Philip Van Cortlandt, they left New York for Croton River, and here all the succeeding children were born. For a time all passed peacefully; Pierre pursuing the avocations of a country gentleman of that day, busying himself with his farm and his mills."

The Manor House, built as a fortified trading station by Stephanus Van Cortlandt, contained, originally, but four rooms, and was but forty feet long by thirty-three wide. It was of Nyack red freestone, and the solid masonry of the walls was pierced with loop-holes for defense against savage visitors. Within a few rods was the Ferry-house, constructed of brick and wood. As the danger from savage marauders lessened, the young members of the Van Cortlandt clan had fallen into the habit of using the fort for a hunting-lodge.

The five sons of Philip (1), "Stephen, Abram, Philip, John, and Pierre,—came and went at their pleasure, finding at their country home constant occupation. Fish were abundant, and deer were still to be found in the forest."

Abram, Philip and John died unmarried, Stephen and Pierre dividing the estate between them. It was but natural that the last-named should gladly embrace the opportunity of bringing up his young family in scenes endeared by his early associations.

The brief, blessed calm was terminated by the outbreak of the Revolution.

In "1774,"— says the careful paper prepared by the widow of the late Pierre Van Cortlandt, and to which I am indebted for the framework of this article,—"Governor Tryon came to Croton, ostensibly on a visit of courtesy, bringing with him his wife, a daughter of the Hon. John Watts (a kinsman of the Van Cortlandts). * * * * * The next morning, Governor Tryon proposed a walk. They all proceeded to one of the highest points on the estate, and, pausing, Tryon announced to the listening Van Cortlandt the great favors that would be granted to him if he would espouse the royal cause, and give his adhesion to king and parliament. Large grants of land would be added to his estates, and Tryon hinted that a title might be bestowed. Van Cortlandt answered that "he was chosen a representative" (to the Colonial Assembly) "by unanimous approbation of a people who placed confidence in his integrity, to use all his ability for their benefit and the good of his country as a true patriot, which line of conduct he was determined to pursue."

(Pierre's nephew, Philip (Stephen's son), entered the Royal army, served throughout

the war, and died in England in 1814. The present Lord Elphinstone is his great-grandson.)

The discomfited Tryon returned to New York, and Van Cortlandt was elected to the Second Provincial Congress in 1775. He was also a delegate to the Third and Fourth, and President of the Council of Safety.

Franklin, Rochambeau, La Fayette, Steuben, de Lauzun—and a greater than they—WASHINGTON—were honored guests within the stout walls of the Manor House during the war. "The new bridge on the Croton, about nine miles from Peekskill," mentioned by the Commander-in-Chief in his diary of July 2, 1781, superseded the ferry, and the brick-and-timber Ferry-house was the temporary barracks for soldiers on their passage up and down the river.



THE VAN CORTLANDT ARMS.
MOTTO "VIRTUS SIBI MUNUS."

Continued residence in the turbulent heart of military operations was impossible. Mrs. Van Cortlandt and the children finally sought an asylum upon one of the Livingston farms at Rhinebeck. The Manor House was left in charge of faithful slaves, and visited by the family by stealth and at long intervals.

Pierre Van Cortlandt was acting marshall of the famous Equestrian Provincial Congress, which halted in mid-march, when overtaken by dispatches from Washington calling upon them for appropriations, etc. Wheeling their horses into a hollow square, they would pass laws and legislate bills and provisions as required, then, at the bugle-call, form into line and proceed on their way.

The brave father writes to his son Philip—who had thrown himself with the enthusiasm of early and vigorous manhood into the patriot cause, and was now in the camp—of his prayerful hope "that the Lord will be with you all, and that you may quit yourselves like men in your country's cause."

Pierre Van Cortlandt served as Lieutenant-Governor from 1777 to 1795, and was President of the Convention that framed the new Constitution.

The echoes of the war had muttered themselves into silence when he recalled his household to the Manor House and resumed the peaceful occupations he loved. The wife of his youth was spared to him until 1808. She was eighty-seven years of age. They had lived together for over sixty years.

"A model wife," says her biographer; "A model mother and a model Christian. She made the Manor House an earthly Paradise."

Her husband outlived her six years, dying in 1814, at the ripe age of ninety-four.

"The simplicity of his life was that of an ancient Patriarch. He descended to the grave full of years, covered with honor and grateful for his country's happiness. He retained his recollection to the last, calling upon his Saviour to take him to Himself."

The hero-son Philip (2), succeeded to the estate. He had fulfilled in letter and in spirit his pious father's hope, having won renown and rank by his gallantry, and universal respect by his talents and character. In 1783 he received the rank of Brigadier-General for his conduct at Yorktown. For sixteen years he represented his district in Congress. In 1824 he accompanied his old comrade and dear friend, La Fayette, in his tour through the country they had helped save. He died in 1831, in his eighty-second year.

Pierre (2) Van Cortlandt (Philip's brother and successor) was born in 1762. He was a student of Rutgers College in New Brunswick at the outbreak of the war, and one of the party of lads who joined the citizens in repelling an attack made by the British upon the town. He studied law

under Alexander Hamilton, a kinsman by marriage, Mrs. Hamilton being a daughter of General Philip Schuyler. In 1801 Mr. Van Cortlandt married "Caty," the eldest child of Governor George Clinton, and after her death in 1811, Anne, daughter of John Stevenson, of Albany.

His only child Pierre (3) entered upon his inheritance in 1848. Superb in physique, and courtly in bearing, he is remembered with affectionate esteem by the community in which he spent forty-eight years and "in which he had not one enemy." He passed away peacefully July 11, 1884.

His widow, the daughter of T. Romeyn Beck, M. D., of Albany, the eminent scholar and writer on medical jurisprudence, lives in the beautiful old homestead with her son and her daughter, Miss Anne Stevenson Van Cortlandt.

The son, Captain James Stevenson Van Cortlandt, followed the example of his ancestors in answering promptly to his country's call in her day of need. He entered the army at eighteen, and served with distinction throughout the civil war, first, as Aid-de-Camp to General Corcoran; then with the New York 155th, and upon promotion, in the New York 22d Cavalry, being with that regiment during Sheridan's brilliant campaigns.



ENTRANCE TO MAIN HALL.

A married daughter, the wife of Rev. John Rutherford Matthews, Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, occupies the quaint old Ferry-house, now converted into a comfortable residence.

The Manor House is long and low, and draped with historic romance, legend and poetry, as with the vines that cling to the deep veranda.

Above the main entrance, with its Knickerbocker half-door and brass knocker, are the horns of an immense moose. In the outer wall to the left is cut the date of erection, "A. D. 1681." In the hall hang the portraits of John and Pierre, sons of Philip (1) Van Cortlandt, taken in boyhood. Pierre is accompanied by his dog; John has his hand on the head of a fawn tamed by himself. The antlers of the favorite, grown to full deerhood, and—let us hope, dying a natural death,—are over the opposite door.

One of the T-shaped loop-holes, left uncovered as a curious memento of the warlike infancy of the homestead, gapes in the wall of the dining-room. Beneath it, and in striking congruity with the silent tell-tale, is the portrait of Joseph Brant, the college-bred Indian, who, "with all his native ferocity, was a polished gentleman." In 1779, Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt led his men in a skirmish against Brant and his Indians, and while standing under a tree and marshalling his men, was observed by the "polished" savage. He promptly ordered a marksman to "pick off" the white officer. The dancing foliage about Col. Van Cortlandt's head misled the rifleman, and the ball missed the mark by three inches.

"Had I fired, myself," said Brant, in a friendly talk with General Van Cortlandt in after years, "I should not have the pleasure of meeting you to-day. And,"—with a bow and a smile,—"I am extremely happy that I did *not*!"

The portrait, painted at the request of the present Mrs. Van Cortlandt's grandfather, James Caldwell, of Albany, is fine. The expression is complacent, even benevolent, although the physiognomy is all Indian. There is not a gleam of native ferocity in the sleek visage, not a shadow of remorse for wanton carnage in the smiling



LOOP-HOLE AND BRANT'S PORTRAIT IN DINING-ROOM.

eyes. A large stone corn-mortar used by the Indians, is built, for better preservation, into the wall of the lawn.

Mrs. Van Cortlandt relates an anecdote, *apropos* to Indian neighbors, which I copy from a letter lately received:

"One evening, as the Lieutenant-Governor and his wife were seated by their fireside, several Indians came in. They were made welcome, and a pitcher of cider was brought to them. After all had drunk the Chief returned his bowl to Mrs. Van Cortlandt, who threw the few drops that remained into the fire. The Chief, with flashing eyes and clenched fist, advanced to strike her. Governor Van Cortlandt sternly interposed, demanding the cause of such violence. Explanations ensued, and it appeared that even the apparent attempt to quench the fire on the hearth was an insult, according to Indian usage. Amity was restored by an apology."

Better-mannered and more welcome guests sat about the superb old dining-table, which is the richer in color and more valuable for each of the 250 years that have passed since it was made over the sea. Washington and his aids, and other world-renowned men ate from the generous board.

In the library is an antique chair taken from a captured Spanish privateer. The fire-place is surrounded with tiles, each bearing the arms of some branch, direct or collateral, of the Van Cortlandt family, painted by Mrs. Matthews, who is an accomplished and diligent genealogist and antiquarian. The Van Cortlandt crest is the central ornament. Twenty-four tiles are to the right and left of it.

It is almost miraculous that such wealth of silver, glass and china survived the early colonial wars, and the frequent removals these rendered necessary, as one sees upon the buffets and in the closets of the Manor House. To the relic-lover, historian, and romancist, every step is a surpriseful delight.

Before a profile-portrait in a small chamber on the first floor, we pause in silent reverence. It shows a woman past the prime of life, but still beautiful. Her features are strong, yet refined, the eyes are clear and solemn. Within the locked door of this apartment, Joanna Livingston, wife of Lieutenant-Governor Pierre Van Cortlandt, knelt and prayed and fasted from morning until night, on the day of the battle of White Plains. To the devout imagination, there is a brooding hush in the atmosphere of the secluded room, consecrated for all time by agonized supplication for husband, son and country.

The wedding-gown of Joanna Livingston is preserved here, and we regard with almost equal interest, a bit of pink silk kept in Mrs. Matthews's reliquary. I give the story as nearly as possible in Mrs. Van Cortlandt's graceful words:

"Gilbert* Van Cortlandt wrote to his father: 'Nancy has got a bright pink silk—beautiful! She will appear as well as the best of them.'

"'Nancy' was the daughter of Pierre Van Cortlandt and Joanna Livingston. She

* Son of Lieutenant-Governor Van Cortlandt.



OLD CHAIR AND FIRE-PLACE IN LIBRARY.

married Philip S. Van Rensselaer, long Mayor of Albany, and a brother of the Patroon. 'Nancy,' on one occasion, when going to dine with the Patroon, wore this dress, and just as she was setting out, a party of Methodist preachers drove to the door. As usual, they expected entertainment and lodging. While she was receiving them, one of the party turned to her and said: 'Madame, do you expect to go to Heaven in that gown?' She was shocked at his rudeness, and never wore the dress again, on account of the unpleasant association connected with it."

Another, and a pathetic family-story is of the untimely death of Catherine, only daughter of Philip (1) Van Cortlandt, and his wife, Catherine de Peyster. Having gone with her nurse to the then fashionable promenade, the Battery, on June 4, 1738, to witness the celebration of the King's birthday, the little girl was killed by the bursting of a cannon used in firing salutes. She was but twelve years of age. Her body was laid in a vault in Trinity Church, New York. Several years later the tomb was opened, and the devoted nurse who had insisted upon being present, saw the pretty child lying asleep, as in life. The woman stooped to kiss her, when the body crumbled into dust. There was left where the face had been, but a moment before, only the small cap with its crimped border, and the "minnikin" pins that had fastened it to the hair.

In the "ghost-room" of the Manor House are the portraits of the first and second wives of General Pierre (2) Van Cortlandt. The dark, clearly-cut face in profile opposite the door is that of "Caty" Clinton.

Wilfulness speaks in every lineament, but the piquante face is wistful, rather than petulant. She married, clandestinely, Captain John Taylor, a British officer, on the eve of his departure for England. It may have been three months thereafter, when her father looked up from a newspaper to observe :

" I see that Captain Taylor died at Falmouth, soon after reaching port."

His daughter interrupted him by falling in a faint at his feet. While looking at her pictured presentment, we can believe that she carried the traces of the early love affair and the shock of the tragedy that ended it, throughout the few years of her married life with the gallant gentleman who had this portrait of her finished after her death. His second wife, it is said, sat for "the figure." He always spoke of "Caty" as "bright and beautiful." The family annals describe her as "energetic and vivacious." Of Anne Stevenson, the mother of his only child (poor "Caty" had none!) he said, "She was an angel!" And yet we turn from her lovely, high-bred face for another and longer look at the child-widow, whose soldier-love never came back to give her courage to confess the ill-starred marriage to her father.



JOANNA LIVINGSTON VAN CORTLANDT.



GHOST ROOM.

The ghost-lore of the ancient homestead is rich and authentic. This is one of the stories told me while I loitered in the chamber furnished with belongings one and two centuries old.

The narrator is the noble mistress of the Manor-House:—

"A young lady visiting us in September 1863, was asked if she minded sleeping in the Ghost-Room, as it was a long while since any mysterious sounds had been heard there. She was told that if she was nervous, a servant would occupy the adjoining apartment. She laughed at the query, and 'had no belief in, or fear of apparitions.' In the morning she came to the breakfast-table, pale and ill-at-ease. After breakfast, she confessed to having awakened, feeling that some one was in the room, near her bed. Presently, it took the definite shape of a woman, dressed in a brown gown, with a white handkerchief crossed over her breast ; a large apron, a bunch of keys at her side, a mob cap and *long* earrings completed the figure. It remained for

what seemed a long time, and twitched the bed-clothes off, disappearing as the whistle of the two o'clock train was heard.

"As soon as we heard this story, my daughter and I exclaimed, 'That is the exact description of R——!' (an old house-keeper who lived at Gen. Van Cortlandt's house at Peekskill and had died some time before). Every detail was exact, although the guest had never seen or heard of her.

"The sound of a carriage, driven up the graveled drive to the front door, has been heard by every member of the family. An old servant, a former slave and most excellent creature, used to declare that she had *seen*, in days past, the coach and pair, with liveried servants. I never did, but I have heard it *many* times; the trampling hoofs, the roll and grating of the wheels, the sudden check at the foot of the steps, and looking out, saw nothing!"

A plate let into a pillar of the veranda records that George Whitefield stood here while he preached to an immense audience upon the lawn. Bishop Asbury also preached from the improvised pulpit.

Sorrows have multiplied and thickened about the venerable homestead in later years, but the cordial hospitality, characteristic of the Van Cortlandts, in every generation, is still extended to stranger and friend. Love and good-will sit with clasped hands before the ancient hearthstone; the spirit of charity, generous and graceful, abides within the walls, like a visible benediction upon inmates and guests.

Marion Harland.



IMPROVEMENTS ON THE HOMESTEAD.

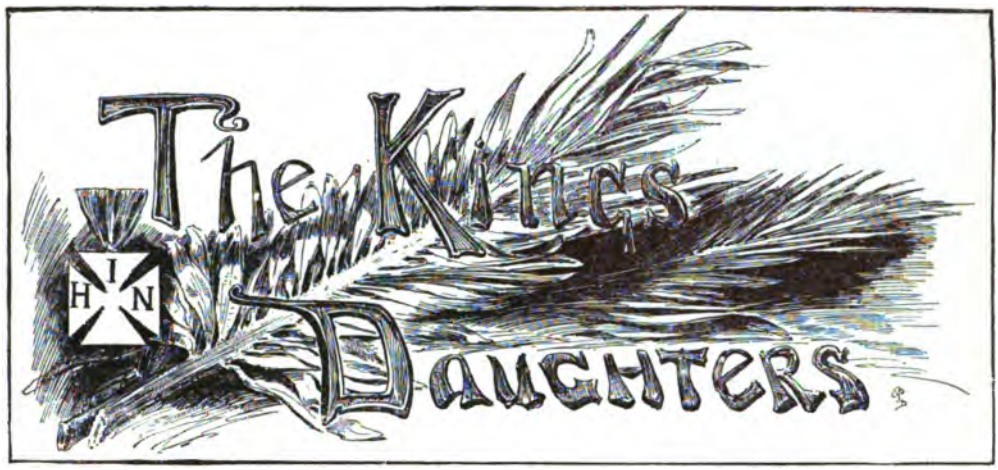
In the busy, dusty city
I dreamed of boyhood's days,
And the old stone homestead far away
Mid quiet country ways.
Its shingled roof all moss-grown,
Its walls so cool and gray,
And the vine-clad stoop where the old folks sat
To rest at close of day.

Then the dream became a longing,
And, traveling far and fast,
I came to the little village where
My childhood's years were passed,
And sought the quaint stone mansion,
But O, what change was there!
Bay-windows, balconies, and, at
One end, a *porte cochère*.

The walls were pumpkin yellow,
The shingled roof bright red,
And, at the side, a rounded tower
Reared high its upstart head.
No trace of home beloved!
No signs of days gone by!
Not e'en the long well-sweep that used
To point toward the sky.

I felt as one who, bending
To look in some old face
He loves, beholds it daubed with rouge,
Bereft of each dear grace.
So now, when of *improvements*
Men talk, my heart is sore,
And longs for the stoop where the old folks sat
To rest when day was o'er.

Virginia B. Hamson.



CO-OPERATION is going to be the watch-word of the century. Men start with it on the lower plane of business, and move thence to the higher plane of philanthropy; while, with women, the reverse is true. The man begins with the actual, and climbs to the ideal; the woman begins with the ideal, which filters down through all her endeavors, till it permeates her practical service and dignifies her daily task. Women already see the advantage of co-operative prayer-meetings. It is to be hoped that they will come to co-operative kitchens and laundries and bakeries, in the sweet by-and-by. They are ready now to lay a sympathetic hand on a neighbor's headache or heartache. Some day, for their neighbor's good, they will be willing to put reforming fingers into their neighbor's pie.

Perhaps we have no better illustration, in modern times, of the tendency of women to unite in those things that appeal to the moral and religious nature, than is shown in the organization known under the name of the Daughters of the King. Here we have an instance of 90,000 women, without invitation and without solicitation, rallying around two central ideas. I say, without solicitation because, contrary to the usual custom, this Order has never yet called a meeting, large or small, for the purpose of explaining its objects and inducing people to swell its ranks. There are members upon its Central Council who have felt so unwilling that any one should enter its bands by the outward call of some friend, instead of by the inward call of their own recognized need, that they have never yet asked any person to become a member of the Order. The invariable custom has been, from the beginning, to wait until information was asked, before even circulars were distributed. And even at meetings, they were not scattered, but given into the hands only of those sufficiently interested to ask for them.

No meeting of any sort was held, until the clamor for it became so great, that it could no longer be denied; and when consent was finally given to hold a general meeting, no notices were given in pulpits or newspapers, and since there was no record of membership and no adequate clerical force, it was impossible that there should be private notification. And yet the first meeting crowded every inch of standing room in a hall that seats nearly a thousand people, and overflowed, by many hundreds, into the surrounding street. A second meeting of the same kind doubled the numbers of the first; though again, the information that there was to be such a meeting had simply to go on the wings of the wind. Up to this day, women have not ceased to complain that they were not invited.

And the course taken with regard to meetings was even more strictly followed with reference to the use of the press. Hardly a religious journal in the country but asked for accounts almost before there was anything to tell; and the secular press beset the officers of the Order with their reporters; while individual correspondence and interviewers became a discipline that was a means of grace to those most interested in the work. To all of these the common answer was: "We do not care to have this work brought before the public,

and, as yet, have nothing to tell." Yet such long and circumstantial accounts were evolved from nothing to tell, that the Order was at last forced to make its own utterance, which it now does through the columns of its authorized organ, *The Silver Cross*. But as only few numbers of the magazine have, as yet, appeared, the increased membership—20,000 in the last six months—cannot in any wide sense be attributed to the information contained therein.

Therefore, we can only trace the interest that has led these tens of thousands of women to write, asking to unite with this Order, to a wide-spread desire among them to find expression in life and work for the best within themselves. The critics this Order have said: "Women are sentimental, and caught by any pretty trick of words." But the sentiment that seems to be uniting them is the honest and genuine desire to make their own personal lives of more service and value to the world, than they have ever been before. Sentiment like this the pulpit is constantly trying to arouse in women. This Order has been acting upon the supposition, that the desire to be of use and to make life something other than a failure did not need to be aroused, but that it already existed, and needed only to be directed into practical lines of work; and its experience proves its supposition to be true.

Hence, the first principle is the desire for service on which this whole work has been founded; and the second principle—the one, I think, to which it may very largely owe its growth—is the recognition of the individuality of each member. Almost all union for a specific object fails to recognize the individual taste and power. In our bands a group of women are not asked to follow and aid one woman who does the thinking and planning; but each woman is asked to think her own thoughts, to help make plans, to find out what she is good for, and to put her own individual force upon such work as she finds herself able to perform; instead of clinging to the skirts of some other woman's work, fully conscious of her own lack of adaptation to its need.

As an educator, whose first lesson revealed to her her own capacities and adaptations, or her lack of them, the Order has already been a friend to woman. As an eye-opener into the actual conditions and needs that come within her reach, and so within the circle of her duties, it has been more than a friend,—a teacher, and inspirer and guide. The instances are innumerable of women who always wanted to be something better, and to do something better than they had, as yet, attained, and yet who never really began until as members of this Order they could no longer escape from the obligation to serve. And there are multitudes of other instances of women who have always sat supinely, and waited for some other woman to tell them what to do, and how to do it, and who are making their first practical studies of poverty, of sickness, of the wrongs of working women, of the evils of intemperance, of the problem of domestic service. Alive with the desire to help, they have come to be alive with the desire to know, conscious that real knowledge must be the basis of true help along all human lines.

The work includes all classes of people, all degrees of development, all social ranks; in short, "all sorts and conditions of men;" and meets all with this very unsentimental statement: You are bound to go to work, and to make your life of use to other people. More than that, the thing that lies nearest to you is the thing that has a right to your attention and care. First, if there is something within you that prevents your being a good and helpful worker, your business lies within. Next, use your own eyes to see what outside work belongs to you. The fact that an evil comes under your eye, and not under that of your neighbor, binds you who know it, to try at least to help. If you are unfitted for the work required, in order to help in that particular case, the obligation is either to develop your own faculties, until you can do the thing that most needs to be done, or that you find somebody to do it who already has the power. From the two things there is no escape: You are bound to work, and bound to find work for yourself. Having eyes, there is no excuse if you see not. United with a Circle, each one of whom is under the same obligation, your neighbor may see what is not open to your vision, and may do what is not in your power. Unity, co-operation, discussion, will reveal whether or not this is true. Hence it is better for you to work in Circles, than altogether alone. But, from the fact that your life be made to tell for the diminution of the sum of human misery and the increase of the great sum of human happiness, there is practically no escape.

With underlying principles like these, it is impossible that the work, whatever sentimental aspect it may take in any of its lines of development, should ever become a victim of sentimentality. There are dangers in its way, perhaps no greater danger than that of too rapid growth. The religious and philanthropic life of different sections of the country will give it a local coloring. It will hardly be alike in its development in any two communities; but its infinite variety in detail is not one of its disadvantages, but one of its charms. It does not aim at the creation of new charitable or philanthropic societies; it does hope to throw into societies already existing, bands of workers who shall at least have an intelligent knowledge of the work they have to do, and the interest that grows out of having chosen this work themselves; and who have found out their own powers, or are determined to develop their powers to be effective helpers in it.

To show you the extent in which they are already beginning to accomplish this would require a much longer article than this can be; but no one can see the work of the Order, as it actually is in its more practical phases, and fail to recognize that here is a great and earnest and unused influence for good, which may be made to subserve most practical and serviceable ends. What are they doing? is a question that would require half the columns of the magazine to answer, for they are doing everything, from proving efficient and capable volunteer nurses in the fever-stricken cities of the South, to choosing a little child from a country poor-house and giving it, not clothing and books alone, but motherly and sisterly love and care, making the little pauper life know that it has a friend. Great projects are on foot at many points: homes for working girls; sanitariums for invalids too poor to pay; hospitals at more than one point in the country; missionaries supported both at home and abroad; mothers among the rich helping the development of true motherhood among the poor; schools where the new spirit of helpfulness no longer allows the plainly dressed girl to be neglected and snubbed; whole factories out of which have passed together the vices of profanity and slang; and homes by the thousand so smitten by the spirit of loving, cheering helpfulness, that the father no longer grumbles, the mother is no more overwearied and overworried for lack of willing hands to help her, where the small boy is no longer altogether suppressed and ignored, the big boy no more the tyrant of the tender womankind that live to wait upon him, and the little children no longer turned off upon the nurses, because the elder daughters of the house could take no time from themselves, their dresses and their beaux.

A volume might be written on incidents illustrative of all the facts above stated; but this transformation from the spirit that, even in the home, looks out for self and one's own comfort, into the spirit that watches for some way to help and to comfort all the rest, is an element that, so far from being sentimental, is the truest, the most practical, and the most powerful home-maker that can be found.

Mary Lowe Dickinson.



WITH THE HOUSEWIFE

EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

IN THE WILDERNESS.



IT was the summer Tom was so ill. He had just barely escaped brain fever, and the doctor said he must go to some out-of-the-way place, where he could have absolute quiet. After some inquiry, we found the very place, and reached it about eight o'clock one August evening. A railway journey and a drive of twelve miles prepared us for a good sleep without stopping to criticise our surroundings that night, but the next morning we exchanged looks almost as blank as the walls on which our eyes opened.

That trip was a revelation to me. We had been told that the owner of the house was a prosperous farmer, living away from the line of travel, on a beautiful hill-top. Of course we had been warned that there were no "*Mod. Imps.*" in the house, and that everything would be very simple, but not until we experienced it did we realize how many of our "necessary conveniences" were here unheard of luxuries. The owner of the house was an easy, good-natured man, satisfied with little. His wife, an industrious woman and good housekeeper, was always busy, but not overworked; Kitty, a bright pretty girl of sixteen, had never been more than a dozen miles from home, and that only two or three times. Her one pleasure was her flower-garden. Fuchsias, geraniums, roses, heliotrope, pansies and mignonette bloomed with surprising luxuriance. Every morning she used to bring me a great bunch of dewy mignonette, and two or three velvety pansies always lay beside Tom's plate at breakfast.

Our room was large, airy and spotlessly clean. Two north, one south and two east windows admitted light and air, unobstructed by shutters, or draperies of any description—unless heavy manilla-paper shades, tied up by means of a skirt braid could be called "draperies." We had stipulated for a spring bed and found a very good one. A small, bare, unpainted table did duty as washstand. The rest of the furniture consisted of a high, old-mahogany bureau, two straight splint chairs and a large wooden rocker, guiltless of cushions. A somewhat startling carpet covered the floor; the walls were whitewashed and a straggling row of nails, also whitewashed, formed the only visible means of support for our clothes.

Tom tried to smile, but looked rather rueful.

"Nelly," he said, "I'm afraid even you can't do anything with this place."

(You see Tom has a theory that I am always making "cosy corners" everywhere, when really I couldn't do it at all without him.) I laughed and told him to wait till I consulted my Fairy Godmother. After breakfast I had the hammocks put up, one on each side of the wide old veranda, and establishing Tom with a new book, I went to unpacking, and planning "ways and means." After dinner, for which we had astonishing appetites, we had a pleasant talk with Mrs. Mills. I told her we should like to make some changes in our room, and she very cordially gave us *carte blanche*. I sent an order to W—, and soon had material for work; Mrs. Mills' sewing-machine was placed at my disposal, and Kitty shyly offered to help. A quantity of silesia, clear soft orange (Tom's favorite color) formed the basis of my ex-

periments. The bare stand was covered with it, top and three sides. A frill of dotted white Swiss, draped the front and ends, and a separate piece ruffled all around, covered the top. The high white mantel had a long scarf of the Swiss, lined with the silesia, and caught up in two or three places by bows of orange satin ribbon. Sash curtains of the Swiss came next, narrow ribbon being substituted for rods. Dark olive shades replaced the manilla horrors. A frilled scarf of the Swiss, lined with the silesia, adorned the bureau, and the rocker was furnished with cretonne cushions—clusters of chestnut leaves on a creamy ground.

At first, a board two feet long, covered with a strip of gray-green felt I happened to have in my trunk, edged with a gay fringe, and supported on brackets above the washstand, held our bottles of glycerine, ammonia, dentifrices and Tom's medicine, but one day Tom went to the carpenter's, at the small settlement, two miles away, and brought home some pieces of walnut, screws, hinges, etc. The next evening a small cabinet adorned one corner of the room, and the bottles had retired from public view. Tom became very much interested in the carpenter, and spent more than one hour in his little shop. The result of one of their "confabs" appeared in the shape of a new piece of furniture for our room. It was not, strictly speaking, beautiful, but it certainly was useful. It was a box, six feet high, four feet wide, and nineteen inches deep; eight inches from the top a shelf ran across, and under this a rod extended through the centre. Tom came in quite beaming to present this magnificent object, which he said was a wardrobe.

The very next day we drove to X—, where we bought a rattan rocker, a quantity of dark-olive canton flannel, some brass-headed furniture nails, a curtain rod and fixtures. Tom wanted to go to the express office and I wanted to explore. I happened upon an amber glass bowl, with daisies and "Black-eyed Susans" by way of decorations, inexpensive, but pretty. Tom was waiting for me with a mysterious something in the buggy, and we had a beautiful drive back to the house.

The next rainy day Tom covered the box with the canton flannel, the brass-headed tacks making a pretty finish. Kitty and I hemmed curtains for the front, Tom hung them, and then opened his mysterious package, which disclosed a dozen "Perfection yokes." In a few minutes my nicest gowns and Tom's coats were hanging in a delightful row, the curtains were drawn, and here was our Robinson Crusoe wardrobe complete.

Three or four brass rings suspended by olive and orange ribbons served as a towel rack, but Tom didn't like it very much, and made another out of some fishing rods, (bamboo). The bureau, with its brass handles, fresh draperies and toilet bottles and cases, looked quite pretty. A few photographs and a pair of candles in little silver candlesticks stood on the mantel, and the amber bowl, full of scarlet geraniums and pale yellow-and-white honeysuckles, just gave the finishing touch as a centre-piece.

Kitty especially admired my pin-cushion. It was a bag of pongee, embroidered with "Black-eyed Susans," lined with orange satin, and tied with olive ribbon. It was stuffed with wool. Kitty waked up wonderfully while we were there, and showed great aptitude for taking up and adapting new ideas.

Another of Tom's purchases was a small, natural-cherry table, with legs of less elephantine proportions than any we had seen in the neighborhood. Covered with a square of the Canton flannel left from the "wardrobe," it held the lamp, writing materials, a few papers and magazines, and the quaintest little brown jar, always full of mignonette. Over the table we hung two or three shelves for our books. After we went home, I sent Kitty one of those soft, bright little Turcoman covers for the table and a China-silk scarf to drape the shelves.

One of the most trying things about this place was the difficulty of getting hot water. If I wanted a small quantity, I could, of course, heat it over my little alcohol lamp .(I learned long ago never to travel without this small treasure). But, oh, how I wanted a plunge bath! I told Tom he really must bring his gigantic intellect to bear upon this subject. He did so, with this result: A small, unused room was placed at our service, and after many explanations, drawings and discussion, we had a bath-tub which enabled us to have a hot bath at any time.

It is made on the principle of the "Aladdin" cooker,—wood, zinc or tin could be used. I should prefer zinc, as wood will absorb moisture and grow musty, and tin

[illegible]

There were of course no water-works [illegible] water. [illegible] A force pump was put in [illegible] with pipes running from the large cistern in the yard to kitchen and bath room. The water could be shut off from the kitchen and pumped into the bath room, directly into the tub. Then the tub was set on a platform a few inches above the floor, and by means of a faucet, can be emptied into a pipe which conveys the water to a sink some distance from the house.

Mrs. Mills was so pleased with this, that she bought it when we went away.

On one of the few rainy days we had, Tom amused himself by ornamenting the little corner cabinet with brass-headed tacks, of different sizes, in geometrical designs. We took it home with us, where he afterward added brass hinges and scutcheon and it is really a handsome souvenir of our summer.

It was the middle of October before we left, and many were the evenings when we had the luxury of an open fire. I remember the first night we had one. Tom had been off over the mountain all day with Mr. Mills, and it had turned cold. I had a glorious fire built, and a basket of lightwood beside the hearth. On the opposite [illegible]

[illegible] There were no [illegible] no teas, no dancing, no "Society." But there were rest, freedom, sunshine and flowers. We walked, rode and drove for miles through the mountains. We read and wrote, and took "views" (Tom being an enthusiastic amateur photographer). We explored the woods and fairly lived out-doors. The color came back to Tom's cheeks, the elasticity to his step and the sparkle to his eyes. X—, the quasi-fashionable summer resort, was twelve miles away; it might have been a hundred for all we cared. We went there twice, but hurried back to our quiet farmhouse, glad we were not of the tired, overdressed, bored-looking crowds that promenaded the hotel verandas.

We really enjoyed "snipping, stitching, cutting and contriving." Kitty regarded our room as a most luxurious apartment, and showed a touching degree of gratitude when we bequeathed most of our magnificent (?) furnishings to her, on our departure.

And, when we were ready to leave, Tom said, "Do you know, Nelly, this seems almost like home, bare and hopeless as it looked at first! Let's come again next summer."

Dorothy Carew.

CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES.

(Author's Copyright.)



NEXT to the use of the second-grade flour as a means of economy is the addition of rice, and so excellent is the bread made from rice and flour, surpassing in whiteness even whitest wheaten bread, and keeping fresh and moist several days that it has seemed to me probable that, were it not one of the most economical breads, it would be much prized. Unfortunately if once an article is labeled "economical," that is sufficient to prevent its use by many, especially the poor for whom the need of economy is so great.

During the Crimean War, the price of bread rose very high in England, to tenpence (20 cts.) the four-pound loaf, the usual price being sixpence to sevenpence for the best bread. The calamity of dear bread was so great, that all the scientists and philanthropists began trying experiments on the different articles that could be added to pure wheat, to cheapen it.

Very many substances were tried, and, perhaps unfortunately, highly recommended on account of their *nutritive* and *wholesome* qualities, such as pease meal, bean meal, etc., but the palate was not taken into account. The press teemed with recipes for cheap bread, but generally it was very unpalatable ; but those of real value, such as rice and potato bread were equally despised; the really poor preferred to live on short allowance of their familiar bread than have abundance of it mixed with anything, *if they knew it.* Potatoes, as an addition, not only for economy's sake, are so familiar to most people that it is not worth while to enter into the merits of them here, beyond saying that although they increase the bulk of bread, and many think they improve its keeping qualities, the nutritive qualities are not increased in proportion; that is, a large loaf, part flour and part potatoes, will not have the nutritive qualities of the same sized loaf without potatoes. This is not the case with rice; while it increases bulk even more than potatoes, the nutritive qualities are increased in equal proportion, the fact being that potatoes have little nourishment themselves, while rice has a great deal and increases the weight one-half.

Rice Bread.

Half a pound of rice, two pounds of flour. Boil the rice till quite tender in milk or water, beat it as smooth as you can; then rub it into the flour just as you would do butter, rubbing it between the hands; dissolve half a cake of compressed yeast in a pint of warm water or milk, and a teaspoonful of salt and three of sugar.

Make it into a dough, using a little more water if necessary, as it probably will be. The dough should be quite soft to the touch. Knead it well and set it to rise ; when well risen knead it well and let it rise again, in well-greased pans. When rice bread is not made for economical motives, but simply as a change, if the crust is basted with a little butter, just as it begins to brown, it will be delicious.

Indian and Wheat Bread.

The addition of Indian-corn meal makes an economical and pleasant flavored bread. Take a pint of thick, warm Indian gruel, made from the white corn-meal ; dissolve a cake of compressed yeast in half a pint of warm milk ; put in it two teaspoonfuls of salt, unless you seasoned the gruel, when you only need one, and three of sugar. When the yeast is dissolved pour the gruel into the mixing bowl, add yeast and milk to it ; then add enough warm flour to make a very soft dough, knead it well, cover it with a cloth, and set it to rise. It will take from two to four hours, according to the temperature. To work it over very thoroughly when light, which will be when swollen to about double its first bulk, put it into well-greased pans and let it rise to *nearly* double its bulk ; then bake, as you are directed for other bread.

If shortening is liked, it can always be added to dough in proportion of one teaspoonful to a pound of fine flour; dessert-

spoonful for Graham, or second-grade flour, rye, Indian, etc.

Fine White Bread.

I have spoken earlier of the variety that may be produced by the same materials, with slightly different manipulation. I will give examples, because, although they will each be good bread, there are as many diversities of taste in bread as in color, and, besides, the very making of these varieties once or twice will teach more about flour than years of work at just one formula.

Now, while I should rejoice to know that the discovery that a number of different breads can be produced by slight changes of method, had incited enthusiastic housekeepers to aim at making twists and wreaths, and all the toothsome varieties sold by Wall, or Purssell, I must beg that experiments be reserved until success with the recipes, exactly as here given, shall warrant them. Do not either, if you value success, try two sorts the same day unless you are very strong and accustomed to kitchen work. One of the greatest discouragements a woman meets is to find herself tired before the work is half done, when, if self-indulgent, she leaves it to others to finish, and spoil; or, if a conscientious woman, she works on, but so often with blundering thoughts and hands, that she is prostrate and disgusted, and her work often a failure, and all because she began with too much enthusiasm, and attempted more than her experience enabled her to get through easily.

A Fine Bread.—No. 1.

Take a *scant* quart of water, as warm as milk from the cow, dissolve in it half a cake of compressed yeast and a teaspoonful of salt. Have ready warmed two quarts of flour, full measure. Make a hole in the centre of the flour, see that the yeast is thoroughly dissolved in the water, pour it into the hole, working the flour gradually into it with the right hand; when mixed, this will be a soft dough; if too soft to work, sprinkle a *little* flour from a dredger, and knead it, but always use as little as possible to knead with. At first, to a novice, it may seem sticky and rather unmanageable, but by degrees, always working from the sides *towards* the centre, the rough mass will become smooth and no longer sticky to the hands or bowl.

When the dough is quite smooth and does not stick, let it rise. It will take perhaps two hours in a warm spot; 85 deg. to 90 deg. will be best. When it is quite light, that is, about double the bulk, work it over thoroughly, set it to rise again before putting it in the pans, if you have time; if not, divide the dough into two and put it in well-buttered pans. Let it rise, it will take *about* an hour in mild weather, but never judge entirely by time, look to the bulk; if it is rather less than twice the size in an hour it is ready; if not, wait till it swells more. Some like a very light, porous bread; they may then let the loaf rise to more than double the bulk.

Fine Bread.—No. 2.

Take one pound of winter-wheat patent flour, dry and warm, and half a pint, *less two tablespoonfuls*, of lukewarm water; melt in this a half teaspoonful of salt and a full one of sugar and half a cake of compressed yeast; make a hole in the centre of the flour, see that the yeast is dissolved and then pour the liquid in. It will seem, if you are accustomed to make bread by a recipe similar to my last, that is to say, allowing a pint of water to the pound of flour, it will seem impossible that so little water will be enough to make dough (and if you are a novice in bread-making, don't try it; stiff doughs can only be successfully handled by those experienced in kneading); but you will find every bit of the flour will work in. It requires a strong arm, nothing more; at first the dough will be rough and hard, but by doubling over and kneading thoroughly it will soon be soft and elastic. Knead it fifteen minutes by the clock, and remember punching and pounding the dough in one place is *not* kneading. When smooth, white and elastic, put the dough to rise. It will do so in two to two and a half hours generally. When it has quite doubled its bulk, knead again thoroughly; you will now find the dough very soft and elastic. Let it rise once again, then knead and roll into a round ball, lay it on a greased pan, let it rise again, and, when it has doubled, bake in a quick oven, turning it as it rises. This loaf will have risen to a pyramidal mound, have a delicious nutty crust, and the crumb will be white, close and moist, or rather tender. If the flour is good, but if less than excellent, it will make a flatter loaf and tend to spread as well as rise. This bread is what

is sold at the large fancy bakeries as English bread. No shortening should be added, but if mixed with rich warm milk instead of water, it makes delightful twist bread.

FINE BREAD.—No. 3.

Make a stiff dough as by last recipe; when the flour is all worked in have a bowl of cold water at your side, dip your hand in it, and then knead the bread, just as you would with the dry hand. You wet your palms several times as you work the bread; strange as it may seem, the dough will not stick to your hands, nor will it appear to moisten during the process. When quite smooth, set to rise the same as directed for other fine bread; this will differ from the last bread in texture and crust, resembling the Vienna bread in both. Brush the top of the loaf lightly with warm *water* when it is ready for the oven, and bake as is usual.

Although I have given the recipe for breads made of exceedingly stiff dough, and a small baking of two or three loaves is not beyond the strength of most women to knead thoroughly, a large baking would require a man's hand or a kneading machine. Therefore, delightful as the crisp, close bread is for a change, it would entail too much labor to have it regularly in a large family. Yet, as the less water added to bread the moister it is, and the fresher it keeps (contrary to the general idea), a good rule for everyday use is in the medium between soft and stiff dough (using either extreme as the variety), and for which half a pint and three-quarters of a gill of water may be used to a pound of flour instead of half a pint as for stiff dough, and the scanted pint required in recipe No. 1.

It must be remembered that I still urge the novice to make bread from this recipe several times before trying those with less water, because, until the knack of handling dough is acquired, little water and much flour usually results in a *hard* dough, which deft handling would make pliable and elastic, but which is almost certain never to reach that stage in inexperienced hands, and "too stiff dough" is the rock on which most young bread-makers come to grief. In instructing a servant how to make bread, insist on perfect bread from soft dough and "patent," or first-grade flour *first*. *Catherine Owen.*



COOL HOUSEKEEPING FOR HOT WEATHER.

ONLY the privileged few can leave the city for country and sea-side, and even a great number of these are away only for the short vacation allowed the head of the family from business or professional duties. Why then should we not settle down and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will allow in these brownstone and brick houses of ours, which, by the way, are not as hot always as they have the reputation of being. Why bewail and lament because our husband's pocketbooks are not as full as some others', and why, above all things, go away ourselves, to leave them to get along as best they may?

What more pitiable sight can there be than that of a man returning home at the close of a hot, disagreeable day, to a deserted house, after perhaps a lonely dinner at some neighboring restaurant? Even

the family cat has left for more social circles.

It is no wonder when, as often happens, he finds what should be a retreat of pleasure after the cares and anxieties of business, a gloomy, musty, unbearable abode and begins to frequent places which may be his ruin !

Many a time last summer we returned from some short trip, fully persuaded it was cooler and more comfortable at home, where we could do as we pleased and dress likewise. Let us see what can be done to make these homes more fit for summer living. Every one knows from experience the room that is most used as the warm weather increases ; *this* is the one then in which to experiment.

Down with the heavy draperies that exclude the wandering breeze ; up with the Brussels, and in its place put a matting. Very pretty ones can be obtained at eight and ten dollars per roll of forty yards, and they are often advertised even cheaper. The whole tone of your room is immediately changed. As you step on the doorsill from the heavy carpets beyond, that cool, fragrant matting is full of recollections of sweet odors ; perhaps it is the whiff from the home fir-tree, or the scent of new mown hay, the smell of salt spray, or mountain laurel.

The new designs in matting are much prettier than the old-fashioned squares. Soft, creamy grounds, with here and there a fantastic tracery or grotesque Japanese design, to study the meaning of which is pleasant amusement for a hot afternoon. Now collect your rattan chairs into this room ; cover the rug couch with linen and have convenient a fir-pillow or two, whose spicy, aromatic odor will lull you to dreamy slumbers.

Add a few fans to last year's collection, and, as a finishing touch to your summer room, whatever devices your feminine taste may suggest, and the result will be most surprising.

People's appetites grow more capricious with every hot day. Away with greasy roasts and steaming puddings ! One wants delicacies,—cool, crisp salads, fresh fruit, varieties of fish, dainties composed of milk, eggs and berries, syllabubs and ices, in short, whatever is cooling and adapted to summer eating. These are not "fussy," as some women think, but can be made quickly, cooked in the forenoon and put on the ice, ready for the day's needs, thus relieving the housekeeper of any further anxiety.

Through the hot weather the dining-room must be kept scrupulously clean. Stains, that would be passed by at other times, are intolerable on a sweltering dog-day. The appetite must be coaxed by the surroundings as well as by the viands. Bring forth your treasures of glass and china, in which to serve the results of your skill.

Of the daintiest of dainties is frozen apricots. It is a Boston dish, and when served with whipped cream is simply "too lovely," as the gushing Commonwealth-Avenue girl expresses it.

Whipped cream ! This is almost a daily necessity through the summer, for, eaten with many kinds of berries, it makes a most delicious dish. Bavarian and Spanish creams, syllabubs and slips are also appropriate with fruit. Slip is an old-fashioned concoction, belonging in its origin to the South. Its simplicity recommends it. The New-Orleans people eat a saucer of "bonny clabber" with milk and sugar the first thing at breakfast. This is very wholesome for children, and must have been the very thing which "Little Miss Muffitt" was enjoying when the black spider drove her away.

Lemon syllabub is a mixture of one pint and a half of cream, whites of six eggs, juice of three lemons, a gill of good wine (or fruit juice), and one pound of sugar. Whip, and serve in glasses. This is a drink for the gods. Hebe never passed a sweeter draught.

The easiest of all the cooling delicacies are the ices. Salads are always tempting. They tickle the palate especially of the male members of the family. As Sydney Smith says :

"T'would tempt the dying anchorite to eat,
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl."

Salads are nothing if not fresh ; worse than nothing, for it is the cool, crisp green of the lettuce, the fresh red of the lobster, the smoothness of the dressing, that give them their charm. Few women use the lobster as they might, for it is hardly known in some houses outside of the salad. Lobster stew is far more delicate than oysters, while bisque and scallop of lobsters are equally good.

At a recent woman's club, where the

subject of cooking was being discussed, one lady, with a long sigh, said she should not dread the summer were it not for the Sunday dinner. Many of them kept only one servant, and were accustomed to go themselves to the kitchen to superintend that meal, the big affair of the week. Other days it seemed all right to see to the cooking, but Sunday one would like to keep cool, to go to church, to entertain a friend, whom perchance one's husband has invited to dine, without harrowing thoughts as to whether Jane is watching the meal, or, O, Heavens! Can that be the corn burning?

One lady suggested cold dinners as a remedy. With one voice they all echoed "cold dinners!" and to have seen the look of holy horror on their sweet angel faces, one would have thought the cold dinners meant destruction of home peace and proceedings for divorce. "Oh, John would never like that!" piped one meek voice, which showed John's likes were carefully observed in that house. Said Mrs. F.:

"Suppose Mr. F. should bring home one of his friends and find a cold dinner, what would the gentleman think?"

The lady who had thrown the bombshell into their midst, unaware of the thunderbolts she was bringing upon her own head, replied that a cold dinner could be both pleasing, satisfying, and, on a July day, more tempting than a hot one.

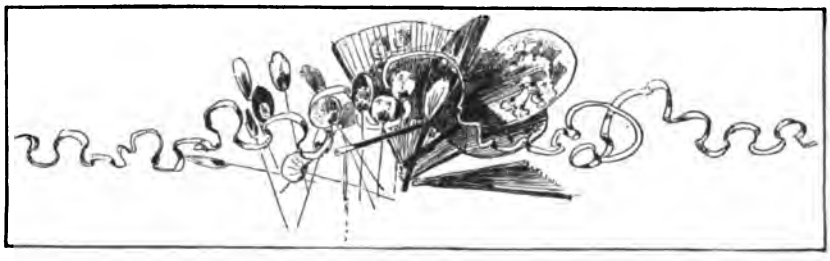
"You want at least one salad."

"But what meat is good cold, besides tongue and ham?" interrupted a voice.

"Did you ever try a stuffed shoulder of veal?" replied the other, determined to convince them of her point. "When cold, it will cut like boned turkey. Then there is jellied chicken. If you wish to try the experiment you will find plenty of meats that are nice cold. Tomatoes, cucumbers and lettuce are good side dishes. For dessert, any of the dainty dishes we have named; a frozen pudding, delicate cake, fruit, cream and berries, and you have a repast fit to put before the King. Call it luncheon, if you wish, but having prepared the meat on Saturday, the salads and dessert right after breakfast Sunday, you have the rest of the day free from stove and kitchen, to be enjoyed at your own sweet will. The vexing question of Sunday dinner, with its trials and tribulations, is not for you. You can attend church as peaceful in spirit as your richer neighbor, whose Jane is an expensive cook."

The Fair Ones left the meeting, talking earnestly in groups of threes and fours. They seemed unanimous in thinking it would be delightful, but whether or not they venture to try the experiment, the husbands will no doubt discover this summer.

Alice H. Weatherby.



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

TWO SIMULTANEOUS SCENES.

SCENE 1ST.

TIME: *One o'clock on a hot July day.*
PLACE: *Bank of a lake—grassy, shady. Hammock, camp chairs, rustic table with books, work, and tray of glasses. Cottage seen through trees.*
PERSONÆ: *Master of the cottage and young lady guest.*

Master (*languidly from the hammock*). A charming poem. How well you read. Ah-h! (*pushing up his hair*). It is really warm even here.

Young Lady Guest. Do let me put some more ice in your lemonade. (*Does so.*)

Master. Thanks, awfully—a—shall I say Hebe?

Y. L. G. (*laughing*). If you like to call yourself Jupiter.

Master. On the whole, no. I fear he was a vulgar old person. But—do you know?—I never heard that poem better read. No, really—and it is one of my favorites. If Alice only cared for poetry and art! They are my life, but she—

Y. L. G. Why, I'm sure I thought Alice a great reader.

Master (*sighing*). So did I. Now before we were married—what, one o'clock! No lunch! I cannot teach Alice to be punctual.

Y. L. G. Perhaps she is minding the baby. (*Baby heard crying.*)

Master. Then why not keep him still? She has no system, I tell her frequently—order, system, the beautiful regularity of Nature. She wears herself out fussing, when I beg her to copy nature. I adore Nature. But I was always all soul. These sordid cares eat into my life.

Y. L. G. Never mind. Don't excite yourself. You look quite flushed. Do light a cigarette and I'll read you this. It really is too sweet! Just listen. (*Reads poem.*)

SCENE 2ND.

TIME: *The same.*
PLACE: *The cottage kitchen. Very hot—flies—sun streaming in. Bridget at tubs, right. Range in center, red hot. Boiler steaming.*
Enter Mistress, left, with baby on her arm.

Mistress (*in tones of trouble*). Oh, Bridget!

Bridget (*loftily*). Ma'am.

M. (*shifting the baby*). It is one o'clock.

B. (*still more loftily*). Shure, an' what if it is?

M. Why you know how particular Mr. Noble is—?

B. (*washing vigorously*). Its mesilf is quoite accustomed to partickerler gintlemin. I'd not worruk for wan as wasn't. There was Mr. Gray of Twinty-ninth Street, an' the stacks of shirts he'd have ivery week—

M. (*hastily*). Yes, yes, Bridget, I know you have lived with very nice people, but really—what are we to do? You have not begun the pudding!

B. (*majestically*). Puddin' is it? I'll begin that puddin' when I'm done me wash, an' there's clothes here to last wan week wid ha-ard scrubbin'. (*Pounds clothes on washboard.*) Ef there's a spark of feelin' in talkin' of puddin' on a wash-day! (*Shakes out clothes, flirting water over Mistress's dress.*) Ef ye wants a puddin' there's thim can make it. I loike yees very well, but I'll not ruin me health!

M. (*aside*). Oh dear, dear! What shall I do! What will Charles say? I'm such a bad manager. (*Aloud, cheerfully.*) Never mind, Bridget, I'll make the pudding. (*Puts down baby, beats eggs. Baby cries.*)

Maria Blunt.

CURTAIN.

"MID BUSY STREETS AND CROWDED MARTS."

(Author's Copyright.)

CHAPTER II.



TWO days later, Faith was fairly launched upon her new enterprise. A bright pleasant room with a merry grate fire presented an aspect of homely comfort as she entered it late in the afternoon of a frosty day, in the interval between Christmas and New Year. Her trunks had preceded her, and were ranged in grim order awaiting her leisure to unpack them. Her own arms were full of small packages to whose procuring she had devoted an hour on her way from the depot, and which she now arranged on a table with great care. Then stepping back, she regarded the array with an air of deep satisfaction, apostrophizing it in a soft undertone.

"Now that looks like a brave beginning!" she said. "How I delight in a new undertaking! It quite wakes me up from my dreamy laziness."

Then, glancing at the trunks severely, as though they were mutely appealing for her services in their behalf, and were complaining of weariness in so long sustaining their burdens, she added.

"Most likely you will stay just as you are, till to-morrow. I'm too tired and too busy to be bothered with you to-night."

So they submitted in silence to the inevitable. Faith began to examine her packages, and to arrange in the upper drawer of her bureau such of their contents as she did not need to use that evening. She had bought half a dozen eggs, which were really fresh, for Faith knew how to distinguish by her skilled touch, between new-laid eggs and those that had known more than a few days' existence in the world. There is a slight roughness like the bloom upon the peach, on the shell of a fresh egg, which it soon loses by any contact with the air, and still more rapidly from being handled. Its presence may be regarded as an infallible sign of the egg's freshness. Then, Faith had purchased a small covered tin saucepan, half a pound of ground coffee, some rolls, with a tiny pat of butter, and a variety of cake, besides a small bottle of sherry and some dainty slices of tongue.

From the depths of a hand-bag she extricated some spoons, knives, forks, an egg-cup, a wine-glass, and some small plates, which she had brought from home, and arranged them also in the drawer, reserving only what she wanted to use at once.

After flitting about the room readjusting with light touches its various articles of furniture, till she acquired a sense of being at home among them, Faith lighted the gas, half filled the saucepan with water to which she added four heaping tea-spoonfuls of coffee. Then sitting down in front of the bright fire in a comfortable arm-chair, she watched the saucepan as it nestled cosily among the red coals, and let her thoughts wander idly among many dreams of possible achievement, while the faint fragrance of the coffee began to rise, assailing her senses with delightful suggestions of its coming enjoyment.

With the first puff of steam that lifted the lid and showed that the boiling point was reached, Faith roused herself from her momentary inaction, and began to arrange a small stand for her first dinner in this new abode. Resolving to dispense with all unnecessary details, and to simplify her arrangements into a very pic-nic style of unceremoniousness, she was soon enjoying with all the keen zest of a healthy, well-earned appetite, the buttered rolls and tongue, with the strong, reviving coffee, which she had learned to find palatable without cream. Sugar she never used for it. Some cake and a glass of wine made a sufficient dessert; and then with the aid of another supply of hot water, she quickly washed and put away the few things she had used.

When all traces of her housekeeping, on this reduced scale, had been removed, Faith sat down again before the fire with pencil in hand, to make at once a calculation of the progress she was making. Scarcely however had she dotted down the items upon which it was to be based, when a gen-

tle knock at the door startled her. Wondering a little, she rose and opened the door, exclaiming with delight, as she recognized her visitor :

"You dear good Hester! How did you find me so soon?"

"Mr. Cherubino dropped me a line, asking me to look you up. He is rather anxious over this new escapade of yours."

"And you are not?" asked Faith with a confident smile.

"Well, no! you always have the persistence—obstinacy Lady Disdain calls it—to carry your mad schemes to some sort of ending. But I really don't like this one. If you wanted to be in the city for the winter, why not have come to me?"

"But I didn't. What I wanted was just this that I have done ; to see what sort of housekeeping I could contrive here."

"It is a foolish experiment," remonstrated Mrs. Nymscywitch. "Your unique pastoral life in the country admitted of success even to your daring aspirations, but here, it is a prosaic matter of mere discomfort. New York prices are not to be trifled with, or moulded to suit your whims."

"I don't find it so! I'm quite enchanted to discover that they are so moderate."

"Impossible!"

"Just listen! I've had my dinner, I wish you had come earlier and shared it with me,—"

"Thank you!" interposed Mrs. Nymscywitch with a grimace of pretended horror, "I'm afraid your meals are too ethereal for my substantial appetite."

"I was just making an estimate of its cost when you came in," Faith went on, with a rebellious shake of her head.

"Expecting the result would be so satisfactory as to aid digestion?" asked Mrs. Nymscywitch provokingly.

"I haven't found out yet. You interrupted me just as I was about to reach the sum total."

"Let's hear all about it," and Mrs. Nymscywitch drew her chair nearer to Faith, in front of the glowing fire, while a smile of tender kindness broke through her assumed air of criticizing gravity.

"Well! wait a moment till I add it up!" said Faith, bending over the paper she still held in her hand, with a most business-like aspect.

"There!" she cried, as she handed it to Mrs. Nymscywitch, with a laugh of glad triumph, "could you do as well as that?"

Mrs. Nymscywitch glanced over it in amazement. It was as follows :

	Cents.
Coffee	1⅓
Two Rolls	1⅔
Butter	2
Tongue	3
Cake	3
Wine	2
Total,	13

"My dear Faith!" she cried in tones of deep commiseration, as she saw the extraordinary sum total. "Dont try to delude one in this way! don't pretend that thirteen cents can supply an actual meal, or satisfy so much as a bird needs!"

"Consider the items!" replied Faith, "I don't call it a substantial dinner, but surely it is enough for this once. I had not time to procure a chop, as I at first intended."

"Coffee! rolls! tongue!" murmured Mrs. Nymscywitch. "It seems enough! but what mere morsels they must have been! and then the prices! What do you mean with your absurd fractions?"

"They show my exact outlay for what I have used ; as for instance : I get six rolls for five cents and have used two. But I have not denied myself at all," she went on, rising and pulling open the bureau drawer, as she spoke. "See here! I could have added boiled eggs to my menu had I wished ; and I have lots more of further supplies."

Mrs. Nymscywitch rose also, and grimly contemplated the tempting array of food which the drawer contained. Then she turned and surveyed Faith from head to foot, as though too puzzled by the problem thus presented to her for connected speech.

"Faith!" she said at last, "you bewilder me with this nonsense! It can't be really true?"

"Indeed it is! You must know these prices are the usual ones."

"It seems so! Yet there must be a mistake somewhere. If a nice little dinner, or supper—whatever you call it—like this costs only thirteen cents, what becomes of all we spend on our housekeeping, which is nearly a hundred-fold of your outlay?"

"Well! you couldn't get such a cook and waiter for less than thirty dollars a month," replied Faith, "and they have to be fed besides. I suppose the interest of the

cost of my cooking utensils, my extensive array of silver and glass, ought to be added. It would be about half a cent more I think."

Mrs. Nymscywitch regarded the articles referred to, as they reposed so modestly in one corner of the drawer, with an air of dreamy preoccupation.

"What did you drink your coffee out of?" she asked suddenly.

"That tumbler," answered Faith briefly, as she pointed to one that stood on a side-table with a pitcher of ice-water.

"Humph! you are a queer soul!

"Because of my exceeding wisdom? Perhaps so. Come and take lunch with me tomorrow, and try my menu. I will add some fruit to it, and give you bouillon instead of coffee."

"May I come early, and see the whole process?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will come! but woe to you if I catch you tripping."

Mary Cruger.

(*To be continued.*)

CHOICE RECIPES.

FROM SOUTHERN KITCHENS.

IT is not "Midsummer-Night's Dream" with the housekeeper now, for the busiest season of the year has come, and from this time until fruits and vegetables have positively made their last appearance there will be a ceaseless round of preserving, pickling, making jelly, and canning.

The wise woman selects for these purposes only perfect and flawless fruits, and also the purest white sugar. My grandmother's recipe says, "The best, double-refined loaf sugar is *indispensable* for all jellies and fine preserves, and even this should be clarified with egg or isinglass." I do not insist on the latter, but do think it essential that the best white sugar should be used. Preserves should not be crowded in the kettle, should be cooked slowly, and skimmed constantly.

Peach Preserves.

10 pounds of peaches.
10 pounds of white sugar.

Select the finest cling-stone peaches, when *just* ripe. Pare evenly and cut from the stone in large slices. Allow as many pounds of sugar as you have peaches. Put the fruit and sugar into deep china dishes in alternate layers. Do this at night; in the morning pour all of the syrup and sugar into a preserving kettle and let it simmer, skimming well. Put in one-fourth of the fruit and let it cook fifteen minutes, then take carefully from the syrup with a perforated ladle, and lay on a dish to cool, while another fourth of the fruit simmers in like manner with the first. When all has been cooked for fifteen minutes begin again at the first dish and proceed as before.

Repeat this process four or five times, or until the fruit is transparent and sufficiently tender. Remove to glass jars and boil the syrup until thick and clear. When it becomes nearly cool pour over the fruit and screw on the tops closely. The jars must be perfectly full.

Green-Melon Sweetmeats.

8 pounds of melon rind.
8 pounds of white sugar.
4 lemons, juice and rind.
¼ pound of nice ginger.

Pare and slice watermelon rinds. Throw them in salt and water and let them remain forty-eight hours. Then soak them a night

in clear, cold water. In the morning put them in the preserving kettle, cover with weak alum water and set over a slow fire. Let them steam for half an hour, then put them in cold water for three hours. Weigh them, and with their weight in loaf sugar and a pint and a half of water, make a rich syrup, adding to it the strained juice and thinly pared rind of the four lemons and the ginger.

In the meantime put the melon in the preserving kettle again, with alternate layers of grape leaves, and simmer over a slow fire until green and tender. Take from the kettle, immerse in cold water for fifteen minutes, then simmer gently in the syrup until perfectly transparent. Put in glass jars, pour the syrup in them and screw up closely.

Cherry Bounce (*Medicinal*).

Cherry Bounce, like Blackberry Cordial, has medicinal qualities of great value, and it is therefore very desirable to include it amongst the things made while one has the opportunity. Fill a stone jug with perfectly ripe *wild* cherries, and pour in the best French brandy until it touches the cork. Stop it up *tightly* and set it away for six months. Then pour off the brandy and measure it. We will suppose there are four quarts of it. Now, take half an ounce of cinnamon and one tablespoonful each of mace, cloves and allspice cracked up; put them in the preserving kettle with one quart of boiling water. Let it boil until it is reduced to a pint and a half; then put into the kettle six pounds of loaf sugar and let it boil to a *very* thick syrup. When cool, mix thoroughly with the cherry brandy, bottle and cork it tightly and keep in a cool, dry place. A tablespoonful with two tablespoonfuls of water is a dose for a child, and should be given three times a day.

Quince Preserves.

8 pounds of quinces.
8 pounds of white sugar.

Pare the quinces, slice from the core and simmer in clear water until tender. Remove to dishes, laying each piece by itself. Put the cores and skins in the water and boil for twenty minutes. Strain the water through a jelly bag, and into two quarts of it put a pound of white sugar for each pound of quinces; simmer gently, and when the syrup is half done, begin to cook the quinces in it, putting in only part at a time, as in peach preserves, simmering for fifteen minutes and removing to dishes while the rest cooks. Proceed thus until all of the fruit is perfectly transparent, then seal up in glass jars.

Brandy Peaches.

10 pounds of peaches.
10 pounds of white sugar.
1 gallon of peach brandy.
2 ounces of mixed spices.

The peaches must be cling-stone, of the largest size, without flaw and just barely ripe. Have ready a pot of boiling lye, into which throw a few at a time; let them remain several minutes, take out, and with a coarse towel rub off every particle of the fur and put the peaches immediately in cold water. When all are done, remove them to a large china bowl, and as you put them in, put in also alternate layers of their weight in white sugar. Let them so remain until morning; then pour off the syrup and sugar into a preserving kettle, and simmer. Put in the peaches, part at a time, and let them cook until you can easily pierce them with a straw. Remove from the syrup and put them in a stone jar with spices sprinkled between them; half an ounce *each* of allspice, mace, cloves, and cinnamon cracked up. Simmer the syrup until it is very thick, *much* thicker than for preserves. Remove it from the fire and let it cool somewhat—though not too much; then pour with one gallon of the best peach brandy over the peaches. Fasten the jar up perfectly tight to prevent evaporation of the spirits. A month or two later you will have to add more brandy, as the peaches rapidly absorb what is first put in. Some people prefer to brandy soft peaches that are not quite ripe, as they have the merit of coming readily from the stone, and are just as nice; but I prefer the orthodox cling-stone.

Siberian-Crab Preserve.

6 pounds of crab-apples.
9 pounds of white sugar.

Select, and carefully wash the crab-apples. With a large needle prick each one well to prevent its splitting. Then simmer them in clear water until you can easily run a broom straw through them. Allow a pound and a half of sugar to each pound of fruit. Make

a syrup of the sugar and a part of the water that the crabs were boiled in. Simmer the fruit, part at a time, in the syrup until transparent. Remove to jars, boil the syrup until thick enough, and pour over the preserves. Flavor with lemon or ginger.

Apple Jelly.

Use *acid* apples, *red* ones, if you can get them. After washing carefully, cut them up, skins, cores, and all. Put in a preserving kettle, cover with water, and boil until the apples are perfectly done. Strain the juice through a jelly bag, and to every pint allow a pound of sugar (*loaf*). Return to the kettle and boil it until it will jelly. Test it by putting a little in a saucer in a cold place—the refrigerator, for instance. As soon as it jellies firmly, remove from the fire. While still warm fill the jelly glasses, but do not seal up until perfectly cold. Cover the top of each glass with a circle of paper dipped in brandy, and seal it so as to thoroughly exclude the air.

Peach Chips.

Cut ripe peaches into thin slices and simmer them slightly in a syrup made of half a pound of sugar to every pound of peaches. Remove from the syrup and lay in shallow dishes in the sun, and every day pour over them a portion of the syrup, which must have been boiled down very thick after the peaches were cooked in it. Turn the peaches over from time to time. Cover them with thin muslin tacked to a frame so as to protect them from dust and insects. When all of the syrup has been used up and the fruit is well dried, pack away closely in boxes lined with thick paper, sifting sugar on each layer of peaches as you pack them.

Charming Imitation of Citron.

10 pounds of green muskmelon.
5 pounds of sugar.
Rinds of four lemons.

Take half-grown muskmelons and throw them in brine to harden them. Let them remain a week, then soak them for a week in fresh water, changing it daily. Cut them in halves, pare off the outer rind carefully, and scrape out the seeds and pith. Boil the citron in alum water until green and somewhat tender. Lay it in fresh water until the next morning. Weigh it, and to every pound allow a half pound of sugar. Preserve in the syrup until clear and tender, then remove and spread on dishes. Boil the syrup down as thick as honey, flavoring it with the thinly-pared rinds of four fresh lemons. Set the dishes in the sun under a muslin or wire covering, and every day pour on a portion of the syrup, turning the pieces over from time to time. When all of the syrup has been absorbed and the citron is thoroughly dried, pack away in jars, closely covered.

Syrup for Preserves or Drinks.

1 quart of water.
6 pounds of loaf sugar.

Dissolve the sugar in the water and simmer it slowly. Skim it very carefully all the while, and cook until it is very thick and clear. Keep in glass, tightly covered, and in a dry, cool place. If it is to be used for summer drinks, it can be flavored with lemon or anything you prefer.

Green-Corn Fritters.

Grate tender, but well-filled green corn from the cob until you have a quart. Into this stir a large spoonful of melted butter, one pint of fresh milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and three eggs beaten *separately* until very light. Fry in boiling lard.

Chicken Fried With Cream Gravy.

Have young, tender chickens nicely dressed and cut up in the usual way for frying. Salt, pepper, and flour them, and fry a delicate brown. Remove from the frying-pan. Strain the grease to remove all the burnt bits, return it to the pan, add a cup of fresh, sweet cream, and let it stew awhile. If not quite thick enough, add a little more flour. Pour this gravy over the chicken when served.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PUZZLED HOUSEHOLDER IN BEHALF OF A BAFFLED HOUSEWIFE. WHO WILL ANSWER?

EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER—*Dear Madame:* I write in reference to the canning of vegetables, especially peas. Can you tell me how to do it in glass? I wish the information for my wife's use in my own private family, and not for any business purposes. She has failed repeatedly with peas, though very successful in canning fruits—strawberries, cherries and peaches especially. She has tried peas in Mason jars and in new beer-bottles!—tried them boiled and steamed, for different periods and in different ways—but even those that promised best had to be thrown away at the end of seven days. Those in the beer bottles did best, as the patent tops are very tight and strong and never admit either air or water. I would say, however, that the peas finally blew the bottoms out of the bottles, heavy as they are, while the tops remained intact. She tried cooking the peas *in* the jars and bottles, and putting them in these after boiling or steaming, but every plan was equally unsuccessful. I received the enclosed letter to-day from Mr. —— —— of ———, who furnishes prominent grocers with all their goods canned in glass, and you will notice that it is discouraging, as he says he has "never known a family to be successful in keeping vegetables."

I cannot understand why there should be so much secrecy and mystery about vegetables, that can be put up by only a few factories, while the information would be more valuable to many housekeepers than the well known and easy methods of canning fruits.

I have tried every source known to me, but those who have the information withhold it, so I apply to you, who are a public benefactor and disseminator of knowledge to the benighted housekeeper, and I trust you can either give me the recipe, or put me in the way of getting it. Any information or suggestions you may kindly give me, or can put me in the way of procuring, will be highly appreciated.

Very respectfully,

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA. *H. H.*

The editors of THE HOME-MAKER commend the above appeal to housewives at large. Any suggestions will be gratefully received. The problem is serious and of practical import.

"FRAGILE."



IT IS now nearly twenty years ago since there appeared in the ever-to-be-lamented *Hearth and Home* a query from a farmer's wife as to the possibility of making dish-washing anything but drudgery. The writer was able, she said, to have cut-glass and French china, a goodly store of which decorated her shelves, but she could not endure the thought of entrusting these fragile valuables to servants' hands.

The reply began somewhat in this fashion:

"To make dish-washing tolerable, *have* cut-glass and china! That is, use it every day, and take care of it yourself."

Resisting the temptation to mount a hobby and canter into irrelevant space by elaborating the assertion that dish-washing is the least understood and worst abused of domestic arts, I would call the attention of housewives to the advice given to the malcontent. Those who have not replen-

ished china closets within a few years, and who sympathize with the well-to-do farmeress in the dread of seeing beloved fragiles shattered, have little idea of the beauty and comparative cheapness of what were once reckoned among rich men's monopolies.

Perhaps fewer still know that cut-glass of the finest quality is manufactured in America in patterns that rival the choicest products of France in grace and variety.

A word as to the heavy, cheap glass sold as "cut" and "French," and bought and used as "best" by credulous housewives. Weight is not the criterion of excellence in this ware. Look, instead, for crystal clearness, elegance in design, and *depth* of cutting. The shallow incisions, criss-crossing the massive dish for which you paid only three dollars, stamp it as cheap and tawdry in the eyes of any one who has any knowledge of really fine glass.

A stroll, even in midsummer, through the show-rooms of such a manufacturer and vender of cut-glass, as we will say, for the sake of localizing the illustration—C. Dorflinger & Sons, 36 Murray St., N. Y.—is a practical education in the art of distinguishing the true and the beautiful from the meretricious. While it is impossible—if it were expedient—to catalogue the divers temptations which appeal to the eye and the sense of fitness at every step, the housewife who has a certain sum to expend for the cut-glass she has set her heart upon for so long, *and which she means to take care of herself*, may gather some useful hints from the mention of a few of the novelties and "stand-bys" we pause to examine.

Carafes (or decanters with stoppers) are better for daily use than glass water-jugs, although the latter are newer, and perhaps more showy for company dinners.

Handsome carafes may be had for $6.00 a pair; wide-mouthed pitchers, with reticulated cutting, clear handles, edges and lips—for the same.

Oil and vinegar flasks range from $1.50 and $2.00 to $4.00 and $5.00 apiece.

A dozen exquisite tumblers can be bought for $12.00 a dozen, such as in the "former days" we paid for at the rate of $3.00 apiece. In writing this I am not oblivious to the fact that cut-glass tumblers are offered in general variety bazaars at $3.00 per dozen. But did you ever wash and wipe them, even with your softest linen towel?

At the same comparative rate of prices quoted above, come *bon-bon* dishes—leaf-shaped, crescent and oblong; "individual salts," and larger ones for table-corners, trefoil in form, cut deeply and yet strong; and celery dishes of the newest pattern—which is no longer a tall goblet or vase, but in fashion like a tiny canal, or canoe, or, prettier still, a tray with straight sides.

Salad-bowls bewilder us in the attempt to make a selection. None are preferable to one with a border of sparkling shells, radiating light from a hundred facets, clear sides, and a galaxy of many-pointed stars in the bottom. Near it is a square plate for cake, jelly or blanc-mange. The edge is a series of close circles with manifold reticulations, like cobwebs, only no spinner ever drew such straight, bright threads.

Ice-cream sets, sparkling and dainty, at reasonable cost, remind the customer of engaged couples who will want bridal-gifts in the coming autumn, and we eye appreciatively, superb and costly cracker-jars and plates; cheese plates and covers; a frosted jug for lemonade, compared with which the cheaper and slighter vessels, and the massive clumsiness of the "superb cut-glass" exhibited in the emporiums before alluded to, present the effect of scratched surfaces.

"Have cut glass and china!" By all means, although the penalty be an hour's additional work in the twenty-four.

For inspection or purchase of "the latest things in china," Frank Haviland's, 14 Barclay St., N. Y., is recommended by canny shoppers to her whose taste is just, but whose pocket-nerve quivers at the "asking" (and "getting") prices of uptown stores.

The white-and-gold, in which was our grandmother's delight, is revived under the name of "Richelieu," and wins favor with the granddaughters. It is bright, clean, and quietly elegant.

A "Wild Rose" set of Limoges china catches and pleases the eye. Fish-sets bestrewed with sea-weed, with ground effects of cloudy green depths and sunny shallows, are the visible fruit of an artist's thought. We learn that "bone-plates" are going out, but useful for nursery and family dinners, that bouillon-cups were never more popular, or brought out in prettier devices; that claw-footed *bon-bon* and salted-almond-dishes are a taking novelty—and that another which is likely to last long, is a broad deep dish with curving sides to hold the now almost indispens-

able oranges on the breakfast-table ; that there is a growing call for bread-and-butter plates, on which are laid the small slices of fresh graham bread, cut thin and buttered, which now go around with raw oysters as a first course. Of oyster-plates and the dainty devices in which they are presented for our admiration, there is no end. Ice-cream is eaten from plates, and not saucers—as perhaps our house-wife already knows. But pleasing designs are offered in these same plates or tiny dishes.

A visitor, wishing to buy something for "a far-off cousin who is going to housekeeping in a very modest way," invests satisfactorily $12.00 according to the bill herewith given :

12 after-dinner coffee-cups	$5.00
1 ice-cream bowl	2.50
12 ice-cream plates	4.50
	$12.00

Limoges ware, all of it, graceful in fashion and in pattern.

A novelty in china is the unglazed mat on which exquisite flowers, etc., are painted and thrown into striking effect by the dull richness of the background.

For long purses and extravagant tastes, there is abundant provision in "fragiles" so precious and beautiful that the housewife for whom this article is written, regards them as she might sunset clouds, or midnight constellations. Mine is not the province to extol these and the enterprise that has brought to our very doors such wares as were only imported to order within our memories.

"What is the finest fruit-market in the world?" asked an inquirer after information, of a veteran traveler.

"New York city!" was the unhesitating reply.

Less and less shopping is done each year on "the other side" by American travelers. What need, when taste and economy can be reconciled, without regard to winds and waves and custom-house extortioners? *Marion Harland.*

SYMPOSIUM.

DOES LIFE INSURANCE PAY?

Strong and to the Point.

IN the June number of The Home-Maker an article appears headed "Does life insurance pay?" Upon which question you invite discussion.

Does life insurance pay? You could not call attention to a more momentous question. The millions paid annually in premiums upon policies and the millions paid out upon death losses, are sufficient to attest the vast importance of the matter, financially.

The business of life insurance, like all other classes of business, proceeds upon a given theory. In life insurance this is based upon life and death, these phenomena taken in their most common and natural forms.

As a question of "pay," were the theory realized, it would pay equal to reasonable and warranted expectations. Practically, the ideal involved in the theory is not attained, and therefore, practically, it does not pay equitably. It is in the practice that the many interested in the mutual companies are victimized (I infer the question relates to mutual companies). The membership of a mutual life insurance company, and their chances to make it pay, for all and every one, may be compared to so many ships. A good, stanch, sound ship

may safely be insured against the perils of the sea. An old, worn-out or comparatively rotten vessel would gain a great advantage to be insured upon the same terms with the stanch ship.

The great anxiety of agents to make it pay for themselves, causes them to care little about the condition of the subject, and too many members are admitted whose bodies are prematurely worn out by sickness or dissipation and cannot possibly last long. After paying a few premiums the expected messenger comes and takes them away, and the loss is paid out of the moneys paid in, from year to year, by the members who came in with sound bodies, who live correct lives and die natural deaths, advanced in years to three score and ten, and even beyond that limit of the Psalmist. As I write, this moment, a gentleman insured in a New York mutual for $10,000 stepped in. He complained bitterly about the hardships of his case—he had just paid a premium of $700.00, which is more than he ever paid before. He says the agent had represented to him that the premiums would diminish from year to year and finally stop altogether. This gentleman, being a regular liver, sober and temperate in all things, feels the mistake he made keenly, and denounces insurance as a fraud and humbug as it is practically carried on.

My own experience, after seventeen years membership in a New England mutual company, is about the same, and my views upon the subject were forcibly expressed by my friend who casually came into my office while writing. This incident shows the drift of sentiment among the class of members who were led into the trap by importunate agents.

As a general rule, a business maintained by solicitation, through agencies, among the people, portends no good for the money. It tends to the benefit of the agent, to those in office controlling it, and to such who get a benefit or advantage through sharp practices within the body. This is especially so in mutual life and fire insurance companies. I have no doubt that a very great majority of members of mutual life insurance companies, who have carried their policies more than ten years, would withdraw if they could, even at considerable loss.

I contend, therefore, that life insurance, as practically carried on, does not pay in the end, and that in nine cases out of ten it causes trouble and disappointment to the insured and his family. It compels them to forego many things necessary for comfortable existence during the life, disappoints children who are ambitious to do something for themselves, with a little aid from the parents, which cannot be given because the policy must be kept alive till death,—and, worst of all, it leads to the temptation in children to become indifferent about the life of the parent, if not to almost wish that death might come to their relief by maturing the policy.

The money made is made by the impostor, and it is lost by the honest but deluded member. Those who make it pay, force themselves into the company through the susceptibility and venality of the agents and physicians—who are supposed to stand guard at the doorway—the same as a thief may enter your dwelling under the betrayal of your watchman. The honest member is beguiled into membership through the arts and devices of the agent.

The victim is led to believe he is going to die soon, which, of course, is possible but not probable. After a while the weird influence of the agent passes off, and in the meantime a number of premiums are paid, and disappointment takes the place of hopeful expectation. The practical management of life insurance companies is one of the crying evils of the day. And I venture to say, in spite of the fact that comparisons are odious, that their management is far more wrongful than that of railroads, of the management of which we hear so much.

A. M. F.

LANCASTER CITY, PENN.

A BUSINESS-MAN'S QUIET TALK.

WHEN I saw in the June number of THE HOME-MAKER the plea of our Springfield "innocent" for light, I read in it at once a genial invitation to the Life-Insurance people—"Have the goodness to step this way and scalp me!"

My judgment upon the matter is that his request, so interpreted, has been pretty thoroughly complied with. There may be some question whether that is the most approved way of letting in light, but there can be none as to its success in taking the hair off. I am not a "professional," and have no tomahawk to flourish; so I can afford to be helpful, without being satirical. The whole matter, it strikes me, as a busi-

ness-man, is a question as to modes of laying up money for those who are to survive us. In that view, the prime facts to be considered are, first, safety of investment; second, the rate of interest paid on such investment; for a premium on a Life Insurance policy is simply so much interest paid for so many hundreds or thousands of dollars, the transaction to mature on the death of the holder.

As to the first,—"J. R. W." will find that, with the failure of certain Life Insurance Companies, and the bogus character of others, there has been a corresponding failure of Saving Banks, and as numerous wild-cat speculations in that class of institutions. He will also find that even money loaned upon Bond and Mortgage,—generally regarded as the safest of all investments,—by a rapid fall in real estate, as in our periodical seasons of panic and financial collapse, is not infrequently sacrificed. Our prominent Life Insurance Corporations will compare favorably, in point of safety, with either of the above. As to the second—the rate of premium or interest to be paid—it is certain that the later tables of the companies have brought this to the minimum consistent with his own and their security. An examination and a little personal mathematics will make this evident without illustrating it here by figures. For the object for which it was originally intended—a reasonable and comparatively easy provision for our families when we shall be no longer capable of toiling for them—Life Insurance stands so far unrivaled. *Sardanapalus.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

EDITORIAL.

J. R. W.'s "request for light" has been so generously answered by those far more competent to deal with figures and statistics than myself, that I pass by the computations of monetary profit and loss, ways and means.

Others as long-headed as he have "consulted the tables," and find that he need not, as "a silent and unrecognized partner," go on "making money for the Insurance Company for the remainder of his life." Referring him, and other sincere seekers, from a business-man's standpoint, for information, to the communications received from practical financiers, I take up what may be called the domestic and personal side of the question.

The silliest woman I ever knew (and that is saying much) burst into tears when her husband brought home a Life Insurance Policy, and asked her to keep it safely for him. With fine tragic emphasis, she tore it in half, and trampled upon it, demanding "if he thought so meanly of her as to imagine that she would consent to anything which would make her better off when he was dead than when he was alive!"

Luckily for the race, this exhibition is phenomenal. I dare affirm that "Mrs. W.," while she would repel with pain and indignation the suggestion of "moneyed consolation" *as an equivalent* for her living, loving lord—would sleep the more sweetly for the knowledge that, in the event of his demise, she would not be a pauper-widow. For—and here is the pivotal point of this controversy—death is a terribly possible event.

"J. R. W." may be strong. He says that he is young. He is certainly clever, and, should he live out his four-score years, he will probably attain wealth. But—if he should die at thirty-three, the average age of modern humanity?

The faint flavor of cynicism in the term "moneyed consolation," moves me to a query which our esteemed subscriber must not resent as sarcasm. As a student of human nature, would he not do well to bethink himself which is the greater compliment—for his wife to dread the thought of his death while she knows that he has made provision for her future, or for her to cling to him as her only means of support? Does not the principle of self-interest he seems to deprecate in this connection, enter into the latter case more evidently than into the former?

Being a sensible man, who asks in good faith for a "common-sense utterance in this matter," he will pardon a friendly jest upon the situation indicated by another clause of his letter.

Life Insurance Companies are not philanthropic institutions, but neither are they deliberate tempters of the young and impulsive to forego "personal thrift and economy" for the express purpose of building up for themselves "grandeur of style." None of them affect to keep open doors and hold out inviting hands *pro bono publico.* Make money? Of course they do. Other-

wise, they would be unfit guardians for the interests committed to them by trusting husbands and fathers. In the face of this damaging admission, however, let me remind our protestant that their iniquitous accumulations are based upon the fact that so many policy-holders *live!* Whatever may be "Mrs. W.'s" reflections anent his possible decease, he will be certain, should he insure his life, of combining a body of solid men in the earnest desire that he may "live long and prosper." The most stubborn pessimist cannot suspect the officers of the Company in which he is insured of wishing to profit by his death.

Seriously, "J. R. W." can have no better business-allies than the directors and stockholders of this same soulless corporation. That they hope he will survive to "pay the face of his policy" with accruing interest, need not blind him to the fact—attested by thousands of cases—that a man and his family will strain every muscle, submit to any privation, rather than allow the policy upon the life of the head of the house to lapse. By the exercise of iron will, he might put the sum now paid yearly to the Insurance harpies, into Savings Bank, or real estate. In that case it is always within his reach—*or that of his creditors.* If he is an honest man, he has no option but to surrender every cent of which he is possessed to pay his just debts, should need require. He is *never* in possession of the amount of a life-insurance policy. It is a safe deposit with which speculators and robbers intermeddle not.

Children seldom (thank the Heaven who sends them to bless our lives!) "regard" even an unworthy parent "as of more value dead than he was when living." Should J. R. W.'s quiver ever be filled with them, he will love them too well to suspect them of the unnatural ingratitude. He will, furthermore, comprehend, through the unsealing of these new founts of tenderness, that the business of providing for his present and personal needs, is a listless pursuit when compared with the holy privilege of securing the future comfort of those dearer than his own life.

After a man has rounded off his half-century, he has lived his life unless other and younger existences are intertwined with his. But for these, all the shadows are slanted backward; the world holds nothing fresh, hope is forgotten in memory.

Only the parents of living children have *full* lives in that day. In view of this great truth, he who is wise cannot enter too soon upon the "self-denial," which is never "suffering" when intelligently endured for the sake of those who, owing their being to him, are an integral part and the most precious part of his very self.

Marion Harland.



WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

SUPPOSE, dear Mrs. Harland, that you were a woman forty-five years old, who was delicately reared; a graduate of one of our first educational institutions; early married and tenderly loved until the day of bitter parting came, and from the delight of being watched and tended, turned from a new-made grave to face the fact that, except an aged relative and a son just approaching manhood, Earth had few ties for you—that for ten years your income steadily declined until, just as the boy had developed a taste for engineering that kept him constantly away, and the death of the aunt left you alone, there remained about six hundred dollars a year for support. That you had no especial business capacity, and the charm of living utterly vanished—what would you do? Would you settle down in a small, inexpensive village, and strive to content yourself with the little charities and kind attentions that are a second nature to some of us—and save a pittance each quarter to enable you to spend a month at the seaside in the Summer, or a few weeks in New York at a time when there is so much to be enjoyed there—or would you "pull yourself together" and enter upon some active occupation with the hope and aim of bettering both spirit and purse? Now, there is very little that some women can do. And this person is not very strong, rather pleasant to look at, and thoroughly accustomed to manage the finances, as well as the details of housekeeping. She has a great love of children, and has been, in past years, known as a sort of model home-maker. Were she wealthy—she would choose a pleasant spot and build a house wherein might be welcomed, those in youth and age, who needed rest and reading; the great comfort of sympathy and advice and *respect*. But she is poor—or comparatively so. Suppose she offered her services—as she once thought of doing—to a clergyman who had lost his wife, and had three half-grown lads that were bright boys, sadly neglected. She is a timid person, and she feels certain that the exclamation of an acquaintance to whom she confided her plan would be poured into her ears from all quarters: "What an idea! You don't need to work, and everybody will think you are going to marry Dr. B. Probably he will ask you to—for you are just about his age, etc."

Now, as the home-making scheme is about the only one she dare to attempt, what hope or outlook is there for her? Must she sit down right in the midst of her strong years—and grow old—waiting and hoping for death? A few lines printed in your magazine have started my pen and I beg you to forget and to forgive by replying through your columns to a world-weary woman. *C. O. M.*

Answer:

"C. O. M." states a perplexing case. Columns by the hundred are written and printed of the vagaries and trials of *les nouveaux riches*. The woes of *les nouveaux pauvres* have in them no element of the ridiculous. A woman, brought up to daily labor in the house, or at a trade, knows her position and resources. The born gentlewoman who is not a pauper and yet has not a "competency," even a modest one, is hedged in by a hundred limitations, some of which are "indicated," as artists say, in the foregoing very well-written letter.

One plain, invariable rule is all that can be given in so public a place as these columns.

Whatever a woman can do well, she has a right to do, always premising that the thing is not wrong *per se*, and that she needs to do this, or something else for comfort, or support.

That the gossips predict this or that result of her experiment at home-making for others should not deter her, *providing* her own conscience acquits her of ulterior intention. There is grievous lack of real homes everywhere. A notable need which has lately been brought to the attention of THE HOME-MAKER will be treated of at length in the September number. Perhaps C. O. M. may find therein a hint and a "leading."

THREE SOUTH-GERMAN DISHES.

ROLLED MEAT.

TAKE two pounds of the tender part of round steak and cut it into three slices. Spread out each piece and scatter over each its fair share of two table-spoonfuls of finely chopped suet, one small onion, also chopped, and a salt-spoonful each of salt and pepper. Then roll up each piece and tie with string or thread. Heat an iron pot hot and into it put two table-spoonfuls of rendered suet, or one-half butter and one-half suet. Into this put a sliced onion and, when it is well browned, put in the rolls of meat, and place over a hot part of the range.

When the meat begins to brown, add one-half a cup of boiling water, cover the pot tightly and draw a little back from the hottest fire and let the meat cook slowly for an hour or longer. When the meat tears easily with the fork, remove it and take off the strings. Strain the gravy left in the pot and carefully skim off the fat from the top. Rub one table-spoonful of flour smooth in a little cold water and stir into the gravy and let it boil up one moment. Season to taste with salt and pepper and pour over the rolls of meat. If this dish is done before the dinner-hour it is not hurt at all by standing. Put the meat into the gravy and keep it hot.

FILLED FLANK.

Take one and one-half pounds of flank steak, and have the butcher cut a "pocket" in it. Mix together one-half pound of finely chopped round steak, half a slice of bread, softened with water but carefully drained, a salt-spoonful each of salt and pepper, one chopped onion and one whole egg. Fill the "pocket" with this mixture and tie up the meat. Pot-roast the flank in the same manner as the rolled meat and serve with a gravy made in the same way. If the water added in pot-roasting cooks away, more should be added in proportion to the amount which has evaporated.

FRIED POTATOES.

Slice raw potatoes into cold water. Take one table-spoonful of rendered suet and one of butter and put it into a shallow sauce-pan, and fry in it till brown, one small sliced onion. Drain the potatoes in a cullender and dry on a towel. Put them into the saucepan, stirring often and when they are a light yellow pour in half a cup of boiling water. Cover tightly and stir occasionally till the potatoes are done. Sprinkle on salt and pepper to taste and serve hot.

Agnes B. Ormsbee.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

SALT-WATER GIRLS.



ONE of the surest signs of the progressiveness of our times is the freedom with which our girls enjoy out-door sports.

Active exercise is a necessity to this generation of young people; boys and girls alike.

But, while our girls learn to play tennis as well as, and better than their brothers; while many a girl laughingly points to her broad-soled shoes and tells you she enjoys a long tramp through the country more than anything else she knows of; while we often meet girls who row, run, bowl, or even play base-ball, still, comparatively few of our girls are swimmers.

Many girls who can send a boat along with a pretty even stroke, cannot swim at all. The American youth of either sex is fearless to bravado, and I have often seen a girl who has not been in salt water six times in her life, without hesitation get into a small yacht and go for a sail over rough water.

In cities like New York and Brooklyn, where salt water is within a few minutes' walk of any point, it is strange that all children do not learn to swim as a matter of course. The necessity of it is apparent, but apart from that, there are many advantages which should make it an opportunity not to be neglected.

Simply as a pleasure, nothing can be more delightful on a sultry day than a dip in the brine, but the girl who cannot swim never fully enjoys it. There is an exhilaration in the plunge into deep water that bathing in shallow water, with only part of the body submerged, can never give; added to this, the position of the body, perfectly sustained by the buoyant water, leaves every muscle free to act, while the fresh vigor imparted to the whole system by the cooling element makes hard, physical exertion not only possible, but delightful.

In the action of swimming there are muscles brought into play in the thighs and lower part of the back that are exercised by no other sport that I can think of; this adds greatly to the strength and grace of the figure, and a girl will stand, walk, run, and even dance better for being a swimmer. Then, more than the beauty gained by this, as a girl grows up into womanhood and maternity she must be benefited by this extra strength. I am convinced that if our girls were taught to swim just as their brothers are, and could count, each summer, many hours spent in healthful exercise in salt water, they would develop into women to whom many of the pains and weaknesses so common to our sex, would be comparatively unknown.

I do not know how well-known a fact it may be that salt water is a wonderful remedy for catarrhal troubles. In this climate, catarrh, one might say, is almost general. Many physicians prescribe snuffing salt water up the nostrils for this unpleasant affliction. I cannot but think that this remedy must be almost as disagreeable as the disease.

I know a young girl who, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, suffered greatly with catarrh. She learned to swim and dive, and was astonished that after one summer all traces of the disease had disappeared. It is easily understood, however. The water thoroughly cleanses the nasal passages, and then heals the diseased parts more quickly and perfectly than any manual application can do. There is no better healer than salt water for any skin trouble, and tender feet are almost unknown to any swimmer. (Still I do not think our girls need that piece of information.)

No doubt the first cause of the lack of

girl swimmers is that they have not been taught to overcome the fear of the water that seems to be instinctive with the great majority of people. That is not their fault, but even though it has controlled them for many years, a strong effort of will should dispel it, and their own common sense convince them that if the water will support their brothers it will them. Let a girl once conquer her fear, and it will not be difficult to learn to swim.

The second cause, and I fear the more potent, is the detriment to her appearance. No doubt at our fashionable watering-places many women manage to preserve their "drest" appearance, even in their bathing costumes. But shoes, corsets, and dry hair are incompatible with swimming as an exercise or an art; and to lower the temperature of the body some twenty to twenty-five degrees suddenly, and to leave the head exposed to the air or sun, perfectly dry, must be absolutely injurious. The American girl is noted for her skill in the matter of dress. She combines most happily the *chic* jauntiness of the Frenchwoman with the ladylike modesty of her English cousins, and it must be sad for her to contemplate herself in a wet bathing-suit, with her hair hanging in dripping tatters about her neck and shoulders. To the girl whose hair is abundant, the wet head is no doubt a great discomfort; but if the hair is allowed to hang loose, it will dry quickly in the sun, and be better for the wash. To pin the hair close to the head while saturated with salt water is injurious.

These difficulties, our girls, I think, would soon overcome or forget. In fact, how many girls put up with them for the sake of bathing, even when they do not swim? If these would only have courage and perseverance to learn to swim, they would find not only that the pleasure of the bath was increased ten-fold, but that they had added to their list an accomplishment as useful, heathful and beautiful as any ever practised.

Now, a word about rowing: It is an exercise that will develop the arms, broaden the shoulders and strengthen the back. But in order to row well or gracefully, a girl must discard her corsets. An oarsman will tell you the strength of the stroke is more in the back than the arms, and if you watch him as he sends his boat rapidly along, you will notice that his back bends till his head almost touches his knees. Such an action would be painful and awkward to any one wearing corsets, and this is why most girls while rowing look stiff and ungraceful. Besides this, the position on the low seat of a rowboat, with the legs almost at right angles with the body, forces the corset up till the compression that should be round the waist is over the ribs and lungs, and is therefore hurtful and painful.

Alice Stead Binney.

THE HOME-REALM CLUB.

AT the previous meeting of the Club, the presiding officer had asked for a free interchange of opinions in regard to the "Home Training of Boys," but finding the time too limited for the subject to be duly canvassed, it was decided to continue it at the next meeting. Mrs. Gray was invited to prepare a paper with which to open the discussion.

"The branch of the subject that I have chosen for this evening," said Mrs. Gray, as she took her manuscript from her ulster pocket, is on "Training Boys to be useful at Home."

"When my Jack broke his leg last summer, and had to be housed for over two months, he often found the time hanging heavy on his hands.

"'If a fellow only had something to do, if it was nothing more than knitting, it would be a good deal easier,' he said one day, after reading till his eyes were tired.

"'Very well, Jack, you shall learn to knit,' I answered; and before he was at large again he could toe and heel and widen and narrow as neatly as a girl, and was very proud of it, too.

"I was without 'help' at the time, and

Jack, who always liked to be with me in the kitchen, was quite distressed to see how many steps I had to take.

"'I never knew before that a woman's work was so endless,' he said, watching me one morning as I went back and forth. 'I don't see how you stand it, mother. Why can't I do something to help you?'

"'You can,' I said, giving him one of my kitchen aprons; 'play you are a prince in disguise while you pare these potatoes for me.'

"He did it awkwardly at first; the art of paring doesn't come naturally to every one by any means, and Jack, though an expert whittler, had to have several days' practice before he could pare a potato as a potato ought to be pared,—but for the remainder of his stay indoors he relieved me of all care of the vegetables.

"Meanwhile, I had occasion to run across the street one evening to see Mrs. Blake, a moment. I am so much at home there that I seldom stop to knock, and as I went into the sitting-room, the picture of home-life that greeted me did my eyes good. Mrs. Blake was reading aloud one of George Kennan's articles on Siberia, May was at work with her drawing materials and Sadie was sewing, while the head of the house, sitting with his back to the door, was so intent on darning stockings that he did not see me enter.

"'Well! well! well! This *is* the day of woman's rights!' I exclaimed, helping myself to a chair.

"'Of man's rights rather,' answered Mr. Blake with a laugh, but without seeming in the least embarrassed. 'I've always envied women the right to keep their hands occupied when sitting still,' he went on; 'you can't imagine how stupid it is to sit by the hour with nothing to do but twirl your thumbs, and now that I am using my eyes so steadily through the day'—Mr. Blake is an engraver—'I find it a real recreation to be able to do something of this kind in the evening, especially when the little mother or one of the girls can take time to read aloud, for my eye-sight won't permit of my reading much by lamplight.'

"When I went home I told Jack about it.

"'I'm going to learn to do it, too,' said Jack at once, and ever since he has insisted on darning his own socks.

"Another branch of housekeeping to which boys ought to be trained is bed-making. I was visiting not long ago in a family in which there are two boys and two girls, and, there being no servants, the boys made their own beds, and, in fact, took the entire charge of their own room.

"'Why shouldn't they?' said their mother, when I expressed my surprise at this arrangement; 'they have no outside work to do, and as they all go to school I can see no justice in their being allowed to rush off to play the moment they are through breakfast, leaving their sisters to do double duty. I know of more than one hale, hearty boy, who, summer and winter, lies in bed until breakfast is served, his mother and sisters building the fires and bringing water and fuel, and who, as soon as breakfast is over, seizes his hat and is off. That sort of thing is a relic of barbarism and ought not to be encouraged in a Christian home. It is helping a boy to become that most contemptible of human beings, a man who cares for nothing but his own comfort.

"'My boys take genuine pride in keeping their rooms tidy; they are good cooks, too, and last summer when they went on that camping expedition they found that their knowledge of cooking contributed greatly to the comfort of the party.'

"If questions are in order," said Mrs. Hill, as Mrs. Gray folded her manuscript, "I should like to ask if training of that sort doesn't tend to make boys effeminate?"

"On the contrary" answered Mrs. Gray, "I think it tends to make them more considerate toward their mothers and sisters, and hence, more manly. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with a man, now president of a college, whose home training enabled him, as janitor and caterer, to defray a large part of his college expenses.

"No less care should be taken in the education of a boy to fit him to become a good husband and householder, than in the training of a girl to fit her for the position of wife and home-maker. The fathers and mothers are largely responsible for the sort of husbands their sons make."

Here the presiding officer announced that there were some business matters, requiring the attention of the meeting, and the discussion came to an end.

Mary B. Sleight.

A CHAT ON OUT-DOOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE SELECTION AND USE OF A "DETECTIVE" CAMERA.



THE hand-camera is the petted darling of modern photography. The "detective" was the natural outcome of the invention of "quick" plates that allowed the taking of pictures at so high a rate of speed that an absolutely stationary camera became unnecessary. Its elemental principles are a camera obscura, or "finder," and a mathematical focusing lever, which do away with the ground glass and head cloth, with an automatic exposer or "shutter," which may be liberated by a trigger. Freed from the tripod, carrying-case, straps and plate-bag, the hand-camera is endowed for a nomadic life. It can go everywhere, and, such is the enthusiasm of the modern amateur, it almost does.

There are hand-cameras and hand-cameras. Although it is but a few years since the first instrument made its appearance, the multiplication of designs has been surprising—surprising in more senses than one, for not a few of the so-called "detectives" are all but worthless, and tempt one to wonder at the painful absence of ingenuity which could have brought them into being. Primarily, these cameras are all intended for use in the hands, and without a rest. They are also more or less disguised so as to attract as little suspicion as possible when being used stealthily. At present, I can only recall one or two well-disguised cameras out of the scores I have inspected. Invention in this line cannot be said to have taken any very brilliant flights. Unless the disguise is complete, there is scarcely necessity for any at all, since the public, even when it is a very rural or unsuspicious public, has become strangely knowing in such matters. The operator who, for instance, goes through New York's Chinatown and takes pictures without detection, is not only well equipped in apparatus, but knows his business. The very gamins espy a "detective" in the distance, though this is, perhaps, suggesting a more crucial test than might at first appear. Victor Hugo need not have told us that the gamin has the shrewdest eye on the street.

In selecting a detective camera, it is just as necessary as in the case of the tripod camera to determine, in some measure at least, the use to which it will be put. All that was said in the preceding article as to



SIGHT-SEEING AT THE PARK.
From a Photograph by Alexander Black.

the selection of a lens will apply with equal force here, though there are many special considerations. For free-hand, out-door work, a good single lens answers very well, and its quickness is an important matter in a camera intended particularly for rapid picture-making. But, of course, the limitations of a single lens will be just as apparent in hand-camera work as in any other when the subject is such as to place a good test upon the instrument. Whether the lens be single or double, it must be quick, or it cannot render good service in a hand-camera. And in this connection it is to be

remarked that a lens's depth of focus has a great deal to do with its speed. The average hand-camera is fitted with a short focus, wide angle-lens, which has advantages of a kind peculiarly noteworthy in a detective. In the first place, a snort-focus lens has greater rapidity than a long-focus lens. Every inch that the rays of light have to travel after passing through the lens increases the length of time required for an adequate impression on the plate. It is for this reason that very rapid work with a large camera is impossible. Scientific work at high speed, such as that done by Mr. Muybridge with the horse in motion, is generally conducted with a relatively small camera and enlarged as may be necessary. The amateur may thus console himself with a small camera, by the thought that it is capable of greater speed than if it were larger. Again, the short-focus lens gives greater depth of focus in the image than a lens of larger focus. Depth of focus, in this instance, applies to the degree in which all the objects in a picture will be in focus. A lens of six-inch focus, for example, if set at fifty feet, will give a universal focus—there will be a fair general agreement of focus between all the objects in the picture, from foreground to horizon. I need not say that these traits are valuable in a hand-camera that is to be used for general work, and that must often be adjusted hurriedly, or lose its game.

On the other hand, the long-focus lens gives much less distortion, much less exaggeration of the perspective, and secures, in the case of figures and compositions, a more life-like effect in the relation of foreground forms to those in the middle distance. In the case of landscape, again, the long-focus lens, by covering a narrower field, will give distant features of the view a better size and greater distinctness. Under many circumstances this capacity to transmit a larger image is much more valuable than the capacity to cover a wide field. In the case of city work the rival traits of long and short-focus lenses are curiously balanced. The wide angle renders it easy to focus and gives a comprehensive picture when close quarters are compulsory. But the narrow angle (long focus) makes it possible to secure figures of fair size, without approaching closely enough to excite suspicion. The long-focus lens requires always much more careful adjustment in focus than the other, and gives sharpness, except at long range, only in the objects focused for. As the point upon which the focus is fixed is always the chief and essential point of interest, the loss of sharpness in everything else is frequently an artistic gain.



ON FIFTH AVENUE.
From a Photograph by Alexander Black.

As I have said, the average hand-camera is fitted with a short-focus (wide angle) lens. The choice of a lens of the other sort will imply the making of a box to order. The commercial camera is not adjusted for interchangeable lenses, but the detective camera of the future will un-

doubtedly have this provision, as well as many other provisions nowhere observable now.

There are hand-cameras in the market which $10 will buy, but $25 represents about the lowest price for which a trustworthy apparatus may be had. Here again, the size of the plate immediately affects the price. At the sacrifice of size there will be a corresponding improvement in lenses and mechanism. Generally speaking, a detective camera negative should not be smaller than 3 x 4 inches, nor larger than 4 x 5 inches. Special uses may, however, justify a modification of these limits. It is safe to say that a camera carrying plates larger than 4 x 5 inches will lack the portable quality so essential to the enjoyment of the amateur. Taking into consideration the use and beauty of the print, and the availability of the negative for making the increasingly popular lantern slides, both by contact and reduction, the 4 x 5 inch hand-camera seems to be the most desirable. A first-class detective of this size, fitted with a first-class foreign lens, will cost $100, or a trifle less. Fitted with a good American lens—and it requires no effort of patriotism to find these in close rivalry with the best that are made abroad—the price would be from $60 to $75. The size smaller—3¼ x 4¼—is also much used. These (in the better class) cost between $40 and $60.

That the camera of the future will do away with glass negatives altogether is the fond hope of the modern connoisseur. The various substitutes for glass which are now being introduced are often remarkable for the skill with which they strive to combine transparency with a good body. A perfect substitute for glass in the matter of transparency has not yet been found, but certain superiorities in the new materials are also to be noticed. "Films," whether cut or in the roll, have great utility. They are portable to a degree that promises the ultimate disappearance of glass. The chief difficulty with all present substitutes for glass lies in a want of even transparency, and this defect becomes particularly apparent in lantern slides.

I have left myself little space in which to speak of operating the detective camera; but, after all, experience is here, in a special sense, the best teacher. Whatever the make of camera, cultivate a particular formula for operating, so that, in a hurried moment, the hands will follow the necessary movements without thought for each. Have a rigid rule also with regard to plate-holders, so that confusion may not arise as to which contains exposed, and which unexposed plates. In the case of a "roll-holder" with paper or film, adopt a habit of turning the roll at a special time and in special order. If these precautions are not taken there will not only be many annoying doubts, but many wasted plates, and grotesque "doubles" will mar the pictured roll.

Perhaps the chief thing to learn about the detective camera is what it will *not* do. There is nothing really magical about its power, and it will no more make pictures without light than without a lens. By recognizing the necessity for sufficient light, the amateur may save himself the disappointment of vainly struggling to develop an under-exposed plate. Of the utmost importance also, is a knowledge of the fact that a movement in the object to be photographed is a very different thing from a movement in the camera itself. The camera should be held firmly, especially when the shutter is set for a low rate of speed, and should not be jarred in the slightest degree by the pressing of the trigger. In taking a shot from a boat, or from any moving vehicle, hold the camera free from the body, and use a high speed in the shutter. The expert operator is able to use a much slower shutter, without danger to the image, than the beginner will find it safe to use. A full opening, with the necessary rapidity in the shutter, is the best rule for the beginner.

Alexander Black.



HOME-WORK FOR HOME-MAKERS

By Mrs. M. C. Hungerford.

Burlaps.—Cross Stripes.—Bed Dressing.—Work on Huckaback.—Bagdads. Advice Column.

Burlaps.



A NEW style of drapery made of the best quality of bagging, which is sold by the yard as burlaps, is very pretty when hung in positions where the light cannot strike through it and expose the want of fineness. The brown color of the material is well adapted for bright shades in decoration, and if an oriental effect is desired, a great variety of colors may be used together.

A portiére of this fabric that hangs in a seaside cottage has such an original decoration that I think novelty seekers may be ambitious of imitating it. With indigo-blue wool straggling lines were worked all over the material in coarse sampler-stitch. The pattern wanders about like the "thunder and lightning" design used sometimes for all-over braiding, but the lines are not allowed to intersect. Following one side of these erratic lines is feather-stitching, done with red wool. On the other side of the blue line the feather-stitching is done with crimson. The work being all executed in a large, bold way and the surface of the curtain much covered, the effect is unique.

Cross Stripes.

CROSS stripes for enriching curtains of very simple materials may be made of plain India silk ornamented with figures cut from Madras muslin. The coloring of the flowers on this material is very delicate and pretty, and, with the silk for a background, they are very artistic when well arranged. The flowers will not be improved by being couched with silk cord or tinsel, but will look their best if invisibly hemmed down on the material with fine thread.

Bed Dressing.

AT a recent sale of antiquities which engaged the attention of Parisians, there was a bed covering nearly three centuries old, which a correspondent tells me is being copied by decorators for modern use. The material is red satin heavily weighted with gold and silk embroidery. Crowns, shields and fleur-de-lys are done with the metal, and the intermediate spaces are filled with figures of men and women in costume, and gayly caparisoned horses, most exquisitely wrought in silks, from which time has stolen the colors. The distinguishing feature of the quilt is a solidly stuffed bolster at each end, over which the embroidered velvet is carried smoothly. The sides of the spread are cut into five deep Vandykes, which are bordered with gold embroidery.

A quilt of brocatelle, or any suitable material, could be made in humble imitation of this gorgeous antique, and the bolstered ends would give the dignified effect of a divan to a low iron bedstead. A band of plush could be used to border the sides of the quilt.

Work on Huckaback.

PERHAPS all readers of these articles do not know that huckaback toweling is made by the yard in plain white without bordering, and that it is a most ef-

fective ground for a simple but elegant needle-work. A beautiful bureau cover or buffet scarf is made of a suitable length of fine white huckaback treated as follows: Fringe each end a quarter of a yard in depth. Above this draw a row of full-faced conventional daisies connected with an undulating stem, and outline the pattern in regular outline stitch, with rose-colored linen floss. Then, with long needlefuls of the floss, proceed to darn the huckaback from the fringe up to a few inches above the outline pattern, going up on one line and down on the next, with an unbroken thread, leaving the ends long enough to tie in with the white fringe. The material is easily darned with a blunt-pointed needle that will readily pick up the cross threads without piercing the goods. When all is done, the flowers, which have only been outlined, stand up on the pink background in heavy relief. Pin-cushion and sofa-cushion covers are made in the same style of decoration. The latter are finished with a heavy, white cotton cord instead of fringe.

A stand cover of white linen, embroidered in white or colored linen floss, commends itself to housekeepers who like things that will wash. One of the prettiest new styles has a border all around of life-sized grape leaves, overlapping, embroidered in open stitches. Anyone with a clever pencil could make her own design from nature, or one less gifted could use a real leaf for a guide and draw the pencil around it. After the design is ready, buttonhole each leaf all around. This leaves a good edge, which is needed, as the leaves take the place of hem or fringe or other finish. The veins of the leaves are done in outline stitch and the shading in honeycomb stitch.

White and unbleached linen damask is much used for all purposes for which linen covers are appropriate. A showy but simple pattern is chosen, and this is worked up in all the pretty stitches, at which feminine fingers are so deft, beginning by outlining the design in the stitch generally employed for that purpose.

BAGDADS.

A FACTOR in house decorations which is fast becoming an important one, is the coarse worsted draperies known as Bagdads. There is something suggestively Oriental about their very name, especially if pronounced as the Turkish salesmen utter it, with the two *a's* broadened into a sound unaccustomed to American ears. The curtains are in regular size, composed of five strips sewed together, each one foot wide by eleven long. The stripes are each of a different color, rich and subdued, and are covered with coarse Eastern embroidery executed by hand. A border is worked top and bottom, and a short fringe below finishes it. The best qualities are decorated by occasional tufts of llama hair brightly dyed. The general coloring is like the soft, well-blended effect of a camel's-hair shawl. Antique Bagdads, with toned colorings and of heavy weave, bring from twenty to twenty-five dollars a curtain, and are rare at that; but the lighter weight modern curtains can be bought as low as six dollars. Then, too, the stripes can be bought singly, which is often a great economy in fitting an extra wide single door, or narrow double one.

In using Bagdads as portiéres, there are many pretty and diverse methods. Of course the simplest way is to measure the door and turn down the extra length at the top, letting it fall on the right side like a valance. A more artistic way is to cut the curtain in two laterally and add more stripes to make the required length, and hang with the stripes running across. In this way the fringe can be hung toward the center, making a border for the opening. But if the fringe sags too much, turn it toward the door-post and let the hemmed side take its place.

Since the prejudice against very high doors has arisen, various means have been used to lower their apparent height. To this use also the Bagdad lends itself. Cut one end off to about the depth of two feet, and stretch across the top of the door-opening. Then put up the curtain-pole just below this and on it hang the remainder of the curtain arranged in Bayadere stripes.

To make a handsome cover for a dining-room or large library table, take a piece of felt of the requisite size, and border all around with a stripe of Bagdad. Smaller cloths can be made entirely of the stripes. This is less expensive than to buy the regularly woven Bagdad table-covers. Old-fashioned mantels, which are too modern to be quaint, can be most tastefully covered and draped with the material

under consideration, and book shelves may be effectively screened with it. An ingenious method of making a pretty chair is to utilize an old splint-rocker without arms, covering it entirely with Bagdad and using the border as a valance to cover the legs, having first knocked off the rockers. An old sofa, which may have the usual frayed front that old sofas so unblushingly present, may be rejuvenated with some protecting stripes of Bagdad, if the colors and material harmonize with the old covering. In fact, there is scarcely a limit to Bagdad possibilities, and the more the material is used in a room, the more gratifying is the effect to the eye that loves the daring harmony of Eastern colorists.

ADVICE COLUMN.

MRS. F. H. F.—There is no objection to your selecting whitewood for flooring if you prefer. After polishing, whitewood is remarkably pretty and will not show dust to the extent that dark woods do. Fashion drapery is simply a trade name for colored reversible canton flannel.

"SEA-SIDER."—Your idea of framing your water-colored marine is pretty. I cannot tell you exactly how such frames are made at the shops, but ladies were making them last summer at Cape May by covering the surface of flat pine frames with thick glue, then sifting sea sand over it and placing the shells on in rings, diamonds or stars. The sand should be put on thickly enough to cover the glue, thus making a background for the shells. If you prefer, the shells may be arranged in close rows with no background of sand. Perhaps, when sand is used, it would be best to place the shells before scattering it on, but it must be done before the glue hardens.

PHEMIE.—THE HOME-MAKER for June contains an article which fully answers your question.

MRS. GRAY.—Your frequent questions so far from being a bore to us, as you fear, are always received with pleasure. Your experience with a home-made oil-cloth is amusing. Probably your mistake was in not using linseed oil. Any house-painter would have given you useful advice upon the subject.

MRS. LIDO MACFARLIN, Leavenworth.—It is impossible to find any merchant in New York willing to undertake the sale on commission of so expensive a piece of work as the one you speak of. They advise your raffling it at three dollars a chance. To do that, you would have to issue a small descriptive circular to send by mail. If you decide to try this method of disposing of your work we will cheerfully give you a free advertisement in this column.

MRS. B.—The knitting directions will be given next month.

YOUNG CRITIC.—You are entirely mistaken in giving Jean Ingelow credit for the beautiful poem "Elizabeth, aged nine," to which I alluded in a recent article. It was certainly written, as I then stated, by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster and published in one of her volumes of collected poems.



OUR BABY

ONE OF THE HOME-MAKER GRAND-BABIES.



A JOLLY JACK TAR.

Oh! silly white dresses will do for girls;
But a great big boy like me
Must wear a pea-jacket and cut off his curls,
Like a tar in the Queen's navee.

M. C. Hungerford.

THE HOUSEHOLD TYRANT



IT is sometimes an only, more often a delicate, child. In either case the feeling that prompts the parents to indulgence arises from the same source, *i.e.*, the thought that such indulgence may be for but a season.

"Let him enjoy what he can, he may not be here long," I once heard a mother remark in the presence of an afflicted child, and the boy, quick to catch the idea, made the most of it. For him must the best of everything be reserved, his will the reigning power, his rights paramount, while his sisters and playmates had none, but were tyrannized over until they were glad to escape from him whenever it was possible. As his own way was the only law he knew, in his various illnesses nurse and physician were often "put to it," as the saying is, to steer him safely through them. The sort of man he is likely to become, should he reach manhood, it is not hard to guess.

A delicate child naturally claims more care and attention, especially from the mother, than need be given to those more robust. But while these offices are gladly accorded, it is not necessary that the whole family, from the parents down, should be his devoted slaves. It is bad on all sides, but particularly bad for the little one himself, should he reach maturity.

As I write, two cases that serve to point my subject rise before me. One is a girl, deformed from her second year, and the only girl among several boys. Father and brothers idolized and gave way to her in everything, but the mother's judicious tact and management, combined with necessary firmness, taught the daughter to accept this as a favor to be gratefully received, not as a right to be forced or demanded. She was instructed in obedience and self-control from the first, and as she grew to womanhood her deformity was scarcely remembered by those who knew her, for a sweet, merry, unselfish nature made her welcome wherever she went, and when, in later years, a reverse of fortune

threw her on her own resources, many doors were opened to her.

Another child in a houseful of boys and girls, rallied from a dangerous illness to find herself the most important member of the family. Her whims and fancies were humored by none more than her mother, and as she grew older the latter degenerated into a mere upper servant, at her young daughter's beck and call. A more selfish, exacting disposition it has never been my ill-fortune to find; and whose the fault? Is it not the mother's quite as much as the child's? As the sapling bends the tree will grow, and if the seeds of selfishness and ingratitude are allowed to sprout in early years, they will scarcely be rooted out in future ones. So methinks it behooves the mother to prune and plant and water lest she bring down on her own head the curse of an unthankful child.

Nellie H. C.

HELPFUL WORDS FOR MOTHERS.

TEETHING is by far the most critical time of babyhood.

Statistics prove that a large proportion of bll the babies born, die while teething. It aecomes a serious question to the anxious icother, how she can aid nature at this crittoal time. When the tooth is almost ready th appear, a judicious rubbing, or allowing ofe child to bite hard, safe substances, is ten healthful and beneficial.

Have you never been alarmed at some sudden attack of sickness, and, when your good doctor was summoned, had him affirm the cause to be teething, when nothing in the appearance of the mouth would indicate the coming of a new tooth? We think any mother who has taken careful observation will say that often, when the tooth is first forming, the whole organization is more disturbed than when the tooth is about ready to make its appearance.

Now, how can we help matters more than by supplying a child, what its little system most needs, in toothmaking? If we take the trouble to look into the matter, we shall find that every tooth is composed largely of lime.

As soon as your baby has reached a suitable age for cutting teeth, put a few drops of lime-water in his milk at each meal. By thus supplying your child with just what he needs at this critical time, you will aid nature in her work, and prevent many troublesome, if not fatal, results.

WHAT mother cannot recall the feelings of mingled joy, thankfulness and pride that touched the deepest chords of her nature when she first looked upon her new-born babe? But right along beside these ecstacies of mother-love comes a heavy sense of responsibility. A responsibility which we can never throw off if we would, and which grows each day as our baby grows.

When we think of all the large and small responsibilities in connection with the care of the precious little bodies; and more, of those that come with the mental and spiritual training of our children, we can but exclaim: "Who is sufficient for these things?" But we are truly thankful that, in the same book where we find these words, we also find, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Certainly, no one needs oftener to seek grace and wisdom where it can alone be found than the tired mother.

Clara Hamilton Reed.

WHILE BABY TAKES HIS NAPS.

The house is hushed to silence,
No cheerful sounds are heard;
A towel is tied around the cage
To still the merry bird.

With cautious step and bated breath
We tread the stairs and hall,
And if our shoes are nearly new
We doff them, one and all.

And mamma, at the nursery door,
With lifted finger stands.
"Hush, children, hush-sh! don't make a noise.
You needn't wash your hands.

"He mustn't hear the water run,
I'd rather you would go
And play some quiet game, my dears,
Upon the floor below.

"And Maggie, you watch near the door,
In case some one should call;
Don't let the bell be rung; and Fred,
Don't laugh, and don't play ball."

What means this awful stillness?
Has some sad news been brought?
What dreadful sufferer can it be
That needs this constant thought?

What shocking accident has chanced?
Is some one killed, perhaps?
Oh, no! It's like this every day,
While baby takes his naps.

M. Helen Lovett.

HOUSEHOLD HEALTH

EDITED BY GRACE PECKHAM, M. D.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS RELATING TO HEALTH.

PART I.

SUPERSTITION exhausts itself in two directions. That which relates to the Soul, or the spiritual, the religious, and that which relates to the welfare of the body, the health. Canon Kingsley has justly remarked that "*bodily fear* will be found at the root of all superstition whatever." The realm of superstition is the mysterious and the unknowable.

What is there more intricate and unknowable than the human body in health or in disease? What more remarkable than the stupendous fact of life, and life in its highest and most perfect manifestation of the human being? Here is the broadest field for superstition, and it has grown rank upon it. Volumes would not contain the curious beliefs which have been held with reference to the healing of diseases, or the warding off of the dread approach of Death. The wildest and most weird notions have prevailed, and for that matter still do prevail. There is no substance in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom but what has in turn been pronounced efficacious in the restoration of health. There is nothing on the earth or in the waters which cover the earth to which has not been ascribed some virtue to remedy disease and to prevent death. An analysis of the superstitions from the earliest times to the present is an intricate and difficult task. The absurdities which gain credence in the human mind are beyond belief. The original purpose in gathering together the data for this paper, had been to discuss the superstitions of the day, only,—those which acted upon our everyday life, really influencing the health of the community; but the superstitions of the past and present have so much in common that a review of the one leads to a better comprehension of the other.

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITIONS.

Among barbarous peoples of past and present times who believe in transmigration, the theory of disease is that, the patient has been taken possession of by some strange spirit, or is influenced by it. Among such, as Dorman expresses it, all medical practice is a synonym of sorcery; to protect from, to appease and to get rid of these evil spirits of men or animals, more generally animals, is the main object, therefore, by conjuring, by uncouth noises, by incantations, this was to be accomplished. The Indians of Darien cured their sick patients by stripping them stark naked and shooting small arrows into them. If an arrow opened a vein they leaped for joy, for the intruding spirit had been pierced and would be compelled to come forth. The Patagonians and natives of Cumana sucked out the evil spirits; or, if the disease increased, they tickled the throat with a stick until the patient vomited, the results of which they carried into the field saying: "Go thy way, Devil!" Others starved their patient lest food should be consumed by the intruder. Among the more advanced races of Mexico and Peru an additional method of aiding in the cure of disease was found in the confession of sins.

This pathology of disease, to which should be added the influence of the evil eye, a belief which, even to this day, is wide spread in Italy, explains a large number of curious superstitions which are held in regard to

the warding off of disease as well as its cure, —the charms and amulets.

CHARMS AND AMULETS.

Faith in the virtue of amulets was well nigh universal in ancient days; Lord Bacon says the historians had firm belief in them. Indeed the whole art of medicine consisted in the direction for their employment. Gems, gold, stones, bones, bits of parchment with sacred writing, cylinders of stones, unicorns' horns, all of these would protect against the invading spirits or the influence of the evil eye.

This is the origin of countless popular superstitions which remain to this day. The form has been handed down, while the theories which prompted it have long since been lost sight of. This is why some people carry in their pockets a horsechestnut or a new potato to ward off rheumatism; this is why others tie around the necks of their children a tarred rope as a preventive against all the diseases common to children; this is why others think a gold chain will prevent quinsy sore-throat, or a string of root beads worn around the neck helps children to cut teeth.

THE RING.

It is not surprising that the ring, the symbol of eternity, should have early been adopted as a method of preventing disease. Trallian in the fourth century cured colic and bilious complaints by means of an octangular ring of iron, on which eight words were engraved, commanding the bile to enter the body of a lark. The Cramp rings were famous in England. These were rings which were blessed with great form and ceremony on Good Friday by the kings, and great was the confidence in their efficacy in cramps and falling sickness. In England a jet ring is supposed to have singular efficacy. A physician tells us that, a prevalent Boston superstition is that rheumatism can be kept off by wearing a rubber ring on the little finger; these rings are often gilded.

PRECIOUS STONES.

The introduction of precious stones into medical practice took place in very early times.

Their beauty, splendor and high value made them meet receptacles for good spirits, and potent for keeping off evil. Arabian physicians especially believed in the miraculous properties of precious stones; and they did not hesitate to dissolve them in order to administer them to their patients. It is probably due to the expensive nature of the remedy that gems are not so much spoken of in popular remedies of to-day. There still clings to them superstitions in regard to their luck-bringing properties, in which might be included, in a general way, the health, since health is happiness. The coral beads which ease the troubles of teething children, and the amber beads which cure asthma are beliefs which are firmly adhered to to this day. Pliny relates that Domitius Nero used to wear the hair of his wife on his neck, thinking it beneficial because it was amber colored. Amulets for teething are of very old date, and as red was a favorite color for an amulet, it can easily be seen how the coral necklace came to be so popular for infants who were teething.

Red was considered very potent in warding off the evil eye. In a time of trouble, when the evil eye was especially triumphant, all the red tape in a certain county of England was bought up to ward off its baleful influence. The remains of this superstition still prevail, for many people believe that a red string around the neck is an excellent remedy for asthma, measles, and mumps. The preservation of faith in red still exists, as is shown in the great confidence which obtains in the medical virtues of *red* flannel, and the belief that the milk of the red cow is better than that of a cow of another color. The German peasant, if he cuts himself, thinks he staunches the blood better with a red ribbon. This may be accounted for not only because of tradition, but the fact that blood would not form so startling a contrast when wetting a red ribbon as when wetting a white one.

A Southern friend tells me that the negroes make a doll of red flannel, with the five needles stuck in it crosswise, and place it inside of a child's bed or mattress to keep off all of the diseases to which children are subject.

LEAVES AND HERBS.

As a matter of course the vegetable kingdom has come in for a large share of patronage in the superstitions relating to health. The patent-medicine man of to-day makes a bid for patronage in naming his nostrums "Vegetable Compounds."

However, the superstitions relating to trees, plants, leaves, are not as prevalent as one would suppose, and the herb teas of our grandmothers, which have been so largely replaced by patent medicines, owed their efficacy more often to their negative virtues and the diaphoretic effects of hot water, and the comfortable feeling of the patient that something was being done for him, than to any inherent qualities.

Among the Germans prevails the notion that seventy-seven peony leaves, made into a necklace, prove a sure cure for convulsions.

The mandrake, from its peculiar conformation resembling a human figure, has been always an object of medicinal superstition. The ancients attributed to the mandrake healing properties and a cure for sterility. Others who thought that imprisoned spirits resided in the plant, a belief which is held to this day, if they were plucked up would cause madness. As the poet says :

" Torn out of the earth
That living mortals hearing them run mad."

There is a general belief that trees and humanity are allied in close bonds of union, a survival of the mythological dryad notion. The ancients inscribed medical runes on the leaves of trees.

In England, in olden times, a rickety child was drawn through the cleft of a tree ; as the tree grew together so the child was cured.

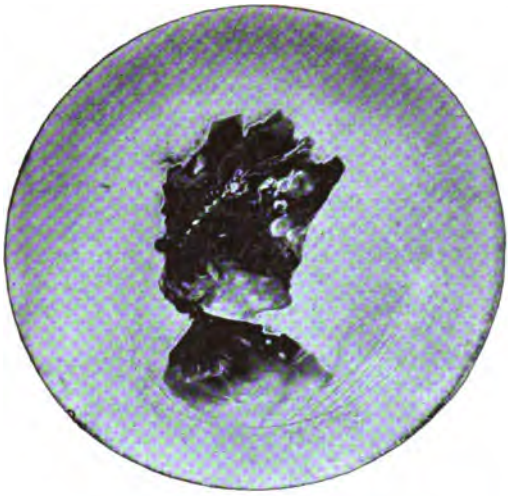
A writer in the *Home Journal* on " English Apple Lore " says :

" The apple appears occasionally in folk-medicine. In Lincolnshire a very common remedy for weak eyes is a poultice made of rotten apples. In the same part of the world warts are cured by rubbing them nine times with an apple cut in nine pieces; the sections of the fruit are then reunited and buried, and as they decay so it is thought the warts will disappear. The notion that these excrescences can be cured by being rubbed with apple sections, or with a green elder-stick or a bean-shell, if the substance used is buried or left to rot, is found in many parts of the country. An old 'Collection of Receipts in Physick and Surgery,' dated 1759, gives the following :—

" ' For a blow, or hurt in the eye, beat the leaves of eyebright with a rotten apple ; lay it on the eye as a poultis : repeat it as it grows dry. I think the juice of the eyebright is best.' The euphrasia, or eyebright, was long considered a powerful medicine for all affections of the eye. Milton makes the Archangel Michael purge ' with euphrasy and rue ' Adam's visual nerve. An old writer, Lovell, in his ' Herball,' 1665, says that ' the ointment of apples softens and supples the roughness of the skin, and heals the chaps of the lips, hands, face and other parts ; also it whitens and smooths the skin, when sunburnt and rough with the North wind.' " Mr. W. G. Black, in his work on folk-medicine, mentions a New-England charm for ague that had been sent to him by an American correspondent. The patient was to take a string made of woollen yarn, of three colors, and to go by himself to an apple-tree ; there he was to tie his left hand loosely with the right to the tree by the string, then to slip his hand out of the knot and run into the house without looking behind him. This is an instance of the very old and general belief that disease can be cured by its transference either to an animal of a lower order or some stationary object.

The potato and the onion are considered valuable weapons in the domestic armamentarium. The golden garlic is a powerful charm against enchantment, conjuration and evil auguries, for those in whose gardens it grows are aware that it brings luck and happiness. This was the flower that prevented the wise Ulssyes from being turned into a pig—when in the presence of Circe. Rue, sage, laurel, artemesia, which, in turn, were esteemed by the ancients, are cared for no longer. Onions and garlic as well as cabbage were vegetables which secured one from the evil eye. Pliny says of the onion that it is one of the most precious plants that we possess. This belief survives to-day in the use of onion poultices and syrups.

Grace Peckham, M. D.







THE HOME-MAKER ART-CLASS.—SMOKE PICTURES.

HOME-MAKER ART-CLASS.

Smoke Pictures.

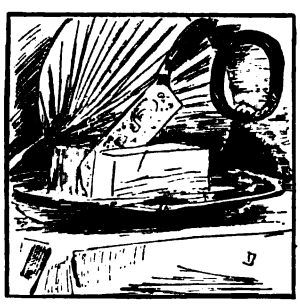
THIS interesting fancy in art was conceived by a German artist of celebrity, who heard of a widow and children sadly in need. He repaired to the café where he knew he would meet some friends, laid the sad tale before them and exhorted them to contribute to her need. They were not in the mood, and refused to give even the smallest coin. At this, the artist withdrew to the other corner of the room, seated himself in a chair and was soon forgotten. Presently he returned, holding up a plate with a picture on it. His friends immediately flocked around him to admire this work. After listening to their praises, he offered it for sale to the highest bidder. The bidding was spirited, and the plate was finally sold for a large sum. "Now," said he, "this money is for the widow to whom you would give nothing to save her from starving, but you would give this sum of money for a plate with smoke upon it!"

The plate is held over a lighted wax candle or taper, just far enough away to be sure that the wick does not touch; if it did this, it would become greasy. Wave it steadily to and fro so as to scatter the flame evenly, otherwise, it blackens in spots. When the plate has a smooth tone over it, a soft camel's-hair brush is used in working. First, make your rough sketch; then, point a match, and put in the strongest lights. The long-haired camel's-hair brushes are the best for this. To preserve the pictures so that they may be hung on the wall and dusted without injury, pour French retouching varnish over the surface, leaving just enough to cover it, and let it dry, which it does rapidly. Care must be taken to keep it from the dust while drying.

E. Leon Durand.

ARM CHAIR AND FOOTSTOOL

An Old Lady's Tea-Party.



ONE or more of the many readers of this excellent magazine will be interested to know of the Old Ladies' Tea-Party I gave my mother a short time ago in honor of her seventieth birthday.

As I live in a country-town and possess somewhat limited means, the party was very informal, but it was enjoyed so much by the participants that I resolved to tell you of it, hoping some one else would catch the idea and give some old lady the benefit of the result.

My mother does not live with me, as both of my parents are still in their own homes, just a few steps from mine.

One day, as I was thinking that the dear mother had nearly reached the "allotted time," and that her life had been spent in so many unselfish plans for "the children," it came to me like a flash that perhaps she had never had a party in her life and that here was an opportunity to give her an unlooked-for pleasure.

I bade defiance to superstition in regard

to the number thirteen at table, and invited twelve personal friends of hers. The oldest of the number was eighty-one, the youngest sixty-seven, so all were traveling down the shady slope of life.

It was only partially a surprise, as I did not think it wise to have it entirely a secret. As the party was to be given at my house, I invited mother, telling her of two or three others whom I had asked to spend the afternoon with her.

The invitations were given personally, and I was very much touched with the manner in which they were received.

One old lady, whose pleasures are very few, said: "I shall be so glad to come I presume I shall dream about it to-night." The oldest of the group said: "It was very kind of you to think of it and be willing to take so much trouble;" and when I did not appear to notice, she repeated it; she was so anxious to have me understand her appreciation.

The day dawned clear and cool, but only seven of the number were able to be present. It would have done you good to hear them talk together. They called each other "the girls," and had a grand time talking over the days of yore.

One of them said she never went to an old ladies' party before, and another said it had been five years since she had been away from home to tea. Mother was completely surprised to see so many others whom she had not planned to meet, and sometimes, when no one was looking, I noticed her eyes were filled with tears. Several brought flowers or some little remembrance of the day.

Of course, you want to know what I gave them to eat. As there was only one pair of hands to do the work, I planned accordingly, and baked rolls and bread a day or two before.

I had cold bread, rolls warmed over, peach sauce, the inevitable tea, light cake, old-fashioned election cake and cream pie. Two or three ate the cold bread in preference to the rolls, so I think no one was made sick by the bill of fare.

I was very tired at night, but I had so much to say about the affair that my husband assured me I enjoyed it the most of all. Perhaps I did, but I know there are *some* old ladies who will always have a tender recollection of mother's seventieth birthday.

Bernice M. Franklin.

A RETROSPECT.



A VILLAGER is dead. And, as is customary in some small places, the bell in the village church begins to toll out the age of the departed one. Mrs. Grey stops her sewing and listens. I, sitting with my book by the open window, stop and listen too. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, we count, as the strokes ring out slowly and solemnly in the mid-summer air; and so on up into the twenties, thirties, forties, and fifties, until they reach eighty-three.

"It must be old Mrs. Stebbins," says Mrs. Grey, resuming her work, "for she's the only one as old as that who's sick 'round here."

"Well," continued the good woman, "when folks gits to be as old as that, they're no comfort to themselves or anybody else, an' it must be a *dretful* relief to Susan to have her mother go, for she was gittin' to be a great care, was awful childish an' *putchiky*, an' needed a sight of waitin' on."

I make no reply. The tolling of the bell has carried my thoughts backward, and Mrs. Grey's words shock me.

"Guess I'll go over an' see if there's any-

thing I kin do fur Susan," she says after a pause, and laying aside her work, she puts on her sun-bonnet and starts out.

I go on with my reading, or at least try to do so, but somehow the pages have lost their interest, and between the lines I keep reading, "Dretful glad to have her mother go,—needed a sight of waitin' on,—gittin' to be a care,—awfully childish," until I lay down my book and go out under the trees to rid myself of the depression.

Sitting here in the shade, I cannot help a feeling of thankfulness for the release of poor old Mrs. Stebbins from a world where she was considered a care and a burden, a wholesome desire that I may not come in contact with the afflicted Susan, and a wondering if the worthy woman, to whose hospitable roof I have come for rest and a breath of life-giving country air, fully realizes all that her words imply.

There has been much said, written and sung about the respect due to old age, but it is a subject upon which *too much* never can be said.

My earliest recollections are of an old-fashioned farm-house, where the roses and honeysuckles climbed and shaded the windows—of a girlish, slender mother dressed in black, a cheery-faced grandmother who was not *old* then, and a small, silent man whom I called Grandfather. The little mother, in her widow's weeds, tried to be father and mother both to the child who would never remember a dying father's loving embrace, while the cheery grandmother, who always saw the bright side of life, comforted them both. After a time, my mother and I returned to our city home, but the summer always found us, like birds of passage, back at the old farm-house again.

The first shadows came to me when we did not wait for the coming of summer, but returned when the ground was frozen, the snow falling, and found Grandfather's rocking-chair empty, a hush in the darkened parlor, but a brave-hearted Grandmother, whose only change was an unusual quietude. It was my first sight of death, and I cried childish tears because my mother wept.

Then came the breaking up of the old homestead, and the buying of a smaller home in the village near by, for Grandmother was independent and wanted a home of her own. We only stipulated that she should spend part of the time with us.

The years rolled on; I grew to be a young lady, and was married. Grandmother's industrious fingers hemmed my linens, tied my comfortables, made aprons, holders, and many useful things that her practical mind suggested for my housekeeping. Rugs were made of braided rags, to save my carpets; and half-gloves knit to save my hands from the wear and tear. What *could* I have done without Grandmother? After a few years more, my mother died, and it seemed as if part of my life went with her; and part of Grandmother's too, I am sure, for then, and only then, did she show signs of breaking. In former years, I had leaned upon her; going to her with my trials and vexations, where I was sure to find comfort and relief, instead of to my delicate, invalid mother, who would only be troubled at whatever troubled me. Now we seemed to exchange places, and Grandmother leaned upon me, and we felt that we needed each other, and must not live apart. Into my city home she came, with her quaint, practical ways and industrious fingers. The ways of society were as peculiar to her as were her ways to society.

What happy times we did have, after the first sorrow had passed, and Grandmother had regained her wonted cheerfulness. We had many good-natured arguments over ways and customs. She had always been "set in her ways," as they say, and the "setness" had grown firmer with age, as I found out when I tried to have her let me crimp her hair and buy her dainty caps to wear.

"You can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail," she would say to me with a comical twitch of her mouth, and crimps and caps she would not have.

I heard her telling one of my friends one day, that style was something she neither knew of nor cared about.

"If it wasn't for Eleanor, I should never think of what I had on, if it was whole and decent." And yet no fine lady could be more particular over her wardrobe, than Grandmother over her plainly made garments. Every gather, every tuck was examined critically, and the least defect must be remedied.

I shall never forget my first *large* dinner-party. Several honored guests had been invited, and with the true solicitude of a good housekeeper, I wished everything to pass off smoothly.

My servants, not being the most competent in the world, had had the details most

minutely explained to them. The day came and also the guests. The table looked lovely, and, as the first two courses passed along as nicely as one could wish, I was inwardly congratulating myself, when, in a lull of the conversation, Grandmother's cheery voice spoke up, saying, "*I* am ready for my coffee, and I guess Mr. Smith is too. Did you forget it?"

An amused smile went round, but, assuming a composure I was far from feeling, I rang the bell and ordered two cups of coffee; one for Grandmother, and one for Mr. Smith, which he gallantly accepted and drank with Grandmother, thereby rising very high in my estimation.

When the dainty after-coffee came on at last, Grandmother saw her mistake, but told Mr. Smith afterwards that she knew they *all* wanted their coffee, but "Eleanor *must* have things brought on *by rule*."

My home has lost its crowning glory, my dear old Grandmother! Not useless and a burden was she, for we humored her ways, and did not *forget* that she was in her second childhood, and as she was, so must we all become, if we live.

Swift and sudden came the summons to her, and as we looked upon the dear, peaceful face—the house that her soul had lived in for so long—we felt assured that it was well with her.

Not until later did we know of her homesick hours, and her longing to go Home; so generously had she kept her sorrows to herself, lest they trouble us.

In the bottom of a deep chest, where the odor of scattered rose-leaves permeated everything, I found a parcel inscribed: "For future use." Reverently undoing the linen wrapping, I found garments made and laid aside for her burial. With them was a letter: "To be opened after I am gone." To me, this letter seemed like a message come back to me from the dead. In it she gave incidents of her whole life; even of childhood days. In the cramped, uneven, but plain letters, so familiar to me, I read the story of her hopes, pleasures, sorrows and longings.

Her pioneer life in a new country had been full of self-denials, but she said she had always tried to choose and look upon the bright side of life. "In those days," she wrote, "our neighbors were few and far between, but we were all like brothers and sisters; sharing our griefs and pleasures, and the latch-strings always out.' There, for the first time, I learned of her battle with a loneliness that no one could alleviate; her intense mourning for my grandfather, and how long the time had seemed. She wanted the world to be a little better for her having lived in it, and I am sure it is; and better for *all* such grandmothers as she, having lived.

Grandmother! dear, I cannot see your kindly face. When I reach out, I cannot touch you. When I call, you do not answer. But if, in the great Beyond, there are such things as guardian angels, I am sure you are mine, watching and waiting, and the thought brings comfort.

Ella Sturtevant Webb.



FASHIONS

Summer Wardrobes for Children.



WHAT shall be the wardrobe of the unfortunate little ones whose parents find it necessary for their own comfort and happiness to seek rest (so-called), and gayety, at Saratoga, Long Branch and other fashionable summer resorts?

First of all—we say devoutly—Heaven help these children! For this outing, unless circumstances be greatly in their favor, means change of clothing at least three times a day; small, hot rooms at night, where they toss and fret, kept awake by dance-music in the parlors and laughter and voices of promenaders on esplanade and piazza; and, worst of all, is the ignominy—yes, the cruelty—of being obliged to eat at the servants' table. That parents should allow this is incomprehensible, and brings indignation to the heart of any true child-lover. It reminds one of the amusing yet pathetic incident of the small boy who, being in the habit of eating with the servants, was one day invited to take dinner at the house of a friend. His kind host, on asking Johnny what part of the fowl he preferred, received the answer the poor little fellow had always given, "Please sir, the *carcar* and some of the *stuff!*"

But if our child must be at the fashionable hotel, let us suppose that the mother is a common-sensible woman who will not force her child to become a devotee of fashion at too early an age. In this case, your little girl should have pretty dresses, but not too many frills and furbelows. For morning-wear at the seaside, soft, light flannels are suitable. Beware of plain, light colors such as pale blue or pink, for if your child is the merry, romping child she should be, these frocks will need frequent washings. White flannel is lovely, but easily soiled. Choose some darker shade for every-morning wear. If your child is fair, make her a dark blue flannel skirt, full, and not long, with a wide hem at the bottom, finished by three rows of white machine-stitching. A white flannel blouse, with dark blue collar and cuffs accompanies the skirt.

A simple and striking costume for a brunette, or a blonde with bright complexion, is a cardinal-red cashmere. The skirt is made like the one described above, but. instead of the machine-stitching, the wide hem is finished at the top by a band of black gros-grain ribbon. The round waist is laid in plaits and fastens with flat black-silk buttons three-quarters of the way up. From there it laces to the throat with a black silk cord or galloon. Broad sailor collar and cuffs, and soft wide sash are also of black silk. The sash fastens on the left side a little to the front, and falls to within four inches of the bottom of the skirt. The ends of the sash are finished with wide fringe. A red "Buffalo Bill" hat, of the same shade as the dress, and trimmed with a large bow of black ribbon, completes this costume.

For afternoon-wear challis, or summer and surah silks may be beautifully made with thin white guimpes. A dainty old rose-China silk has a soft *mousseline de soie* guimpe.

It is to be supposed that our sensible mother has too much discretion to allow her child to attend hops and evening entertainments, even when given especially for children, so it is not necessary to describe the elaborate evening dresses which make the wearer forget manners, other people, everything, except the fact of her clothes.

Happy indeed is the child whose summer surroundings allow her to combine comfort and play. In the country, she should wear stout, spring-heel russet shoes

(in damp weather they should have rubber soles), long black stockings and plainly made dresses. Very often the simplest toilettes are most becoming to a child.

Jersey blouses for girls and little boys are much worn.

Of the different styles of hats there is no end. Pink or blue silk mull, shirred on a broad-brimmed delicate frame, soft felt knockabouts or "Buffalo Bills," large leghorns trimmed profusely with flowers, jaunty sailor hats, and, for very little children, *piqué* hats and sun bonnets,—are a few of the many styles from which the mother may choose.

Black cotton and silk hose are still preferred to colored. For children under four years of age, socks are pretty, but, if the little one has any disposition to cold, beauty must be sacrificed to prudence, and the plump legs warmly covered by long stockings.

Russet shoes are *à la mode* for little folks as well as for children of a larger growth. They are high, laced or buttoned, or as low as Oxford ties.

In dressing the children, let us try to recall to our minds the delights of making mud-pies, sand-forts and climbing accommodating trees with branches near the ground, and provide for them clothes that will not easily be spoiled, so that the summer sports may be bright spots to look back upon during the many stormy winter days in which the little house-bound mourners will long for the liberty which they can have for only a part of the year.

COMMON SENSE IN SCIENTIFIC GARDENING



THIS spring I was obliged to employ a man to assist in my home garden, and accordingly set to work an Englishman who assured me of his ability and knowledge of gardening, stating that he had been in the employ of the leading florists in England.

He was set to work preparing a border for annuals, one end of which I explained to him was in perfect order and had been planted some time before. When I went out to examine his work at night, I was horrified to find that my carefully planted seed-bed had been covered with new soil, and soil, seed and all had been raked off, while the other end of the bed had simply been covered with loam to a depth of about one-quarter of an inch.

When asked what good a light covering of soil on hard ground was, my "scientific" gardener replied, "It adds moisture and substance to the poorer soil;"

which was as hard as earth can well be. Seed sown thereon would be, like the story of old, seed sown on stony ground, to be withered away by the sun. When the man was rebuked for destroying the seed-bed, I was told "It's all right. I can bud, graft, prune, set out plants, or do anything in a garden." But he could do no more in my garden, and was dismissed therewith.

Amateurs are apt to be guided by the advice of self-styled scientific gardeners, against their own common-sense.

Many writers advise the use of different soils for different plants, some advising a half-a-dozen or more different kinds for as many different plants. In the majority of cases, this is entirely useless. All that is required is good rich loam or the best common garden soil available, for plants set in beds, while the same will answer for plants in crocks, if one is careful to see that the hole in the crock is not stopped up, and that sufficient drainage is allowed to carry off surplus water.

Care should be taken in applying fertilizers; as a rule, it is better for the amateur gardener not to fuss with these at all. When preparing the garden, give it a good heavy dressing of well-rolled stable manure, and turn the whole over with the earth, with a garden fork, as in spading, doing this early enough to allow it to stand several days before planting. After this has been done and the ground carefully raked over, all that is necessary usually after planting is occasional watering, without attempting the use of fertilizers of any kind, which, in the hands of the inexperienced, are apt to do more harm than good.

For plants that have been flowering in the house during the winter, such as Calla Lilies, Chrysanthemums, Geraniums, Fuchsias, Abutilons, and other tender plants of this nature, I prefer cutting them back severely, repotting in new soil and plunging the pots (that is, burying them to the rim) in a shady place in the garden, and watering as required until fall, when they are to be taken in the house again to supply flowers for the coming winter.

The following is a list of plants worthy of culture, all having attractive flowers and being easily grown.

Canna Ehemanni: a dwarf species of the Canna, growing from three to four feet high, with large, oval, soft, green leaves, large crimson flowers about three inches long and two inches wide, resembling Gladiolus somewhat, produced on long flower stems; smaller branches bearing from ten to twelve. These can be used to advantage in bouquet-making. This variety can be grown out of doors in the summer, and brought into the house in pots during the winter, flowers continuously.

Aristoldchia Elegans: Flowers of a rich dark purple with irregular markings of a dull white, with a yellow eye surrounded by purple.

Fuchsia Phenomenal: This variety produces the largest flowers of any Fuchsia in cultivation, often measuring three inches in diameter; the sepals are bright carmine; corolla, violet purple.

E. C. Vick.



(*A Postal Dictionary*, by Edward St. John, published by *The Evening Post*, New York.)

This neat little pamphlet, compiled by the accomplished publisher of *The Evening Post*, should be upon the desk of every letter-writer. It is, says the title-page "An alphabetical Hand-book of postal rates, laws and regulations for all who use the mails."

Rules and exceptions, carriages and

miscarriages of every imaginable description of mailable matter, here find place and notice.

The possibility of blunders with regard to mails and matter is rendered so nearly impossible for him who studies the clearly-expressed manual, that the General Postal Service—no less than the general public, for the benefit of which the Service exists—should award a vote of thanks to the compiler.

(*Anna Karenina*, by Count Lyof Tolstoi, Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. T. Y. Crowell & Co. N. Y.

One gets new ideas of the boundless spaces of Russia in the perusal of Tolstoi's books; boundlessness that seems to extend to days and hours. Speculation as to where he finds time to write so many works and of such volume, blends with wonder that so many people make time to read them. *Anna Karenina* is a mixture of fascination and boredom. Like a tamarind, it stimulates, while it cloys. The reader, following breathlessly the passion-laden story of Vronsky and Anna, encounters, without warning, fifty pages of Levin's bucolic experiments, or political embroilments, or spiritual struggles, as a promising vein of ore terminates unexpectedly in trap-rock. He is, however, exceptionally impatient if he can lay the thick volume aside unfinished. The author's marvellous skill in depicting *human* people, his fidelity to nature in withholding not one of Kitty's foibles, or Dolly's inconsistencies, or even the almost lapses into loverly admiration of bewitching Anna on the part of priggish Levin, are bold and refreshing. He paints no angels and admits no devils. Characteristics are sharply drawn. Each personage introduced, however briefly, plays his own part, and not another's. His versatility is a miracle of true genius. The droll episode of the missing shirt that nearly produced a tragedy on Levin's wedding-day, and the dramatic catastrophe that withdraws the erring, wretched, yet ever charming heroine from the stage, are wrought with equal power.

The portrait of Stephan is unrivalled. As a faithful annalist of Russian, domestic and social life, Tolstoi is so entertaining that one forgives the coarse realism which mars scenes and passages otherwise perfect.

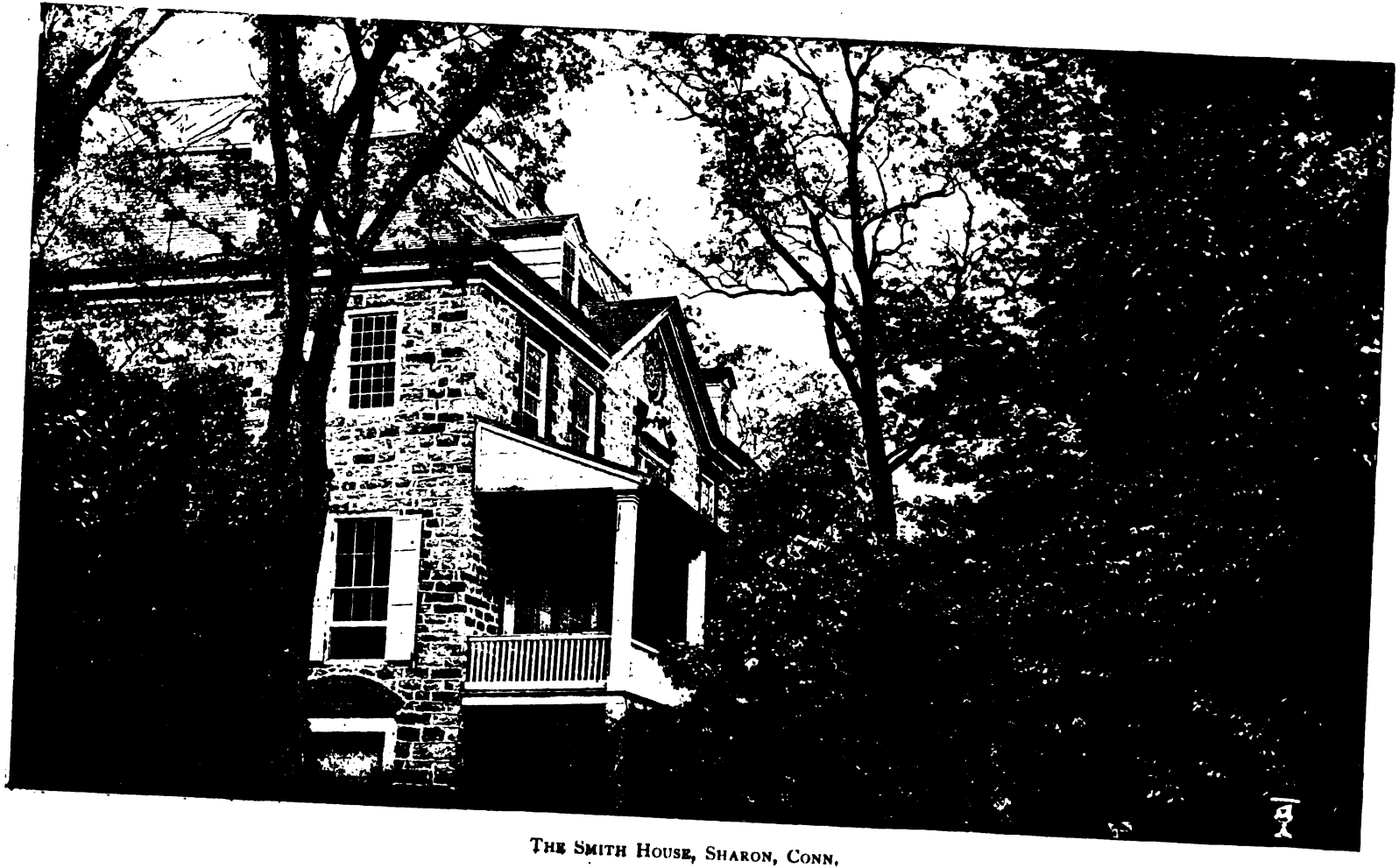
Mr. Dole's spirited translation should win for him the gratitude of all English-reading novel-lovers. As a master of Russian literature he has no equal in this country.

(*Burkett's Lock*, by M. G. McClelland. "Sunshine Series." Cassell & Co., New York.)

Miss McClelland has written nothing better than this tale of "Up the Country" life in Virginia. The scene is laid among humble folk on the banks of the James River and Kanawha canal, and in a hilly city—Marshall—easily recognizable as Lynchburg. Without Miss Murfree's verboseness and continual digressions into irrelevant descriptions of natural beauties unnoticed by her actors, Miss McClelland's command of mountaineer dialect is equal to the Tennessee writer's, and she does not weary us with it. The story is sad, simple, and too short. Grannie and Polly are strong and piquante; Rob Redd, a representative of the class who win the love of everybody and deserve nobody's. Hester is pure, fine and high; an artistic contrast to her weak, vain, unfortunate sister.

(*The Culture of the Cradle*, by Edwina L. Keasbey. Published by James Pott & Co., New York.)

A series of chapters on the education of little children, written by one who, herself, brought up several children to manhood and womanhood. In this pretty little volume she embodies the theories she has substantiated by practice. Every thoughtful mother should read it, and she will hardly lay it aside without feeling that she has gained new ideas of the beauties and responsibilities of motherhood. A second edition of the work has appeared since the author's death.



THE SMITH HOUSE, SHARON, CONN.

SEE PAGE 472.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1889. No. 6.

EDITORIAL.

GOING BACK TO SCHOOL.



SHADES of the prison house begin to close About the growing boy"— and girl, as the days become short and the nights cool. The thought of the return to school routine and discipline obtrudes itself upon their pleasure, and they cling all the more closely to the brief spell of freedom left to them. Yet the question of where and how the children shall spend their study hours during the ensuing Winter weighs far more heavily upon the parents than it does even upon the youthful victims to liberal educations.

The younglings of the flock do not cause much anxiety. The increasing and well deserved popularity of Kindergartens induces many mothers to send their wee ones where they will be safe and happy during the morning hours. When these charming learning places are not attainable, the mother does better to teach her chicks at home, unless she is thoroughly conversant, not only with the instructors of the primary school, but also with the companions her children will find there. At this most impressible period of life immeasurable and irreparable mischief may be done to a child's moral tone by associations with impure-minded and foul-mouthed schoolmates. Often the worst of these conceal their faults under a smooth exterior, and reveal the evil side of their natures only when alone with those of their own age. The close *surveillance* that, unobserved, surrounds the inmates of the Kindergarten, guards against this danger there.

Older children must take their chances. Harsh as this sounds, it is inevitable. The ground must be carefully prepared, the good seed planted and watchfully cultivated until it has gained a promising growth. But as time goes on, there will be weeds sown here and there. No guardianship can prevent that. All parents can do is to root out the tares themselves—when they can—and to teach the owner of each little garden patch to be on the alert against the enemy.

Naturally, however, in choosing a school for the older children, due inquiry must be made as to the characters of the majority of its attendants. This is not second even to the importance of a good curriculum and competent tuition. The intellectual part of the nature should suffer neglect sooner than undergo improvement at the risk of lowering the moral standard. To benefit both should be feasible.

The progress of the age is nowhere more

clearly shown than in the changes in educational methods during the past quarter of a century. Even so recently as that there were some people who were disposed to consider seriously Dr. Johnson's celebrated problem as to whether or not a knowledge of Greek were compatible with female delicacy, and even to sympathize secretly with him in his uncomplimentary analogy between a woman's study of Latin and a bear's dancing. To the girl collegian of 1889 the time when such dogmas were cherished seems like the dark days God winked at.

With all our modern improvements in the line of young men's and women's universities and colleges, special studies, elective courses and the like, there is sometimes room for doubt as to whether or not the growing boy and girl aforesaid have just the right kind of school training during the formation period that lies between quitting the Kindergarten and the preparation for entering college. Are they taught as they should be between the ages of, say, ten and fourteen?

Every thing is so transformed now that the elderly man or woman who tries to compare present modes of education with those that prevailed during his or her school-days is hopelessly befogged. Ancient landmarks have been removed. Even the familiar old names of common English branches have been altered.

"Oh, don't talk of *grammar!*" begged the lady principal of a large school for girls. "We never use the word now. We speak, instead, of the *language* lessons. It sounds much more attractive!"

All very well, no doubt, but the whilome student of Lindley Murray is fairly dazed when she sees the manuals that have superseded his famous treatise. She recalls the saying that if the Romans had had to learn the Latin grammar they would never have conquered the world, and feels in her secret soul that she would give up all hopes of victory over her portion of this sphere had she to master the English grammar of to-day.

Such difficulties are apt to influence parents into drifting into ignorance of what their children are really learning. Puzzled by changes of nomenclature in various departments of study, they give up the struggle to keep *au courant* of the children's lessons and grow more and more incapable of knowing what progress the young people are making —a state of affairs of which the juniors are occasionally not slow to take advantage.

Even at the cost of extra care and trouble the mother should be tolerably conversant with the school work of her boys and girls. She should be able to understand, to a certain extent, what they are learning, to listen intelligently to the recital of their struggles and triumphs, and, thus, not only have the power to judge if the methods they are pursuing are those best fitted to their bent of mind, but also to bind the closer that tie of sympathy which is a child's surest safeguard.

Such information on the part of parents is their most potent aid in selecting schools for their children. Without it they are comparatively at the mercy of masters and mistresses, and must have only hearsay evidence as to whether the best is being made of their boys' and girls' brains.

To the mother as well as to her flock the fall brings a going back to school. The routine of housewifery must be resumed, the old duties that had been laid aside during the blessed vacation season restored to their former commanding position. Wise is she who, both, for her family and herself follows the practice of the prudent driver, who, on taking his horse out of the pasture where it has luxuriated during its resting-time, forbears for awhile to extort full speed from the animal, asserting that flesh and muscles are "soft," and that hard driving at the outset would only incapacitate the steed for good work later on.

HOME LITERATURE

AFTER ANTIETAM.



HE battle was over. The earth ceased to shake, the hills no longer echoed to the roar of batteries or answered back the musketry's sharp rattle. The clang, the shock, the uproar, the charging yells, the cries of pain, the shrieks of mangled horses, all for this time were still. The quiet sky bent over us, no longer stained by sulphurous clouds, as if battle smoke had given place to soft autumnal haze, and blood and grime of powder had been transfigured into the crimson glories of the woods.

And yet the dead lay in the hastily dug trenches. The fields were foul with slaughter, with bodies of horses and flocks of repulsive buzzards. Blackened ruins that once had been homesteads, riddled buildings, flattened fences; trees, bullet-scarred, powder-scorched and rent in pieces; remains of camps and scattered grain, covering fields so trodden down and wasted that they could not be distinguished from the roads—with these the beaten and bewildered country came slowly to itself, something as a man might do who had been overwhelmed beneath a cataract, then flung upon the shore to struggle for his breath.

In Maryland was suffering enough, and want and confusion too. For we read in recent accounts that the United States Medical Bureau broke down, its transports were blocked, or intercepted, and some days passed before any trains arrived. Long before that, of course, the field dépôts would have been exhausted.

Imagine thousands of men bleeding to death, or delirious with fever, or fainting from hunger, and surgeons waiting helplessly through days and nights for bandages, for medicines, or even for food and shelter-tents.

But then the Sanitary Commission came to the rescue, as it did over and over again, in all times and localities, throughout the war. It had the knack of bringing up supplies when the Government failed, and the gratitude which canonized its name is not extravagant.

Our Rebel side of the river had no Sanitary Commission, and no Medical Bureau, and no Commissary Department either—at least none that was perceptible—yet the jolting ambulances poured across the ford and up the rocky road, until the town was packed and crammed with wounded, and all along the way, in every foot of house-room, lay unnumbered throngs of the disabled, while every man, woman or child, was working might and main in improvised hospitals.

What is a hospital? We have visited some great city infirmary, conducted with order and system, have walked through quiet, airy wards, past rows of clean beds and neatly kept tables. We have admired the white-capped nurses who are so noiseless, yet so dexterous at their work, and the surgeons have won our respect as men who know what they have to do, and do it, helped by every appliance, every invention of modern science.

Yet we have come away saddened by sight of suffering that no skill can reach. And the thoughts of some of us have gone back to a chaos of defeat, disorder and perplexity; to days when a hospital was any place, even if it were a roofless cabin, where wounded men were lying in their mute, patient pain. If we could get our worst cases sheltered from the weather on

the narrow pews of churches, on the floors of barns and stables, or open porches, or in out-houses, damp or dry, we had to be content.

At best we had a bare apartment, only half cleaned, filled with rough piles of straw, each covered by a single blanket. We had no means of isolating the dying, or of screening any operation; we had incompetent, or careless surgeons, rough attendants, and, for nurses, a set of inexperienced girls, whose compassion was their only teacher. With few anodynes or medicines, and no means of getting any; with insufficient food, badly served, at irregular hours; with swarms of pestilent flies, with slovenly sanitary arrangements, or none at all—in short, with a total absence of all the luxuries, most of the comforts, and many of what we vainly call the necessities of life—what law of order, or of decency was not violated in our wretched barracks?

And yet we were really doing our best. If a belated and berated Commissary Department left its men to starve, already before the battle our own larders and storerooms had been nearly emptied to feed the hungry armies camped upon us. If the men's clothing was torn by shot or cut by surgeons, we could not get at a shop to buy a yard of calico or a paper of needles. Covered stands and napkined trays indeed! Why, we stopped scraping lint, because linen was too precious, and when we must have bandages, we tore up sheets and tablecloths, even our own underclothing, but I do not know to this day how our constant need was supplied. I remember my mother's tireless ingenuity and her distress when, after all, we seemed to stand like children building sand dykes against a rising tide. I also remember how I felt when I went one day to visit an officer lying in the house of a friend. His hostess had been discreet. Instead of diffusing her sympathy over many, to give each a teaspoonful—like her improvident neighbors—she had concentrated it upon one to assure him her best. He not only had an apartment to himself, but he lay propped upon plump and spotless pillows, with a white counterpane drawn smoothly under his arms, and he had on—what I had not seen for days—a starched and ironed shirt. I had forgotten that such things could be. With what a pang I thought of my poor sufferers in the evil-smelling place I had just quitted, to whom this sweet and shaded room would have seemed like Heaven! My heart aches still as I recall their invariable cheerfulness. It was not only that they did not complain, they seemed to ignore the existence of any cause of complaint.

If well enough, they would crawl or hobble to a door and watch in silence the passing in the streets; if unable to do this, they would lie through dreary hours asking for nothing but water for their wounds.

After days of discomfort and nights of pain, they would tell us they were "pretty peart, I thank you, ma'am;" or, "right smart to-day, miss;" and when a lame man would stagger up with, "Take a cheer, gyurls," we accepted the uncouth attention for what it was—a courtesy.

Far from home, helpless among strangers, unconsidered atoms in a huge mass of misery, how often must their hearts have repeated the wail of one homesick boy, whom a comrade was vainly trying to cheer, but who, refusing to be comforted, sobbed out indignantly, "Oh, it's mighty easy for you to talk, but I want my Ma!"

Yet very few gave voice to the longing that was often visible in their faces. They put it by, or covered it up, or flung some deprecating jest at it, with unobtrusive stoicism. They were rough, they were phenomenally dirty, they had their own sins and vices, but there was a pathos about them—their pain, their patience, their touching helplessness and gratitude—that I could never adequately describe.

On the day of the battle, when we were at our busiest, a man with a short, black beard and alert step and manner walked briskly in among us; and calling out: "Here, doctor, I want you a minute, sir;" he held up a bloody hand, of which three fingers were dangling limp and helpless.

"Reckon they'll have to come off," he said, giving them a shake. "Not much good to anybody now. Oh, take your time," as the surgeon showed how pressed he was, "I may as well keep' em a while—can't get 'em back."

He waited, exchanging experiences of the fight with the men about. When his turn came he sat down on a wooden chair, resting his arm upon the back and holding out his shattered hand as if for vaccination or some such bagatelle. He was still laughing when the surgeon began to cut, and, though the laugh presently died away, he simply covered his eyes with his unhurt fingers and sat without flinching through the operation that left his hand an unarticulated stump. When it had been bandaged he thanked the



surgeon, thanked me, and pale, but cheery, walked up the street. I never saw him again, and should not remember him now but for something especially blithe about him.

One poor fellow lay, or sat, propped against the wall in a corner of our back porch. The house was full, the men were lying not only in the rooms, but in the halls and passages, and this one had been given a pile of straw in a sheltered nook by the door. He was wounded in the arm, which was much swollen and very painful. He had a basin of water and a rag, and there he sat all day long, motionless and uncomplaining, sopping his wound and quite neglected, except when his meals were given him. I stopped to speak to him one morning before going to the town, trying to think of something to make him more comfortable, he seemed so forlorn and lonely.

But he said very simply :

"Don't you mind about me, miss. There's so many worse off'n me, you just oughter do all you kin for them."

It was the day our town was bombarded, and when I came back he was gone, driven out upon the roads like hundreds of others by fear of capture, but throwing away by premature exertion I fear, his hope of recovery. I never knew what became of him, but he will always seem the embodiment of silent patience.

There was so much confusion about the first few days that I cannot say with certainty when the dépôt for provisions was established, but, after this had been done, one of the detailed attendants from each

building occupied as a hospital used to draw the rations for the day. It was the economical pleasure of the department to consider men in hospital as sick and to put them on half allowance; but, as a wounded man, if able to eat at all, is voracious, the daily portions should have been doubled.

Having drawn even these meagre rations with thankfulness, the next thing was to hunt up somebody willing to cook them. They consisted, so far as I am aware, exclusively of flour and beef. The beef was made into broth and we were put to queer shifts to find something to serve it in. The bread was baked at various houses and was better, or worse, according to the skill of volunteer cooks. As a rule the men's health was surprisingly good, but many cases were aggravated by illness, and then it was most distressing.

We tried to eke out the scanty fare as best we might. Each brought what she could—often saved from her own not too abundant breakfast—and many times, when the need was sorest, we canvassed the town, begging from door to door. We were not always well received. Like other beggars I have had the door shut in my face, and have been told from upper windows that indeed there was not a thing in the house, and would I please not bother her again. But as a rule the town responded generously—so generously that for the whole of the ensuing winter it could with difficulty feed itself.

If by these or any other means we could get something to tempt the feeble appetites of the sick—an egg, a bit of butter, or of chicken, or hot corn bread—we were forced to leave the stronger men to the untender mercies of boiled beef.

By and bye, when the hospitals thinned out, when of our patients some had recovered and many had died, and all who could had gone farther South, there came a time when those remaining could receive better attention. We were no longer glad to give men soup out of wash basins, nor were sheets and pillows impossible luxuries. It was then a joy to give men hot, light rolls for breakfast, and enough of them, and coffee—well, we *called* it coffee; it was chicory, rye, burnt wheat, I know not what—with milk in it, and now and then a surreptitious lump of sugar.

But sugar was precious, and we kept it for emergencies. I knew one lady who had after this no sugar in her house for months, except a very small bowlful that she kept carefully locked away in order that she might say she had never been without. Others, less provident, could not say so, and she triumphed over them. We were told of a grand party given in Richmond that winter where the guests were bidden to an entertainment of bread and molasses, but we on the Border, although I remember no parties, had occasional opportunities—clandestine and precarious—for laying in supplies, and our privations, though at times severe, were never pitiful.

Our barn, a large one, had been taken as the regimental hospital of, I believe, the Fifth Florida, which must have suffered very severely, for the barn was full. In addition to the wounded in the house, my mother had other unfortunates upon her hands and heart. Her constant effort was to devise variations of fare. Sometimes we could send a huge pot of fricasseed chicken, helped along by plenty of gravy, and I remember how the big rice puddings, baked in milk pans, were received with acclamations; only, as usual, there should have been more of them.

It was never possible to have quite enough of anything, except apples. These were fortunately abundant that year, and a great resource. Long pans of them, just baked, used to go down to the barn to give a relish to butterless bread; but, like most things worth having, they had to be fought for.

A brigade under FitzJohn Porter crossed the river on a reconnaissance, and called a halt on the commanding hill by our barn. Whether the sight of our loaded trees, so temptingly near, had suggested this manœuvre, I do not know, but the men took instant advantage of opportunity, jumped the fence, swarmed into the orchard, and filled pockets, hats, and haversacks, until it seemed as if they would carry away the whole crop. But our apples were our life, and we flew to the rescue, servants, children, every pair of hands, picking as fast as we could, and, for a while, it was a lively race between us and the soldiers. Fortunately the orchard was large, and the brigade moved on, and though we had many similar visitations, we managed to save enough for the winter.

This was not the only time our apples proved valuable. Once afterwards, in 1864, for a while they seemed to stand between us and starvation.

The first Federal crossing took place about a week after the battle, but only in



the form of a brief raid to parole the wounded. The officer who visited our house had his videttes out in all directions, and interrupted his work every few moments to look out of the windows, for he, as well as we, expected the Confederates to appear over the hill at any minute. After this began the exchange of scouting expeditions, between Custer on one side and Rosser on the other, that was so ludicrously like a child's game of "tag." A body of Union cavalry would cross the river, and for a while, the town would be full of the stamping of horses and jingling of spurs. There would be an alarm of "Johnnies;" the column would ride out a short distance, fire a few shots, wheel, and make for the ford at a gallop. In a minute or two the town would be as full of smiling Grays as before of the Blue-coats. General Rosser and his staff would go off to see their friends, and the next thing we knew were more shouts and shots, some breathless runner panting up to warn us, and our callers, leaving without ceremony,—sometimes by windows and kitchen-doors—to "put out" up the turnpike as fast as they could go. The play would be repeated perhaps the next day, the scouting parties staying a longer, or shorter time, as it happened, but each getting out of the way of the other with equal celerity.

Captures were not infrequently made, and the skirmishes were sharp enough to add some patients to our hospitals. On one occasion two girls distinguished themselves by capturing half a dozen soldiers.

General Rosser swooped down near sunset and came upon some Union troops in the town. The usual firing, rushing, and shouting took place, and the Federals got away on the road to the ford. All but an unfortunate few, who ran down the steep hill to the burned bridge, and found them-

selves as completely caught as if they had run into a bag. Two girls, busy in a warehouse hospital, came out to see what the noise meant, and the fugitives begged them in great distress to conceal them somewhere. The girls said, "You are in plain sight already, but if you will surrender to us no one will hurt you. Go, stack your arms."

They obeyed, the girls waved a handkerchief, and when the Confederates came down they delivered the prisoners to Rosser in person. Incidents more or less like this took place during the autumn, while work in the hospitals went on, and the disorder of the beginning settled into something resembling routine. There was much that was saddening. There were long nights of hopeless pain, and death-beds whose agony would haunt us for days. There were delirious sufferers who mistook their stranger nurses for the sisters or mothers, who, praying for them in distant homes, were ignorant that they should never see them more. One poor, dying boy comes back to me whose wandering words reproached so piteously this supposed sister for her coldness that the girl at his side stooped and kissed him, her tears falling on his face, until, with a satisfied smile, he died.

Those of us who were not permitted to sit up at night would come to the wards in the morning and miss some figure that we had seen the night before. There would be an empty heap of straw, or, if it were in a comfortable corner, the place would be already taken by another patient. We did not need to ask what had become of the one we missed. We knew, if it were during the first days, that he had been wrapped in his blanket, if it were later, that he had been put in a rough pine-box and laid in an unmourned grave in the cemetery. Sometimes there were pathetic mementoes to be laid away, and sent, when possible, to far-off friends, and letters to be written, dictated by lips fast stiffening as they feebly framed their last message home. We could not tend these helpless men without becoming in a measure attached to them, even to the roughest, and when they died it was sometimes like a personal grief. And although we were really doing our best, some of us will think to this hour, with regret and self-reproach, of what more we might perhaps have done had we known how.

To cheer us there were some wonderful instances of unexpected recovery, one of which took place in our own house.

An officer in an Alabama regiment had been brought in, it was supposed to die. We did not attempt to take him upstairs, but made him as comfortable as we could in a lower room. He had been struck by a piece of shell in the back, and it required three people to dress the wound,—a horrid hole, big enough to hold a man's fist. My mother, heroic as she was, used to look ready to drop when she came out after the daily operation. As he lingered from day to day, she spent what time she could spare in reading to him from Baxter's Saints' Rest, and kindred works, and when we, more light and carnal-minded, remonstrated against this low-spirited treatment, she asked with some offence, if we would have her talk frivolity to a dying man. But he did not die. In spite of all predictions, very slowly his yawning wound closed, his strength returned, and in December he was able, though still feeble, to start for home. We heard that the next Spring he reported for duty, saying that if he could have transportation on the long marches, he thought he could hold out. His offer was not accepted, but that it should have been made, seemed to us so wildly incredible, that we needed to have it confirmed from more than one source before we could believe it.

On the day after South Mountain, when the ambulances first made their appearance and the town was wild over the unaccustomed sights, a young girl, carrying her basin of water from wound to wound in the open street, stumbled over a man lying motionless upon the sidewalk. He seemed to have been lifted, or to have crawled, from some wagon to the curb-stone, and to have fallen there helpless. His clothes were torn and stained, his shoe had been cut from a swollen and angry foot, his hair hung in disheveled clots about a face that was an unrecognizable mass of blood and dirt; and all across the top of his head was a hideous sabre cut, a grisly, yawning slash, exposed, unsheltered, to the sun. Mastering her horror and pity, the girl stopped some men going by with a stretcher, and besought them to remove the poor creature, at least into the shade, until she could find him a bed. She hunted up the key of a small school-house, opened it, swept out the accumulations of dust and rubbish, and had the man laid upon straw in a corner. The place quickly filled with others almost as needy, and when she had



bandaged his hurts she left him, to all appearances, totally unconscious. The next day he was gone, and she, supposing him dead, forgot him in the press of work. She presently fell ill herself with typhoid fever, and did not return to the hospitals for weeks.

But there was with us a Northern lady who, while always avowing her loyalty, was on the friendliest terms with us all. In this absorbing work no one was more useful, or untiring, and she displayed a special capacity for managing delinquent stewards and surgeons. On one of her visits to the building to which those who showed signs of erysipelas were removed—a loathsome place, shunned by all but the strongest spirits—she noticed a man neglected and apparently at his last gasp. His head was swollen with erysipelas and he was muttering in delirium.

When she spoke to the attendant he said that the man had been dying since the day before, the doctors had given him up as a bad job, and for his part he could'nt see the use of bothering with dead men when so many live fellows wanted you.

She gave what slight relief she could and started for the doctor. When found, he laughed at her, then begged her to save her valuable strength for those who had a chance. When she indignantly persisted he shrugged his shoulders, said the man was bound to die, but if she chose to paint him with iodine she might. She did, and threw herself heartily into the effort to save him. It did not seem hopeful. When the Union troops came in, the patroling officer

passed the piteous iodine-covered figure in impatient disgust, saying, very much as the hospital attendant had said, that he was in a hurry and couldn't stop for dead men.

The surgeon looked on and said she was just worrying his last moments, but, as these moments were prolonged, they gradually ceased to scoff and even began to help. By and bye, whether it was owing to them, or to the iodine, or to her determination, or in spite of all things by sheer strength of constitution, the man slowly came back to life and was at last out of danger. If it had been a veritable resurrection it would not have been talked of as a greater triumph. It was now late in the Fall and the girl who had been ill with typhoid fever had recovered and came with her friend one day to see this independent invalid, who would get well in the teeth of authority.

After a little talk he turned to her abruptly and said, "You don't remember me?"

"Where have I seen you?" she asked, surprised.

"Ah, I remember you. You were the first that touched me. See here, if you don't know me, don't you remember this?"

He pushed up the bandage and showed the half-healed wound, a livid streak across his head—a thing she might well remember. The sight brought back that bloody day when she had had the apparently dying soldier carried in from the street to the school-house.

"But how in the world—" she began, "You were insensible."

"No, I wasn't," he replied, with feeling. "Anyway, I remember you. *You had on a pink dress*, and I knew your voice the minute I heard it. Do yo· think I'd be likely to forget?"

He conveyed the impression that to him henceforth the angels would always appear clothed in pink calico, and he kept a grateful heart for his two deliverers, for the one who had first brought some measure of relief to his extremity, and for the other who had fought for him so gallantly against the powers of disease and ignorance.

Months afterwards the local newspapers of a Southern town reached us, in which was printed a letter that we supposed to be from him, for in it he said that he had always "hated the North like any other good fellow; but he owed his life to a little Yankee schoolmistress way up in Virginia, and he was obliged to think better of her people for her sake."

One recollection more and I have done.

When the Confederate army crossed into Maryland the next summer, it passed through Shepherdstown on its way to the ford. The men were in much better condition than I ever saw them before, or afterwards; there was almost no straggling, and the compact and steady columns were a wonderfully surprising sight. We all went down to watch, of course, and suddenly from somewhere in the line a voice cried out:

"Three cheers for the ladies who took care of us last year!"

The banners dipped; a thousand hats went up into the air; from a thousand throats rose what a shout! It rolled from rank to rank, and seemed to overwhelm us as we stood.

The girls who heard it are scattered very widely; they have gone far from the ignorant enthusiasms of youth; they would not, if they could, bring back the passions, or the prejudices of that time of strife. But among them all I am sure there is not one who, so long as life lasts, can ever hear again the measured tramp of marching feet, or the multitudinous roar of cheering voices, without feeling her heart throb and her eyes fill as they did then when in that echoing greeting was so plainly heard—it was just before Gettysburg.—"*Morituri salutamus!*"

Maria Blunt.



A FANTASY.

A crimson rose she gave to him,
  Who parted from her long ago,
And watched his little boat grow dim
  Far in the ocean's margin glow.

The scarf she waved was wet with tears,
  His name hung silent on her lip;
Grief for all after coming years
  Came in her heart when went that ship.

Day after day unto the wharf
  She came and leaned against the rail;
Time after time she waved the scarf,
  Hope looming in a distant sail.

Yet never down the sea's blue track,
  Shielding with slender hand her brow,
Saw she the little boat come back
  Bearing her lover on its prow.

But once upon the wreck-strewn beach,
  An opalescent shell she found,
Which to her ears in silvery speech
  The thread of mystery unwound.

It told how, at the last, her name
  Her lover murmured to the wave
That brought this sea-shell whence it came—
  This was the crimson rose she gave!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

HOPE HARDING.

Chapter XIX.

There was no return glance of recognition from Agnes Fettermore's dull eyes; yet they seemed to find something soothing in the deep, compassionate, and gentle gaze with which Hope regarded her. To the doctor and the Lesters it seemed only natural that Hope should say:

"I will remain up with her; Margaret, you can sleep on one of the cots, and I will call you if needed."

Natural also that she should discuss the "case" in low tones with the doctor.

There was an injury to head and spine. Rapidly, but carefully, they went over details, but Hope had an undercurrent in her talk which led towards a decision. Agnes Fettermore must be in a room near her own—under her especial care. Strangers should not hear or see the first words or first looks of intelligence from this woman, so closely associated with her own sad story. An undefined feeling, neither the outcome of superstition nor of the modern schools of philosophy—but something which seemed a direct answer to her constant and most patient prayer, seemed to tell her thai Agnes Fettermore had come to her with a direct purpose—that her reaching Helstone Flats was not an accident, but the result of a careful design.

The night passed. During Hope's apprenticeship as a nurse, she had kept many a vigil, watching the race between life and death—the strange flutter of the half-released spirit towards a firmer hold on earth, which came generally at daybreak, and for all her philosophy and self-control, nothing had seemed to wear away the effect of intensity at such a moment. But now, while the cold wintry dawn slowly broke upon the ward wherein she watched by Agnes Fettermore's side, question followed question in her mind, and as she watched the pallid sleeping face, it was impossible to divest herself entirely of all thought, as she had been taught to do, but that of the patient's good and well-being. Could it be that back of those closed lips might lie sentences which, if uttered, would tell her so much? Perhaps what would alter her whole career?

The day had not fully wakened. The dreary roadside which they had traversed the afternoon before was faintly illumined; the tangled hedge-row and patched bit of orchard, the few willows near the marsh, showed grayly against the still unbroken morning. The first sound to disturb the stillness which, notwithstanding the fact that a new day was breaking, seemed almost like gloom, came with the clanging of a bell across the court-yard, and the ringing of others in the distance, for the opening of factory work.

Margaret Lester had started, and Hope crossed the room swiftly to give her directions for procuring the invalid some nourishment. A moment later she returned to find that Agnes' eyes had opened, that she was searching Hope's face with painful intensity—but not with a look of one whose mind is fully aroused.

"Do you know me, Agnes?" Hope took the sick girl's hand gently in hers and smiled.

"I am a friend of yours; that is, I have seen you before in England."

Agnes' brows drew together. There was evidently more perplexity than before on her clouded mind. Hope dared not press her too far, but said, gently.

"In Hurstley, one night. You saw me, perhaps, then. You spoke to a Mr. Palfrey."

The girl's thin hands closed together. She repeated the name, "Palfrey" and added, "our Joan's husband."

The cheeks of the girl bending over her flamed for an instant scarlet. Then, she forced herself to say, quietly, "Yes, my dear, your cousin Joan's husband."

"Where did I fall? Is it near the Priory ruins?"

The injured girl's mind was wandering again, and for hours such words as she uttered were unintelligible and very few. Meanwhile, Hope had accomplished her purpose. The room which Mrs. Mahony had occupied was given up to the use of this first patient, and the head nurse found time while superintending the arrivals of one set of patients after another to see Agnes Fettermore comfortably lodged near her own room. The only explanation that was needed was in the fact, which Hope had clearly stated, that she had known something of Agnes in England; perhaps she was alone in this country, perhaps friendless.

But the first day had not gone by when such facts as were to be known of the acci-

dent and its results came out.

A stout, good humored looking Irishwoman arrived at the new Hospital and on inquiring for "The Misthress," was sent into Hope's still bare and dreary sanctum where, however, the face and figure of its occupant seemed to reassure her.

"Sure, the cratur only came to take board with me the day before yisterday, Miss," said the widow Flynn, accepting Hope's offer of a chair, later of a cup of tea.

"And last night it was, Miss, she wint out late, just for a bit of a walk, Miss, she told me, up by the bridge like. "Mind your way over thim loose boards," says I, and she nodded her head and smiled. 'Sure, Tim,' says I—that's my son, Miss—Ma'am," —with a dubious glance at the frilled borders of Hope's cap,—"That's the first ra'al smile we've seen on her."

"Do you know why she came to Helstone?" Hope asked eagerly.

"Sorra a bit, Miss," was the prompt answer. "Only what brings most of them to the place—factory work. She was at it, but I mistrust there was something else, and whin I heard of her fall and her being brought here I thought I'd bring her few bits of things along up to you, Miss."

It was a small package, if it contained all of poor Agnes' worldly belongings, but Hope rewarded good Mrs. Flynn amply and when she had departed, hastened to undo the parcel. A dress, a change of clothing, a few trifles, then a package of newspaper cuttings and some old faded-looking photographs, from among which fell out the picture of Joan Hope had seen for the first time in Seaton's studio long ago. She was gazing at it tremulously when a sound in the doorway startled her and she looked up to give Joanna Lester some direction, then back again to the package open on her table. Loose among the papers was a letter addressed to Agnes, in a hand which startled her so that for an instant all other thoughts and objects seemed to fade away. It was impossible to mistake the writing as other than that of her husband, and the postmark was Algiers.

Chapter XX.

The fire on Hope's sitting room hearth was freshly kindled. In spite of the busy cares of the day, she had contrived to give the many windowed place a certain homelike air, in the few touches known only to a practised hand. Hope was waiting for Dr. Ward, when to her surprise the tall, soldierly figure of Dr. Collins was seen in the half dusk, as he came by the windows and was presently entering the main door, to find that of the "head nurse's sanctum" widely flung open, her hand outstretched, and a beaming look of welcome on her face.

"Dr. Collins! How good of you! But of course one need only expect what is thoughtful from you! Come in."

And, while the Doctor was being installed in the one easy chair of the room, he contrived to explain that he had thought it best to "run over" to Helstone and make sure for himself how they were all getting along, the "all" meaning, as his honest blue eyes could not refrain from telling her, herself, first, last, and entirely. Hope, for the first time felt a sudden flash of something like the truth, like or near to it. It set her heart to beating violently, made her hands tremble as she, a little later, poured out the Doctor's tea, and seemed to halt upon her very words as she walked at his side through the wards, where at least twenty beds were occupied, and Dr. Ward, with a young assistant, was busily at work. Everything had been arranged to give the head nurse this night for rest, but before Dr. Collins left, she had determined to have a few words with him—words of counsel which she sorely needed.

The time came when Margaret Lester, being for half an hour relieved of her watch at Agnes' side, Hope asked Dr. Collins to sit there with her; and with her first words, spoken across the poor girl's pillow, she explained that Agnes was the cousin of that Joan Fettermore for whom she had so long been searching.

"And you say," Dr. Collins' gaze was bent earnestly upon her, "that you believe this girl had a purpose in coming here?"

Hope nodded. Then, as swiftly as possible, managed to have a half hour alone with her visitor. He watched her stir into a fresh blaze the wood fire on her hearth. She knelt down, holding the tongs in her hands, and, as she moved a huge log, he bent to help her. But in so doing their hands met involuntarily and touched. When Hope rose to her feet her cheeks were only flushed by the firelight, but his were burning like a flame.

"Hope!" he said suddenly, and moved forward, holding out his hands, "forgive me—I know your name! Oh, my darling, I know your story! And God alone knows how I love you!"

It was a moment of terrible agony for the girl before him. In asking him, because of his Western knowledge, to aid her in finding a clue to the whereabouts of a "Paul Fettermore," she had not dreamed of drifting him upon such a shore of research. And now, standing at a distance from him in her nun-like garb, she regarded him with silent, dilated vision! He continued in the same eager, half-restrained voice, placing one of his hands firmly on the table which stood between them.

"Don't blame me that I have loved you, that I found—it was mere hap-hazard,—what your name and story were; but, Hope, I have guarded it tenderly. I have watched as carefully as I could lest any one should know or dream that"—

"*What!*" Hope spoke in a voice, low but thrilling with intensity.

"That Joan Fettermore had been near you—may-be is now—that that is what brought Agnes here. Joan, for Palfrey's sake, was searching for you, and this Agnes at last found out. So she came on here to trace her cousin, and—you know the rest."

Joan near her! Hope realized at first no more than this. Then she came back to what had seemed so vital to her on opening Agnes' packet.

"You know I found a letter from my husband to Agnes among her things. I have not read it. I was waiting to see how she was to know whether I had a right to read it."

The strong face of the man before her had darkened, but the lines deepening about his mouth and eyes were those of intensest pain.

"Hope!" he said, drawing nearer to her and laying one of his hands upon her arm, "You should not speak that way of him. He is not your husband, dear."

Hope's eyes had a strange look in them as she listened to what he was saying. She looked at him very curiously for an instant.

"I see, you do not understand."

He interrupted her almost fiercely.

"I love you," he said, looking straight into her eyes. It rushed back to her that, with her usual selfishness where thought of Palfrey was concerned, she had seemed to forget Dr. Collins' avowal of but a moment before.

"You *ought* to blame me," she said, humbly. "See, I was so occupied, and it seemed so unreal, so unnatural—more like something that might happen in another world—that any one but Steven should think of me in that way; and you are so good!" She broke off weeping, and he forced himself to let her bow her head upon his arm in silence. "You are so good and kind," she went on, raising her face and trying to dry her eyes quickly, "that it makes me see myself in the worse light! You say you know my story, but how can you know, my friend, that while I felt *morally* no right to remain with Steven Palfrey as his wife, because of this other woman's existence, yet I feel him my husband in my heart, though all the surface of this earth should sunder us. I am not *my own* to give to any man on earth. *I am his* so long as I live and breathe."

To the Doctor there was something about Hope, as she spoke to him standing in the great bare room, having moved back so that only here and there flashes of firelight touched her, which made her seem sacred—a being set apart as utterly divided from him as though she had been a creature of another world. He could have touched her by the movement of his hand, and yet he felt that it would be touching a ghost of the woman he loved. He had studied, watched, criticised her all these months—compared her with other women, fought down his love a dozen times to see it leap up and renew its fight with vigor born of its pain and intensity; yet *something* had always seemed to keep them apart. The touch of silence was laid upon his lips by something which he confronted in this young woman, who worked bravely, cheerfully, patiently under him, and yet in whose brightest glance lurked something which felt always like a shadow between them. The touch of her cool, soft hand thrilled him, yet warned him away. The sound of her voice, with its delicate yet deep vibration, had in it always a note which silenced his most impassioned word, and coming to the knowledge of her story—at least in outline, which he easily filled up—it had seemed to him marvelous that she had so fulfilled her part as a Christian *woman;* and as he knew by these strange withdrawals of her inner self—these mute warnings, these sudden silences—had determined to fulfil it as a *wife.* Yet, the touch might be needed that would break down all her—to him almost fantastic—loyalty to Palfrey. It had been given. Aubrey Collins, as he turned away from his steady regard of Hope, in the moment of silence which passed between them—knew that his castle-building was at an end.

"You have every right to read that let-

ter," Doctor Collins said suddenly, and, turning from his silent contemplation of the strip of pebbled walk outside of Hope's window, to the girl herself. "As head nurse here you are supposed to investigate any such matter. It is only right you should do so, for the girl's, sake if not your own."

She went silently to a chest of drawers in the corner of the room, brought out the letter, and, with as much quiet as she could assume, opened and read it.

It was not long. Palfrey wrote to Agnes that he believed he had come upon the track of Joan, for whom it would seem both he and she were searching. That she was in Philadelphia, or near it; that she had been heard of as inquiring for Hope (the girl's heart beat quickly, for he wrote "my wife,") at some hospital there. She was to search for her without delay, and answer him promptly. What bond of sympathy lay between them Hope, of course, could not precisely fathom, yet she knew that they had common cause in searching for the poor, wayward creature who had made shipwreck of more lives than her own.

"She is near here—perhaps, in Helstone itself," Hope said suddenly; and added—"I mean Joan, Agnes' cousin."

"Agnes will know, of course. I do not predict the quick recovery of mind Dr. Ward looks for; however, it is well to have her near you." He came forward, held out both his hands, and held Hope's within them. "You have given me my answer, Hope," he said gravely, "and it is final—I know that; but, my child, you will need a friend. All your self-reliance, your strong will—these will not sustain the human side of your life at all times; and, when you need me, I shall be at your call."

When Hope roused herself he was gone, the presence of his firm, strong grasp seeming to linger upon her fingers—token of the earnestness of such friendship as she knew he had to offer her—and involuntarily, but with a sacred feeling of loyalty to such a bond between them, she raised her hand mutely to her lips and pressed it there. But the very doing of this slight thing only seemed to emphasize more clearly how utterly, how entirely apart from the possibility of giving more than friendship she had become, and the sight of Steven's handwriting on the bit of paper that Dr. Collins had crushed into the palm of her hand, sent her vision flying towards the far-off country whence he had written; and his face, as she had seen it, flushed with health—proud, eager, and so passionately loving—seemed to confront her in the firelight,—lips and eyes seemed to bid her to be faithful.

Pursued by such visions, Hope made her way up to the room where Agnes Fettermore lay sleeping in Margaret's charge. But a moment later she was summoned to the hall. A stranger had come, so Mrs. Mahony informed her, asking to see Agnes at once. Her cousin.

Hope moved, like one in a dream, back to the sitting-room. The fire leaped and burned redly, showing a tall, well-built figure on the hearth. The figure moved, the face turned swiftly towards Hope, and revealed the dark brows and heavy beauty of Steven's wife.

"I am Joan," the visitor said, quietly; "but don't be afraid, ma'am. I haven't come to make you any trouble. I'll never say who I am. I've been searching for you; and Agnes must have known that, poor girl, and so she came over here."

"Why were you looking for me?" Hope spoke in a dull fashion, and stood still, looking at her visitor with much the same feeling as she had experienced when she saw her last—a mingling of contempt and compassion.

"I wanted you to know how—what I found out."

The girl looked down into the depths of the fire.

"What—"

"That I never really was his wife." She spoke, not in her usual free fashion, but as if dragging the words from her lips by force. For an instant Hope's world seemed to grow luminous—to be filled by a strange and God-like grace once more, but as the eyes of Joan were slowly raised to hers—as her own met and challenged them, the look of the former changed—the heavy lids fell. Hope's pure, unwavering look had been answered. The *lie* in Joan's glance was as clear as if uttered in spoken words.

"Joan," Hope forced herself now to go up to the girl and lay her hand upon her arm. "Joan, I believe you meant it for my—for his good—but let me tell you that by no lie can you ever help him to be happy. You need not tell me the story perhaps you have prepared to make me—to make him believe—all this true. Why did you want to do it?"

The girl moved suddenly and flinging herself into a chair near the table threw her arms forward and let her head fall upon them. Hope suffered her to weep a mo-

ment in silence, but she kept her hand gently upon the woman's shoulder. Presently Joan moved—shook herself free of the soft touch and lifted her face, tear-stained as it was, to the one above her.

"Didn't you ever guess—*ever think*," she said almost fiercely and clutching Hope's skirt tightly in her hand, "that I could have loved him! My God! Do you suppose out there—in camp—when I nursed him night and day back to life, when I saw he would—he *could* live, I didn't go mad nearly thinking what I was, and *knowing*—my God in Heaven—I can't tell you how well knowing that I loved him!" She locked both hands suddenly and passionately together and moved to and fro a moment in silent agony before she went on: "When I told Paul—or rather when he found me one day crouched in the woods and wishing I'd been dead before ever I'd made myself unfit for such as he was—well, Paul made me see how it could be done. Paul wanted to be rid of me. He knew he was leaving me well-off, if he would marry me. God knows I cared for nothing but to be near him. I *couldn't* have seen things as you did in Paris." The black eyes with their pitiful story, their sombre depths dulled by the tragedy of sin in her life, yet gleaming with something caught from Hope's action as she reverted to it. "*I* couldn't have left him! But you have—you have been better—of course, always—you've not known what it was to feel *ashamed;* well, I tell you that I went nearly mad with joy when I saw how Paul's plan worked. I loved him, not as you did, Miss Harding, no, not your way at all, but I would have been his servant, his slave, like a dog at his feet for what he never gave! No, if it comforts you to know of it, Miss, even when I was his wife, even when I saw in some way I fascinated or infatuated him, maybe, I knew then there was not any love to hold by in it! That sooner or later, and no doubt *sooner* he would know the fool he had been, he would HATE me. He never put his hand on my arm, he never kissed me, but I felt surer and surer of this, and do you know, times when I look back and try to be glad remembering he *has* held me in his arms and called me his wife, I can't be, for I know there's not a bit of love or *heart* to remember in it."

Again, the poor creature flung her head upon her hands, and the hot, passionate tears shook her frame, Hope, the while standing by, a strange revulsion of feeling going on within her. From some inner recess of her soul there came a desire to befriend, to help, perhaps to draw nearer to the sight which God had given her, this poor, wandering soul whose wayward feet had known so little guidance; whose strong and passionate nature had suffered so, even in its sinning. The self-abasement, the eagerness for reparation, the generosity with which she had tried to show that Palfrey in that mad fortnight of his life had never really loved her—all were the keynotes to traits before which Hope felt herself abashed, wondering if it lay within *her* to lift them from the misery in which they were so warped, to something worthier the Image of the Divine!

When Joan raised her face, turning towards Hope, she found "Palfrey's wife," as she always called her in her abasement and humility, kneeling beside her, and how she knew not, but her hands were softly, tenderly imprisoned in those of the woman whom she always felt she had so cruelly wronged.

"Joan," Hope said gravely, "There is work, good work for you to do here. Stay with me, and let me help you. I will be your friend."

The firelight glowed upon a strange picture! The bare, whitewashed walls, the dreary windows of the gaunt room, and the two figures near the table, Joan with the first dawning of *soul* in her dark eyes, Hope kneeling before her, and the hands of the two women so strangely brought together, locked fast in each other's, the fair slender fingers of "Palfrey's wife" closing upon Joan's rough brown ones, as Hope solemnly and like an offering to God himself, pledged herself with these few words to what might be a life's work: "*Yes, I will be your friend.*"

Chapter XXI.

The spring, so the people about Helstone said, came late that year, but Hope, so long accustomed to the English opening of bud and leaf, fancied it like those of the last two years, very late. But her heart warmed towards whatever was American in a curious fashion, she used to say herself, since what was really the strongly colored and stirring part of her purely personal life had been in England. She recalled often her talk with Palfrey about their being, after all, always *aliens;* once coming back from a long tramp after the first faint signs of the spring violets in the Helstone woods, it seemed to her as though these bits of reminiscence were like unrolled pictures suddenly let down between her and the cool pale and active valley land

in which she was walking. The flats where stood her hospital were beyond. A bridge spanned the river, where the mills ran in full and noisy operation. The scene was intensely, thoroughly American; nature had striven to keep her hold on the picturesque, in charming, joyous defiance of the needs and crudities of man. But Helstone could scarcely be considered a lovely region except at odd seasons, when sky and earth, leaf and blossom would have their pæan of harmony, and Hope, with the very feeling of which she had spoken to Palfrey, loved every bit of the country that was her *own*: the feeling growing, as her work among her Hospital people grew more urgent, than when her heart ached with its own bitterness and never more insistent than when something seemed to be showing her the luxury and color of the life which she had left.

Her little Hospital was fairly well established now, and had tided over various storms of debate, "committing," "boarding," etc., and Hope and her assistants, as well as the Physicians in charge declared themselves content to have launched things so far, so well. In spite of her steady, but always gentle refusal of all social courtesies, the people—"society"—of Helstone proper, had conceived an idea that the head nurse of the new Hospital was a very superior and very well bred person; indeed an idea that she had "seen better days," had merged itself into a conclusion that she possessed an enormous private fortune, since she was on all occasions so liberal, and made her money go so far where the needs of her sick people were concerned.

The slight wave of anxiety which her really striking good looks and manner occasioned had passed away when it was found that "Miss Hope" resorted to no devices for the enslaving of the male population of Helstone, beginning with the physicians and coming down to the unmarried men among the trustees and visiting board. It was remarkable certainly, but the fact was in some way made so apparent to the densest of the Helstonian feminine mind that it actually ceased to be a topic of discussion, and a general idea pervaded the community that this tall, beautiful, queenly girl, with the look of a child and a woman in her eyes and about her lips, her evident culture, her perfect "manners" and her devotion to a profession they had never supposed "*for ladies*," must have had, and buried, some romance; must have" lived down," so the rector's pretty daughter Mabel was heard to remark, something which had resulted in this apparently contented life of self sacrifice and isolation.

Whether Hope heard these floating rumors, whether she knew how much interest she was to the community or not, she gave no outward sign, except now and then to laugh a little over them with Dr. Collins, who paid his visits regularly, and who kept his pledge. It had been the mainstay and comfort of her winter to know that she had his friendship, and that he accepted her view of the strange conditions of her life. Visits to and from Miss Fulton had been exchanged and were of infinite value to the pupil, and of deep comfort to the older woman whose hands were loosening their hold day by day on life itself. Those busy hands! Slender, firm, strong and gentle! Hope used to say she took courage from both their outward look of power and their wonderfully sweet pressure! To Alice Fulton the work Hope was beginning seemed like her own life seen in perspective, and she remembered days full of just such self repression, just such eager, almost restless toil. Now, perhaps it was with a sense of content, that she knew the unhurried sands of life were ebbing all too fast from their earthly shore.

Hope, as she walked along on this March morning had an open letter from Miss Fulton in her hands, a few lines of quiet strong advice.

"I think you are doing the right thing in regard to Joan and her cousin. The old restlessness may betray itself, but directly you see signs of it you will have some inspiration to guide you I am sure, and you place every thought and action I know, in hands more powerful than your own. I shall see you soon."

Hope stood still a moment on the bridge, the letter fluttering in her hands as she reflected upon Miss Fulton's words. For there *were* signs of restlessness about Joan—signs Hope understood as belonging to the girl's untamed nature and vagrant life, but on the other hand, there were signs of steadier purpose, deeper feeling on subjects which had been the anxiety and work of Hope's life these months past, to bring into that of Steven's wife.

Lifting her eyes, Hope could see away beyond on the flats the white walls of her Hospital—the windows of her once cheerless sitting-room, but which now was transformed—full of dainty touches of homelike

cheer and color—a place, one and all thought, most comfortable to come and *rest* in, to be distracted from the harsh side of life, its petty vexations and cares; and Hope liked to feel it so; liked, when her door was opened upon a tired, over-anxious face of nurse or doctor, to find that a little of her fireside good-cheer dispelled the overwrought look, and brought something more of peace to the tired, nervous or disheartened visitor.

Clouds hung above the Hospital walls, but Hope cared nothing for a little rain. A storm had long been brewing, but this was one of her rarely free "long" afternoons for an outing, and she had a visit of importance to make.

The cottage where Joan—under the name of Mrs. Carew—and Agnes were installed, Joan sewing for a livelihood and Hope gladly paying for all that Agnes needed, was away down in the valley, and thither Hope turned her steps. The day before Joan had spent at the Hospital, and had seemed ill at ease, being in one of the moods which Miss Fulton called "restless," but which Hope generally knew to mean that something specially pressed on the woman's mind. To draw her out of them had sometimes been a tedious and painful task—would have seemed hopeless but that Joan, like some wounded, hunted, despised creature, had turned to Hope with a sort of dumb adoration. To the mind of Joan Fettermore, Hope Harding appeared scarcely human. At first there had been dogged resistance, because simply it seemed *impossible* to believe that such a nature as Hope's could exist in any woman. Gradually, as Joan learned to understand that Hope was a creature endowed with human faculties—human sensibilities like her own—to feel whence came her standards of right and wrong, whence her power of self-renunciation—she had slowly yielded her will and her reluctance to be led. Hope's task was not ended. There were times when it seemed only begun, but from a night not long ago, when crouching in the dusk of her own room, near to Hope, Joan had told her the whole, sad story of her life, Hope had seen her way clearer to the end—to the end that Joan's heart and soul might thenceforth be lifted to their Maker unstained—nay, with His tender grace, strengthened by their scars, purified by their deepening humility.

The rain had begun before Hope reached the tiny cottage not far from the Dam and in whose upper window she saw Joan's face and figure outlined, as she sat at work. It was from an instinct of something like thankfulness that as she entered the little gate, Hope lifted her head, calling out, "Joan—Joan—is that you?" in a cheery voice.

The window was flung open, Joan's dark head and grave, handsome face appeared. She looked down rather strangely upon Hope's advancing figure, but a moment later the front-door of the tiny place was opened by Joan herself, and Hope was made welcome.

"Haven't you got wet, Miss Hope?" was Joan's first query; but her voice did not sound natural.

"Oh, no," Hope shook off the rain-drops and in the little sitting-room laid aside her wraps. "How is Agnes?" she went on, commonplace in tone, but with something like undefined dread lurking at her heart.

"The same, Miss Hope. I don't think she minds much of anything now. She seems to feel as if she had done all she was told, and so—she just sits still. Even any idea of Lady Alicia hunting her up again doesn't seem to weigh on her now."

Joan spoke, not looking at Hope and relating details, which were nothing new to her visitor, still in the same strained voice.

Agnes' physical condition was all that could be desired, but her mind had never been wholly restored. She was perfectly peaceable, perfectly tractable, content with a life as nearly inactive as Hope or Joan would allow, and the only important statement she had ever made was that Lady Alicia Pakerton had found out Joan's story from her, had again come to see her and helped her to trace her cousin. But the reminiscence had many gaps which neither Hope nor Joan could fill in. To Hope, Lady Alicia's interference seemed always ominous. But upon one subject her lips and Joan's had, since that first night in the Hospital, been sealed. Palfrey's name was never mentioned between them.

"Joan," Hope said suddenly and forcing the other to look up by her tone of voice, "Joan—what is the matter—there is *something*."

Joan's dark eyes were fastened upon the other with a dumb misery in their expression. They fell again and the girl's cheeks colored scarlet.

"*What* is it, Joan," Hope persisted. "Don't I deserve your confidence?"

Joan nodded. She walked away to the window and stood looking out. Later Hope remembered a strange sound in the distance.

It was like the rumble and din of the factory, but it seemed part of the now heavy rain. Some people sped along the little street with a frightened air. Before Joan or Hope spoke again, a child Joan often sheltered from the cruelty of its home, stopped and evidently tried to say something on a very high, nervous key.

"It's little Mary," Joan said, suddenly and moving to the door. "Her mother's been drunk again, I suppose." She went out swiftly, and returned with the child still talking excitedly.

"They say it's the Day of Judgment coming," were Mary's rather startling words. But, curiously enough, neither of her listeners smiled. Joan bade the child dry her wet clothes at the fire, and, now more fully roused, she turned towards Hope, and said in a low, quick tone:

"God help me, Miss Hope! What am I to do? *He* is coming."

He! Hope for an instant forgot everything but what that word implied! For, to both women, it could but mean—Palfrey!

"How do you know; what—what has made you think so?" Hope's lips were deathly white. Her heart seemed to stand still. Suddenly, it brought everything so *near!*

Joan drew a letter from the bosom of her gown, and handed it to Hope in silence.

It was to Agnes, reproaching her for having mislead him by saying she could not find Joan. (The poor girl had contrived to write thus during what seemed to be a very lucid interval, when more freedom was allowed her, and the letter had been posted in Helstone proper six weeks before). Only a return of the trouble with his old injury had prevented his coming over at once, for he had now definite information of Joan's whereabouts, and a clew to "his wife's." Now, however, he was taking the next steamer. He was nearly well, but whether the physicians permitted it or not, he would certainly start within a week.

"At any time, then, you see," said Joan, in a heavy voice.

"Yes." Hope spoke gravely, the whole period of her separation from Palfrey seemingly effaced—blotted suddenly from existence. He was coming, as Joan said, at any time, and the present seemed strangely to leap back and join the past. She put her hands up to her eyes to shut out the strange visions which seemed before them—a bewildering dread of what might ensue were she to find herself face to face *here* with Palfrey, driving all else for an instant from her mind. The child's voice aroused her.

"Yes, Mis' Carew, it's the Day of Judgment come when it rains like this. Mother heard them say so up at the Mill."

Hope went up and took Joan's cold hands in hers. She had already put on her wraps. Later Joan thought of her beautiful, white face, her shining, sweet grey eyes as they looked into her own.

"Joan," she said quickly, "I must hurry back to the hospital. A thunderstorm always frightens some one there; and, Joan, I will think, I will *pray*—only wait for me; don't leave here until I see you."

A moment later, Hope, heedless of Joan's cry that she must not face the storm alone, was gone—speeding away up the village street, and as swiftly as possible towards the bridge, and so on to Helstone Flats. The storm in its fury had darkened the village, and flung even the outlines of the Hospital into densest shadow. Hope walked like one blind and deafened by the ever-growing roar of the river, just whence she could not tell then or later. Suddenly—was it that the sounds increased or seemed to concentrate?—there was rumbling, a rushing as of many waters. Hope, struggling with the rain and wind, blinded by the darkness about her, seemed conscious of Joan's voice calling through the wet and gloom, reaching her as from some far-off place; but there came later a remembrance that Joan's figure was outlined in the tempest, and then a crash—a sense of falling timber, and the cries as of many people filled her ears.

Chapter XXII.

With the falling of the bridge and the rushing on of the fierce flood long dreaded by all Helstone, a darkness that was almost absolute seemed to cover the valley, and stretch upwards towards the flats themselves, where now and then the white walls of the hospital gleamed with startling clearness.

Hope's instinct to avert danger—her faculty to meet emergency—had been increased by her hospital life, and when she recovered from her first shock it was to realize that self-command above all else was needed, and to try and understand something of what had happened. The flood, vaguely talked of, had come. She found herself on something like a floating part of

the bridge, and presently knew by the touch of arms about her and the sound of a human voice that Joan was beside her. But neither could see the other's face. That they were part of some broken, drifting mass they knew; that in the rare flashes of light other objects grew luminous for an instant—other floating pieces of timber, other human beings came luridly in view, but the roaring of the waters, the pelting rain, the increasing darkness, confused the minds of both women as they clung in dead silence in those first awful moments to each other. Voices, cries, shouts from the shore which was fast receding as the torrent of the waters gathered force, seemed to be only part of the general uproar and misery. The self-constructed raft on which Hope and Joan found themselves, was bearing them along, each felt, with awful certainty, to a cruel death, but Hope, stretching one of her hands out tremblingly to find and imprison Joan's, spoke at last:

"Joan!" Her voice was lifted as it rose on the wind and carried to her companion, whose head upraised, Hope saw now and again in the quick flashes of light. "Joan, this, this will be death! Give me your other hand."

A stronger clasp came upon her own cold fingers—then Hope felt Joan's face nearer to her own. A psalm which Joan had learned to dearly love came to Hope's mind as she prayed, and she began reciting it audibly. "Out of the depths I have cried unto thee, Oh! my Lord."

"*It is death!*" Hope heard Joan whisper. "Oh! let me tell you—now—when we are dying, I am sure, all that you have done for me; and Miss Hope—" Hope felt the cold hands tighten their clasp—felt Joan drawing nearer—"Kiss me, once, Miss Hope," the voice in the stormy darkness went on. Hope bent her lips at once, pressing them upon those of the sister so sinning, wounded, and scarred in life—yet one of those for whom He had suffered Himself to be crucified that she might be redeemed. No caress had reached poor Joan from any other woman in years, and her arms crept like those of a tired child about Hope's neck—her head resting on her shoulder. The light was breaking, although the torrent of water had not subsided. Hope feeling that every moment only drew them nearer to death, looked down at the face upon her shoulder and saw that it was deathly pale—saw that blood was flowing from a cruel wound in her neck. Joan's heavy eyes were lifted to Hope Harding's. She tried faintly to smile.

"I caught—I tried to save you from falling as the bridge gave way," Joan murmured. "But no matter—now!"

Hope remembered too little in detail of their launching forth into the river to understand it then, but she drew Joan closer to her; as she said, what matter *now?* The frail raft tossed them to and fro. As the clouds dispersed, it seemed to Hope, whose lips moved in silent prayer, that her sense of feeling, her vision was failing her. Once she recalled later that Joan moved her head, opened her eyes widely, murmured something about—Grace—mercy—then "Steven" and "tell him *all*"—but the name of her Saviour was last upon her lips, of that Hope was always sure. How strength failed at last, how her rescue came Hope could not have told, but those who pushing forward in a boat to find and help the perishing that dreadful day told how it seemed at first both Hope Harding and Joan were dead in each others arms: but even in the overwrought and tragic condition of all minds in that moment they remembered the look of peace on Joan's face, the something like sanctity upon the quiet lips and eyes.

Chapter XXIII.

"Of course we *knew* all along that there was some good reason, only you see my dear Hope Harding was *always* a little odd, and she was quite capable of flying off from her husband simply because he disapproved of some pet theory."

Thus Lottie de Mostyn to a limited circle of very intimate friends who were drinking tea in her pretty drawing-room, one June afternoon a year or more after the Helstone flood whence Joan had been carried to her grave, and Hope's life saved, it seemed almost by a miracle.

"Hope Harding would not have left Palfrey for anything but what she discovered. Of course it was the only thing to do."

Lady Alicia's cold eyes swept the little circle defiantly. "But I must say I wish they had told us all at once just how it was—a foolish, boyish marriage! and when every reason to suppose the girl was dead existed!"

"Is it true," one of Mrs. De Mostyn's circle inquired, a little anxiously, "that she actually made a *friend* of this first wife?"

Lottie's cheek flushed slightly. In spite of her long residence in England she had not

grown wholly accustomed to discussing family romances over five o'clock tea.

"I don't quite think *that*," she answered, "but she was of help to her."

And for a moment there was silence.

Since Hope's re-marriage in Helstone to Palfrey, and since her return two months ago to England, when her relations were glad enough to welcome her and have things explained, Lottie's mind, like Lady Alicia's, had been undergoing various revolutions of sentiment or feeling in regard to Hope's "point of view." Hope, the "Bohemian," as they had called her, had passed through a test of spiritual and mental superiority so crucial that it had transformed her completely in Lottie's eyes. *Would* she—*could* she have done what Hope had under all those circumstances? Lottie, in asking herself such questions, felt a curious and painful self-abasement.

As for Hope and her husband, they were leading an arcadian life down at the old Manor house in Hurstley, which Palfrey had rented from Lottie, and made as luxurious for his wife as she would let him.

While Lottie and her friends were discussing them in London, Palfrey and Hope were in the familiar drawing-room waiting for the appearance of an American visitor, Dr. Collins, meanwhile talking of Hope's hospital life there—of Steven's while he and she were parted. Strangely, more united than ever, these two seemed now, than when they sang "Would that we two were Maying," and Hope had at the piano, under the old picture across the room, lifted her eyes to question Palfrey's faith in their immortal "Rest with God." But not the least strange part of it all to Palfrey was that the greatest power of good in his life had come from the fact, that the woman he had once called his curse, died with the word of God upon her lips in the arms of the woman God had given him back out of infinite tenderness and mercy to call, truly in the sight of the Divine, "until death did them part"—his wife.

Lucy C. Lillie.

THE END.

MY LADY'S CHAMBER.



ONE wonders sometimes, dreamily, how many men and women there are, scattered far and wide over this big country, whose hearts turn, ever and anon, with painful longing, to the old homes, and the old people, to whom they were bound by close and tender ties, in the palmy days of *ante-bellum* Virginia! Middle-aged men and women, who have wrestled hard with poverty and misfortune, since those times, and who have forgotten much,—(which is well). But there are a few things which will never pass out of their hearts!

In those old country houses of Virginia, both in the Valley and the Low Country, the heart of the home was the mistress' chamber. Here was always a welcome for young and old, but it was the children, and the boys and girls, who were most frequent visitors. It was almost invariably situated on the first floor, and how very public it would be thought now-a-days! But then, the lady of the house was never *en dishabille*, and it never was apparent that she *ever* wished to seclude herself, except for her devotions, which were literally performed in her "closet"—with "shut door."

We used to call my grandmother's room "*The Charmber*,"—we, of course, like all Virginia children, spoke very broadly; and it was our refuge from all trouble, for no one dare molest us under her gentle eye. It was a big room, and, for a wonder, *not* downstairs. The house had immensely thick walls, and its window-seats were the most delicious places in which to "curl up" with a book. There were three of these windows in the "chamber," and three more in two large closets, which were taken off this room on one side. Of course there was a fire-place—nobody had stoves in those days—and the great brass andirons supported huge logs, and there was a brass fender in front. A large mahogany bedstead, with high posts, a "tester," and chintz curtains, stood on the floor, well out from the wall, so that no dirt might lurk there unseen by grandmother's keen eyes.

Two large old-fashioned "secretarys" of mahogany faced each other on opposite sides of the room, and there was an old-fashioned bureau, with a looking-glass much blurred.

A table was in front of the fire, with easy chair and little stool. On the table was the oldest Bible I ever saw. It had long "S's," and in this I learned to read. I sat on the stool, and if I called an "s"—"f," grandmother tapped me on the head with her thimble with which she used to *knit*. I never saw her sew, that I remember. I was the only child who lived in the house, and I suppose a modern child would *die* under such circumstances—but I never remember to have been lonely. I read everything the old bookcases contained, and remember them *well* now. "Salathiel" by Rev. George Croly, "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," "The Lady of the Manor" (and I always skipped the prayers and the conversations between the "Lady" and her young friends, in spite of my Bible training), a "Life of Washington," and a host of others, I simply devoured.

That dear Chamber will be a shrine, towards which my heart will turn with tender love, until my last hour comes. The dear old people have gone to their reward, and all that made life to them what it was, has suffered a vast change, but the old house still stands, and bids fair to be there for many a year to come. Those Hessian prisoners builded well! General Dan. Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, thought it a pity that the State should support a lot of prisoners in idleness, so he brought them down to his estate, and made them quarry the blue limestone, and build him a grand house! From his heirs it came to my great-grandfather, and in it still live the descendants of the latter.

Lizette, my grandmother's own maid—a pretty mulatto, young and delightful, I thought—spent her days on a low stool, knitting socks for the servants at the quarters. This work was sometimes varied by the business of cracking loaf sugar. Sugar, then, came in cone-shaped "loaves"—wrapped in white, and then blue, paper. A large linen cloth was spread on the floor in the Chamber. Lizette brought a green japanned tin box, with top, hasp and padlock, a hammer and a stout knife. Then down she went on her knees, and with the knife and hammer, she cracked the loaf into small dice, as regularly as it is now done by machinery. I always got the *end* of the cone, and had a party in one of the closets, where my dolls were kept, and my other playthings, which were very few.

I thought Lizette was the dearest person in the world. She wore a white cape, apron and turban—and they were spotless. She drifted off, when the war came, as so many did, but even now, there are a few of the old people left, and just a few weeks ago, I went to see one of them, Mammie Betsey, in her nice house, built especially for her, by the present owner of the place—one of her nurslings. Here she lives, in every comfort, waiting for the Master's call.

When I was sitting there chatting to her, I spied an old walnut stool, half out of sight, and recognized it instantly as one that had always been in the chamber, by the fireplace, for Lizette or any of the young servants to sit on to do their knitting. I begged her to sell it to me, or if she couldn't do *that*, to leave it to me, if I outlived her! She screamed at me:

"What, *sell dat cricket!* No, honey, of'en as my jaws is been boxed on *dat* cricket, I couldn't think o' sellin' it!"

I could have told her that it was endeared to *me* in the same way, as my head had been often tapped by grandmother's thimble, while seated there in wriggling misery, learning to hem my grandfather's linen-cambric shirt ruffles!

The glory of the old Chamber has departed now. It is modern, and it has a crib in it, and little children run about, and romp and play, where stately quiet used to reign; but when I go into it, if I shut my eyes, I can see once again the tall, dignified lady, the peppery old gentleman, the little mulatto maid, steadily knitting, with shining needles clicking monotonously, and myself, a queer, dreaming child, building castles in the air, Well, my life was ordered far otherwise than as my fertile fancy painted it, but I hope some of the lessons I learned at the dear grandmother's knee, in that blessed old Chamber, have helped me to keep my face turned heavenward, and that one day I may see again my old people in "the land that is very far off."

Maria Pendleton Kennedy.



THE NATION'S FLOWER.

(As suggested in July 1888, at the Florists' Convention.)

When beneath the summer sky
Paler blossoms droop and die,
All undaunted, golden-rod
Flings its tufted sprays abroad;
To the dusty road advancing
Serried ranks, or shyly glancing,
Radiant, from the forest gloom,
Lightened by its waving plume.
Golden gleams each rocky height,
And a line of yellow light

Whoever wants an orange tree to flourish and fruit well must feed it. An orange soil must be rich and mellow to insure yield. While trees will thrive almost equally well in valleys slightly back in the interior and on the immediate coast, yet on the foothills of the mountain ranges, among the warm red uplands, where plenty of water can be had, the flavor of the fruit and the grain of the pulp are finer, perhaps because the temperature is so equable. On such lands, with clean culture and with richness applied at their roots judiciously, with the soil kept light and open between their rows, they will clothe their trees completely with evergreen glossy leaves, bending down their branches with all the fruit that can be carried. And, healthily maintained, they will live, fruiting prolifically for centuries.

Orange trees from seeds are usually grafted in the third year. Budded on to native stocks they produce better fruits, and will pay expenses at five years. At ten years of age they market large crops; and at fifteen years they ordinarily get their growth, having by that time a dense bushy shape, and are very profitable. They have one marked individuality. Unlike most trees, they will be found rising straight and tall without any "twig is bent" training; for an orange tree, however crooked or inclined its shoot may be when planted, will speedily right itself during the time while it is maturing.

The orange has many varieties, and each variety has many uses. No California orange is esteemed so highly as the Washington Navel, a large fruit of the very choicest flavor, with firm flesh, fine fibre, melting pulp and smooth skin; nearly round and with scarcely any pips, and with the films or divisions between its cells tissuey and less distinct than in many varieties. Its tree is only moderately thorny, a rapid grower, and attains great size. It bears early, its little oranges often being carried to perfection at one year from the bud. No tree furnishes larger crops yearly. Its fruit is in its most perfect prime during late February and through March, although with proper care it will keep well into summer. No orange stands higher for purposes of commerce, and more than one-half the orange trees sold from the nurseries to-day are of the Navel stock. It is a delicious table fruit; but owing to its thin partitions the only satisfactory way to eat it is to form a cup of its rind and dish its pulp with a spoon. Then its richness lingers upon the tongue delightfully, and the remembrance of its flavor lures you out to its grove day after day to look for the glowing gold-skinned globes that may be fallen—or planning to fall—ready for your consuming.

Next to the Navel, the Mediterranean Sweet is, perhaps, the greatest favorite. It fruits on rather a dwarfish tree; is oval, not very large, has exceedingly delicate pulp and few seeds, and overbears on every possible occasion. It needs much more care as to thinning than the Navel variety, but is esteemed a great luxury with orange eaters. Often it is not fully ripened until May. Its fruit yellows before that time, but is sour. Now if you can only have patience to wait you will be rewarded in good season by the most exquisitely tinctured pulp ever placed inside a perfumed rind.

The Malta Blood is another fine orange; although it is comparatively scarce yet in California. Its tree also approaches the dwarf; its fruit is moderately large, oblong, very sweet, and streaked or spotted as with California. Its tree also approaches the Blood. It has few seeds, and many growers do not like it because it reaches maturity so slowly. But it is surprisingly savory. It is very tender, too, and breaks down in your mouth easily: you hardly have to crush its fibre to get at its recesses.

The Paper Rind St. Michael is one of the prolific standards of the State, with small round juicy pale yellow fruits and a rind as thin as paper. Valencias have their friends; and there are dozens, scores of others, clamoring to get out of their nurseries, and nearly all are good.

Then there are the little Tangerines and Mandarines—everybody knows the "kid glove" oranges; flattened, juicy, seedless; with clean loose jackets that cleave apart readily, leaving a spicy aromatic pulp exposed in the neatest sections. And there is a great family of foreign favorites that have lately come over from Japan, led by the dainty, tempting-looking Oonshius, whose highly-colored balls are set by thousands on their trees. They are claimed to be very hardy and desirable.

Beside these there are all the bitter oranges for marmalades and medicines: thick-rinded, sharp of pulp and very acid. Crushed and boiled, with plenty of sugar, they form the basis of the most delectable syrups, preserves and compounds; while their leaves furnish fragrant oils. Orange cider, put up in bottles, is a specialty with the trade; also orange wine, and many liquors. Candied oranges and candied peel are supplied in

mand for the bitter oranges' products that soon, in many parts of China, nearly all other fruits were neglected in order that attention might be given to this one great industry. The islands of the Azores, too, were in time laid under contribution; but it was the sweet orange of that far-lying port that achieved reputation; and so great was the cultivation and care bestowed, that single trees have been known to produce twenty thousand oranges at one crop.

The first California oranges were reared—somewhere about 1800—in an orchard near the old mission in San Gabriel Valley; and not until thirty years later did the second orchard of any size appear: while so recently as up to 1870 a budded orange orchard was not known.

In the month of January our present numerous groves make spots of beauty in the open air, embedding almost out of sight ranch-houses, wind-mills and corrals. From little green balls hardly bigger than marbles the oranges have swelled to great yellow rounded spheres which—if not yet soaked with sweetness by the sun—hint of sweetness by and by. Such luscious morsels as those gold-skinned caskets are about to yield! Day by day we pass down blazing avenues between the laden trees, and we long to pluck the glistening fruits from out their bossy foliage, and rimming their casing rinds around sharply, lay their amber thin-celled pulp to view, that we may suck down their perfumed juices without delay. But not yet! They want hours of ripening weather first. They want higher flavor, and to have their acids replaced by succulent drops; they want to hang upon their boughs for weeks, coquetting with the breezes, warming and taking on color. While yet they cling tenaciously to their twigs we might as well eat limes or lemons as to attempt to draw sweetness from out their rinds. But when they nod and beckon us to come; when we put out our hand and they fall readily at a touch and lie willing captives in our palm—then only are they packed with honeyed sweet and genuinely good: so good that we feel inclined to eat them rind, and all.



AND TWENTY SUCH.

"*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such. * * *
Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing."

As You Like It.—ACT 4, S. 1.



HAROLD MATTHEWS had been at home two weeks when he wrote to his cousin as follows:

DEAR LIL:

Why don't you come back? The idea of spending the summer with a club of girls in an out of the way corner of the country for the sake of some vague mental improvement or other! You used to know better than to do that sort of thing when I went away, two years ago. Leave them to their caterpillars and their chrome yellows, and their Browning, or whatever else it is they're after, and come home and mentally develop me. I tell you I need it after two years on a ranch, a hundred miles from anything like civilization. Here am I, come home to find the place deserted; of course I am pleased to see the immediate family, and the family to see me, but I can't work the happy and safe return racket on them every morning, and they are quite used to seeing me around now. I've nothing to do—if you were here, I could go and sit on your piazza, once in about so often. There isn't a girl in town, and I am pining for feminine amenities. If you don't come, I shall go back as far as Salt Lake, and become a Mormon for the sake of the excitement.

Ever your affectionate cousin,

HAROLD.

When she received this letter, Lilian was sitting in a cool breezy corner room of a country farm house, which lay where, on one side, a field or two away, rolled a mountain, clothed with fir and pine to its very top; on the other billowed more fields, sloping gradually down to a shaded level, whence rose a church spire.

She read the letter with a smile, and then laying it down on the book open before her, leaned her elbow on the window-sill, and looked over to the pine covered mountain, still smiling.

"Poor Harold!" she said, at last, aloud. "I can fancy how bored he is. It is a pity he had to come home just at this time of the year."

"What is that you are saying?" said a voice from another part of the room, as its owner dropped a book on mental philosophy, and screwing her head around upon the sofa pillow, where it was luxuriously resting, looked over the top of it at Lilian.

"My cousin Harold has come back from the West," she explained. "He has found Bridgeton deserted—always is in the summer, you know—and is getting restless again. He wants to see some girls; Harold always liked girls pretty well."

"Is he good looking?"

"He was, two years ago."

"Good looking, and likes girls,—better send for him to come up here."

"Oh, Lena, you are so hopeless!" sighed Lilian. "You have been here a month in this atmosphere of study and mental improvement, and the first thing you ask about a man is, is he good looking."

"Has he an oversoul?" amended Lena with a tragical intonation. "Or a top coat?" in a lower key.

"And as if there were not men enough now appearing at odd times, without ostensible reason, in this quiet place."

Lena screwed her chin more solidly into the sofa cushion.

"There are girls enough to go round," she said placidly. Lilian did not reply; she was evidently considering Harold's position.

"But they don't go round," pursued Lena, contemplatively. "I don't know why it is, but things—men and girls—never get divided equally. Men show such a disposition to congregate. Now, there is Mary Landon. You may introduce men to her as fast as you like, and they slide off as if she were an inclined plane."

"No wonder!" broke in Lilian warmly. "It is because she is so splendid and superior and doesn't *care* for men. She doesn't *want* them to stay! They can't appreciate her—one man in a thousand!"

"Precisely," assented Lena calmly. "Not one man in a thousand. That is just it. She doesn't—and it is their loss. All the same,

such being the case, I ask you, what does she want of that pair of eyes—delicious, dreamy, unfathomable, brown eyes?"

"I suppose such paltry objects as her microscope and her dictionary, and Greek text, and finding her way about, are not worth their attention," said Lilian, with some sarcasm.

"Another pair—same power of lens—different in outward appearance, would be just as good," replied Lena promptly. "Her kind of eyes are not meant for that sort of thing exclusively. It's not that I'm envious, but I like to see things put to their proper use, and I say Mary Landon ought to hand her eyes over to somebody else. Emerson says 'if you do not use your tools they use you' and"—

"Do stop misusing Emerson," interrupted Lilian, "and give me those photographs by your side. I am forgetting Harold in Mary Landon."

With that superfluity of effort for which laziness is said to be remarkable, Lena reached blindly over and under the pillows and books, rather than turn her head to look for the packet, and finally handed it over to Lilian, who drew her portfolio towards her and began to write.

Harold, for want of other congenial occupation, went for the mail two days later, and it was while walking up the hot sunny street, that he read Lilian's reply to his appealing communication. First he drew out a photograph which he examined with interest.

"That's a pretty girl;" he said to himself, "but a precious poor photograph."

Then he began the following letter:

DEAR HAROLD:

It is a shame that you find yourself in Bridgeton, after two years, at such an unfortunate time! I want to see you dreadfully, but even if I could abandon the curriculum so pleasantly indicated in your letter, I shouldn't be much of a comfort, at home, in this weather. You would soon tire of our piazza too. Now why should you not run up here for awhile? You will not be the only man in the place and though we are well chaperoned, and very devoted to our studies, there are hours when we are free to entertain wayfaring men. Moreover I have a plan—I want you to fall in love! you know you always said it made things pleasant, and I send you her picture. She is fair and wise—she is "pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on." In short, she is a paragon. Besides, it is lovely about here; hills to climb, and horses to ride, and long cool evenings when you do as you please and hear the whippoorwills. It will be much better to come up and fall in love with the original of this photograph, than to emigrate to Utah—take my word for it.

Yours affectionately,

LILIAN.

Before Harold reached his own house he had made up his mind to join his cousin the last of the week.

That evening he spent some minutes studying the photograph she had sent him. It was certainly an attractive face. The hair waved round the forehead and was somewhat blurred by the indistinctness of the picture, which fact, however, rather idealized than detracted from its beauty. The eyes were deep and thoughtful; the mouth and chin, firm, and indicative of much character. It was a woman that would not be easily won, but was the more worth the winning, Harold decided. Evidently she had taken up the burden of study and a life's aim in all seriousness, but she might find both as other intellectual women have done, where she had least expected it, in genuine love.

Harold was in a somewhat sentimental mood, and his prolonged absence from feminine charms probably enhanced that which undoubtedly lay in the face before him.

"I'll go and see Lil anyway," he concluded, "and if falling in love with this girl is all in the day's work, I won't find any particular fault."

It was about four o'clock of a Saturday afternoon that he found his way up the hill to the house to which he had been directed. Lilian was sitting alone in the porch and ran to meet him.

"Oh, Harold, how nice it is to see you!" she exclaimed. I have been watching for you for half an hour. You are just as good looking as ever. Are you just the same sort of person you used to be, I wonder?"

She seated him beside her on the porch and asked him innumerable questions.

"I say, Lil;" he said at last; "How many of you are there! I met one girl after another in the street. I nearly ran over two, coming across country. I saw two driving with two men in tennis flannels. The round-up must be quite a spectacle."

"There are only twenty of us," laughed Lilian. "I think myself we have the air of being more, in this small town. Did you

happen to see the original of the photograph?" she inquired gravely.

A little color came into the young man's dark cheek, and he pulled his mustache with an air of indifference.

"Well, no, I fancy not," he replied. "But how could I tell in the distance?"

It was absurd how sentimental he was beginning to feel about that photograph.

"Pretty, isn't she?" asked Lilian.

"Why, yes,—pretty pretty."

"Lots of expression."

"Plenty of it."

"Now I'm not going to tell you which she is. I am going to introduce you to all the girls there are about, and let you recognize her for yourself."

"Oh, I say, seems to me that's hardly fair; suppose I fall in love with the wrong one."

"You will not, I'm sure. I have greater faith in you," asserted Lilian. "This girl is just your kind—the sort you have always fallen in love with, you know. And I want you to recognize her intuitively."

"Intuition assisted by a photograph is pretty safe," said Harold, easily. "I ought to be able to pick her out of twenty."

It was not long before, just at sunset, when the sky was flushing deeply behind the church spire, and the green was growing a little grayer in the distance, Lena came up the hill, swinging her tennis hat, and accompanied by two other girls, whose voices sounded clear and bell-like in the still air.

Lilian presented her cousin to each of them, and they all stood in the doorway talking.

"Tennis is a nice game," remarked Lena. "A very nice game, but you can work harder within the precincts of a tennis court, with less appreciable results, than in any other of the allotted paths of labor."

"Does that mean that you have been beaten?" asked Lilian.

"Only 'six-love' and 'six-four' and a few things like that. Emerson says that, 'Though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to one but through the toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him.' I wonder if he thought of a tennis court. Not a nourishing kernel yet!"

"You may be sure that you and Emerson were not likely to be thinking of the same thing," said Gertrude Thorne, who stood by. "Don't try to impose on Mr. Matthews with your quotations. Come in and dress for tea."

"She plays tennis when she ought to be studying, Harold," explained Lilian, "and then quotes Emerson to try and reinstate herself in public opinion."

"Not at all," objected Lena, with a lift of her lashes in Harold's direction. "You misunderstand me—Emerson says: 'The student must have a catholicity—a power to see.'"—

"We all know you have that," interrupted the third tennis player, laughing and pushing Lena before her into the house.

Harold had been watching them all three—Lena, particularly, as she stood there in the fading sunlight, with reddened cheeks and roughened hair. It was not she who was the original of the picture—of this he felt sure—and yet there was something, whether in the low forehead or the breadth between the eyes, he could not say—that recalled it. It was the expression that was altogether different, too laughing and provoking, and the chin was too babyish—yet there was a suggestion of a dimple in the photograph, just where Lena's twinkled most attractively.

The three girls passed into the house, and while Harold met and returned Lena's smiling backward glance, he said quietly to his cousin, "I haven't met her yet, I know that."

"You know it?" she queried. "Well, you shall have further opportunities this evening and to-morrow."

By the following evening, Harold had met all the twenty but one, and had come to the conclusion that a week was a very short time to spend in this retreat of beauty and learning. Several of the girls were, naturally, not to his taste at all; they were too blue, or too indifferent to certain little worldlinesses of style and attire, that to Harold, as unfortunately to many men, were of some importance. But there were enough others who combined an interest in the higher mathematics and the study of psychology with an attention to the nicer details of fit and tournure, that might even be termed frivolous. With these, for the next few days, he rode and played tennis, and strolled about botanizing, or whatever else in the innocence of their hearts they were fain to call the object of these rambles. The one exception to this state was Mary Landon; her he had not seen, for she had been away for three days. This evening, however, she was to return, and in her Harold confidently expected to find the original of the photograph; for whether owing to his own obtuseness, or the fact than he really had not seen her—this,

he had hitherto failed to do. Two or three times he felt for a minute he had done so, as in the case of Lena Robart. A turn of a well-shaped head, a glance of serious eyes, a firm, yet gentle mouth, would cause him to draw forth the photograph, when time and opportunity offered, and question, is it she? But always there was something wanting. There was not decision enough in the closing of the lips, there was not depth enough in the eyes, or the nose was a bit too long. Lilian refused to say as yet, whether or not he had seen her, so he said to himself with confidence, "of course, it is Miss Landon."

This afternoon he was sitting in the thick shade of a group of beech trees, with Miss Marion Thorne. Before them was a rocky slope, which ran tumbling against a low stone wall, over which the eye followed long stretches of green grass, waving wheat, to the boundary line of blue hills, overtopped by blue sky.

Miss Thorne belonged to the intense type. Harold found her interesting, and she sought to lead him up to her own lofty plane. Their subject, this afternoon, happened to be love, a theme, capable we all know, of variety in its treatment, Marion's being the abstract way.

"Well," said Harold, with the honesty of sentiment which distinguished him. "It always seemed to me to be a pretty simple thing to fall in love."

"Oh," sighed Marion, "it is not that—it is a fearfully complex thing, and a dreadfully *responsible* sort of thing. You know Browning says:

'Ages past the soul existed, here an age
'tis resting merely
And hence fleets again for ages; while the
true end, sole and single
It stops here for is, this love may with
some other soul to mingle,
Else it loses what it lived for and eternally
must lose it.'"

As a matter of fact Harold was unaware that Mr. Browning had made this assertion, but certainly it was a pretty thing to hear repeated by some one else. It was putting it a trifle strong perhaps, but poets were apt to do that.

When Marion with the concluding line turned and regarded him appealingly, as one stirred to the heart by the vision she contemplated, he could do no less than feel somewhat moved himself.

Marion's eyes were very large and very blue, and they seemed to be ever able

"To discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

Harold however, made some sort of a stand.

"That's all very well," he said, "but if that sort of thing should happen more than once, your soul would get rather mixed, wouldn't it?"

Marion did not resent this somewhat sublunary way of looking at matters.

"But could it happen more than once?" she questioned closely.

Harold began to think perhaps it couldn't. The line of her cheek was astoundingly like that photograph. He believed that might easily be she, after all. Only the picture was taken full face, and it was her profile that he was more familiar with. Her coloring was beautiful too,—no picture could do justice to that. If she was the original he shouldn't be in the least disappointed.

"You see it isn't as if a man could know beforehand just whether he is going to fall in love or not," he said, judiciously. "He can't always meet with the sort of thing that lasts forever."

"That is true, too," assented Marion, thoughtfully. "He says in another place:

'Let us be unshamed of soul,
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?'"

Harold felt an added respect for Browning. He certainly was by way of saying something sensible now and then. In enunciating this last somewhat alarming doctrine, Marion again turned her blue eyes full on Harold's face. Dreamy and appealing they certainly were,—fetching, beyond even the ordinary limits of the fetching,—but they were not the eyes of the photograph.

She was looking at him in an entirely abstract light; to her, he represented the masculine mind, and she wanted to know how certain things struck it—that was all.

So it came to pass quite naturally, that Harold pinned his confidence to the meeting with Mary Landon. It was in the evening that she came, and as it happened, he saw her immediately on her arrival. Two or three of the girls went to the little country station to meet her, Lilian among the number, taking her cousin with her. The days were already growing shorter. It was early starlight, and the crickets were noisily demonstrating their power to sustain prolonged conversation, while the shadows of the trees were portentously black across

their unlighted pathway, as the little party climbed the hill, on their return home.

Although Harold was paying apparent heed to the young woman by whose side he found himself, his eyes were in front, following the tall, striking figure, to whose arm his cousin Lilian was clinging in an all-absorbed way. He had had only a glimpse of it at the station as Miss Landon stepped from the train and was immediately surrounded by her friends. He had felt that it was more seemly for him to stay in the background, for the moment at least. She was tall, with splendid coils of hair, and magnificent dark eyes, that could look unutterable things he felt sure, and she was very grave and undemonstrative; so much he had seen, and now he caught her voice occasionally. It was low, and she spoke slowly, as if she was considering what she said, even in the most casual of state ments.

At the house he saw her more distinctly, for she sat on the low doorstep, where the light of the hall lamp flashed now and then across her features. There was something almost tragic in her beauty; it was of so commanding a type, and so destitute of smiles. He was quite sure she was the original of the photograph, only, now that she had removed her hat, he saw she must have worn her hair differently when it was taken. In that, as has been said, the hair waved irregularly over the forehead, while hers was worn straight back, showing about a very white brow the pretty lines of its growth. He liked it this way, he decided,—it suited her style better.

She vouchsafed him very slight attention. She bowed when his name was pronounced by Lilian, regarding him seriously and straightforwardly, an instant, and apparently had not thought of him again.

Their talk, just now, had fallen upon manners, apropos of some little incident that had taken place at the station.

"I say," said the other young man of the party, one connected by family ties with the Misses Thorne, "that you are mighty sure to get pulled up for one thing or another. Either you are omitting some attention to the person you are with, or else while you are paying that, you are omitting it to somebody else you ought to be paying it to."

This lucid exposition of the principles underlying society, called for a variety of comments.

"It almost seems as if there was personal animus there somewhere, George," observed his sister Gertrude. "Whom have you ——?"

"Oh, of course!" interrupted George, "a man never can make a general remark but some woman finds a personal application for him!"

"And for which one of us are not our views of life colored by personal experience?" questioned Miss Landon, kindly. "I wonder if we will ever get beyond that in this world," she went on, thoughtfully. "And it is quite true that the question of conflicting claims fronts us every moment of our lives."

"And Hail Columbia from one side or the other," added George metaphorically.

"George, you are distinctly frivolous," rebuked his sister.

"Emerson says," remarked Lena, "that the basis of good manners is self-reliance."

"But it strikes me," observed Harold, "that there ought to be a good deal put on top, else it becomes presumption."

"There is something in what you say," said Miss Landon, looking in his direction.

It was the only time she spoke to him that evening.

"But that is disposed of in another sentence," announced Lena. "'That which is or is not good manners is that which helps or hinders good fellowship.' We all know which presumption does."

"But perhaps we sometimes err just there," remarked Mary Landon, conscientiously. "We are too much afraid of hindering good fellowship."

"Oh, let us all err!" exclaimed Lena with unreflecting ardor.

On looking back to his first impressions Harold was more struck with Mary Landon's conscientiousness than by anything else, except her undeniable beauty. She seemed to take up every subject, and listen to every observation, with a sense of extreme moral sensibility—not for others, but herself. The week passed on. Harold saw Miss Landon every day.

"I have met her?" he said interrogatively to Lilian once.

"Oh, yes, you have met her," she answered him. "Which is she?"

"I think I have found out," he replied. "And I am not at all sure that I am not in love with her."

"I am quite sure that you are," said Lilian, smiling.

This was while he was putting her in her saddle. They were going for a long ride this afternoon, down through the shaded



road that lay under the mountain, out into the open country, and then up again, through a narrow bridle path to Washout Falls.

For a week he had seen Miss Landon every day, had spoken with her, had enjoyed the same things with her, and yet he felt a little bitterly he was no nearer to her than he had been that first evening when she admitted that there was something in what he said. Apparently that was as near as men ever came to her real self. She was so self-controlled, so resolute, so bent on mental government, on enlarging her mental horizon, that she had no time for those personal interests that might reach her from outside. Nevertheless, this distance did not repel him as it did many at first attracted by her beauty. She was a splendid looking creature on horseback. Her slender, tall figure was upright as a reed. Her magnificent eyes glowed with the excitement, she enjoyed it with heart and soul; physical pleasure was by no means left out of her scheme of existence, so long as it was something gen-

uine, something that did not depend on artificial aids like dancing, for instance, she would have said. There were four of them this afternoon, Lilian, Marion, Mary Landon and Harold. As they started off, Marion took the lead. She waved her whip and called out:

"'Sing riding's a joy, for me I ride,'" and cantered on with Lilian following her. The others were a little later in getting off, so that practically they were alone as they began to climb the first hill.

How fine she was! How infinitely above the ordinary run of women! These girls up here were an exceptional lot any how, and even here she was an exception. They all adored her and thought of her as something more than common clay. No wonder! and her inaccessibility made her the more of an inspiration, for Harold had by no means had all the poetry knocked out of him on a cattle ranch. Possibly some had been knocked in. There were the firm chin and the contour of the head, and the sweet yet decided curves of the mouth. And the eyes—such wells of thought that might be wells of emotion if they only would. And he sighed a little, for she was so far away from him, but he had found his ideal and so—courage!

Through the long afternoon they rode on. At the Fall they dismounted and stayed a while with expressions of pleasure, until Lilian somewhat changed the key by announcing coolly "If I dislike one thing more than another it is a waterfall! How I hate its incessant, intrusive rush! How I hate to scream at the top of my voice. How I wish somebody would turn it off!"

After that they started for home. It was on the way that Harold found an opportunity for coming a little nearer to the region where his ideal dwelt. Again they two had fallen back; Miss Landon's horse was not as good as the others, so Harold kept by her side.

They were going through a bit of woodland, where the road was rough and stony. The westward sun shining through the trees was making a patchwork of light and shade which was somewhat deceptive. Miss Landon's horse stumbled badly, but she pulled him up. There was a slight sound of something giving way, and then Mary said, "I think I am sliding off, Mr. Matthews." Before she had finished speaking Harold was off his horse and was by her side just as she slipped into his arms. Fortunately both horses were too tired to make any attempt to run, and the danger was immediately over. For an instant they stood there in the dim light, her cheeks a little flushed as she looked with a new expression up into Harold's face—a sort of calm wonder and recognition. His hand still touched her arm as if to steady her, while he was thrilled with the suddenness of the whole thing. It was but for a moment, then with a prosaic "You are all right, I see," he turned his attention to the horses. She held the bridle of the one she was riding, and he looked for the cause of the trouble,

A strap had given away.

"I am afraid it is serious," she said. "Shall I have to walk home?"

"Oh, no," he laughed, "It is easily remedied."

She watched him as he dexterously shortened and fastened, as if he had come prepared for just such an emergency. He had pushed his hat back from his forehead as he worked—she had no idea what he was doing, but evidently he knew precisely himself—with a quickness and strength it was pleasant to see. She not only watched his fingers, she studied his face, she noticed the dark hair over his forehead, the brown of his cheek. She saw some of these things for the first time.

"That will do," he said, after a few minutes' work, and he swung her again into her saddle and they rode on.

At first she was quite silent, then she said slowly,

"How helpless I should have been without you, Mr. Matthews."

"I can't imagine you entirely helpless," he laughed.

"But I should have been," she persisted, "and so would we all, had we three been together; not one of us could have done what you did."

"I believe, Miss Landon," answered Harold, "that you are beginning to think men have their uses! Don't let Lilian know it, that's all."

"I believe you have." she said gravely, at which Harold laughed again.

"You can't expect me to disagree with you," he said.

"And you were so quick and skilfull, too," she went on.

"Oh, but that sort of making shift is nothing for any man." he demurred, "Certainly nothing for a ranchman."

"I do not know;" she said, "it seems to me it is a good deal."

They rode on through the coming dusk

and joined the others who were walking their horses, a little troubled by the delay.

Harold felt that the afternoon had meant much; there had been established a new tone in his relations with Miss Landon. For an instant he had held her in his arms. For once she had been forced to recognize his possible usefulness. Certainly a step had been taken on each side. As they rode up the village streets, after leaving the spectral highway behind them, Harold had decided to show her the photograph and tell her how he had dreamed about her before he saw her.

It was some hours before he had the opportunity, but it came.

There was a party that evening on the large old-fashioned flower-bedecked lawn of one of the residents, and the equestrians had only just time to dress and make their appearance at a suitable hour. Quite late in the evening Harold sat by Miss Landon on a fantastically twisted seat, somewhat illuminated by the light from a Japanese lantern. The sound of dance music was in the air, though not close at hand.

"Miss Landon," said Harold, drawing something from his breast pocket, "do you mind my having this?"

She looked at the photograph he held out to her, and smiled.

"Oh, no," she answered, "not in the least." This was encouraging, but there was no sign of the consciousness he had half expected.

"Thank you. You have changed the fashion of your hair, I see," he went on.

She looked at him calmly.

"No," she said, "I wore it just as it is now when that was taken."

"But—but it is you," he exclaimed, with a flash of doubt.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I am there with the others."

"With the others," he repeated, blankly. Was he losing his mind?

"Is it the first composite you have seen?" she asked, somewhat surprised by his manner.

"I believe it is," he replied, recovering himself somewhat. He dimly recognized that a composite must be some new kind of a joke.

"You see the greater number of the girls wear their hair over their foreheads," she went on; "do you know the process?"

No, he did not. He felt quite sure he could lay his hand on his heart and say he did not know the process.

So Mary Landon explained composite photography, and Harold exerted himself to be an intelligent listener, but he felt somehow that what had made the hills so blue and the sun so bright and the air so delicious up here was passing out of sight.

"Still, it does look like you most of all," he persisted manfully at the end of the explanation.

"Do you think so," she said, "others have thought the same thing; I believe it is sometimes so."

The next morning Lilian stood with her hand in her cousin's, as he stood ready for departure, saying good-by.

There was grief rather than anger in his expression. There was malicious enjoyment, tempered by a touch of sympathy, in hers.

"Well, you have forgiven me, haven't you, Harold?" she asked.

"I do not know," he answered. "Trifling with a man's best emotions is a serious matter."

"But it has been such a pleasant week."

"Yes, it has been a pleasant week."

"And you know you thought of going to join the Mormons. I thought this was better for you."

"Lil," said Harold, "you are trying to make me feel that I have brought this thing upon myself, but you cannot do it. In my wildest moments, I never dreamed of falling in love with twenty girls."

"At once?" supplimented Lilian. "Perhaps not. But Harold," she went on, relenting a little, "Mary Landon is coming to visit me next winter and"——

"And so are the other eighteen, I suppose," interrupted Harold, with withering sarcasm. "And I am to dance with them all at the same time, I perceive. Good-by, Lilian."

Annie Eliot.



AN OLD CONNECTICUT HOMESTEAD.

THE SMITH HOUSE AT SHARON, CONN.

MR. HENRY SMITH and his wife and three sons, and two daughters, and three men-servants and two maid-servants * * * came from Norfolk, and settled in New Hingham, 1638."

This is the record of the town clerk of Hingham, Massachusetts.

A family register gives the date (probably the correct one) of 1636 to the immigration aforesaid, and locates Rev. Henry Smith as the first pastor of the Weathersfield (Conn.) church, in 1638. Mr. Smith was, we learn furthermore, a Puritan in England, while his father and brother were Royalists. He resigned home, fortune and family for "freedom to worship GOD," and "well-proved the terrors of the wilderness," on this side of the Atlantic.

His son Ichabod was the father of Samuel, who became one of the first settlers of Suffield, Conn. While there, he married Jerusha, daughter of the celebrated Cotton Mather, D. D. Their son, Cotton Mather Smith, born in 1731, was a graduate of Yale College in 1751, and in 1755, being twenty-four years of age, he was ordained to the work of the ministry in Sharon, Conn., being the third pastor of the (then) Established Church in that place.

His wife was Temperance Worthington, the grand-daughter of Sir William Worthington, one of Cromwell's colonels. The provisions of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith's call to his first and only charge are peculiar and interesting.

"Town Meeting, Jan. 8, 1755. *Voted*, That a committee confer with Mr. Smith, and know which will be most acceptable to him, to have a larger settlement and a smaller salary, or a larger salary and a smaller settlement, and make report to this meeting."

"Town Meeting, Jan. 15, 1755. *Voted*, That we will give to said Mr. Smith 420 ounces of silver or equivalent in old tenor Bills, for a settlement, to be paid in three years after settlement. * * * *"

"*Voted*, That we will give to said Mr. Smith 220 Spanish dollars, or an equivalent in old tenor Bills, for his yearly salary."

Mr. Smith's acceptance of the call contains this clause: "As it will come heavy upon some, perhaps, to pay salary and settlement together, I have thought of releasing part of the payment of the salary for a time to be paid to me again. * * * *"

"The first year I shall allow you out of the salary you have voted me, 40 dollars, the 2d 30 dollars, the 3d year 15, the 4th year 20, to be repaid to me again, the 5th year 20 more, the 6th year 20 more, and the 25 dollars that remain, I am willing that the town should keep 'em for their own use."

He discharged the duties of this pastorate for 52 years. He was distinguished for great eloquence, eminence in learning, piety and patriotism, and such gifts of heart and mind and person as endeared him indissolubly to his people. The small-pox breaking out in Sharon while he was still comparatively a young man, he and Mrs. Smith separated themselves from family and home and labored diligently among their smitten flock until the pestilence subsided.

His wife thus recounts a scene in the Sharon Meeting House on the Sabbath morning chosen by Parson Smith for the improvement of the text—"Arise, O Lord, in Thine anger! lift up Thyself because of mine enemies, and awake for me to the judgment Thou hast commanded!"

"Before the close of the last line of the hymn, a messenger with jingling spurs strode down the aisle and up the high pulpit-stairs, where he told the news to my husband, who proclaimed in clear, ringing tones that the die had been cast, that Blood had been shed, and there was no more choice between War and Slavery."

Mr. Smith himself volunteered as Chaplain to the 4th Connecticut Regiment, commanded by Col. Hinman.

While at Ticonderoga with Gen. Schuyler, he fell dangerously ill, and "Madam" Smith, "being warned of GOD in a dream," undertook a journey of 160 miles by forest and stream to reach and nurse him. The thrilling narrative as told by herself, and arranged and edited by the graphic pen of her descendant, Miss Helen Evertson Smith, appeared in THE HOME-MAKER for October, 1888, under the caption of "*Led by a Vision.*" I will not mar the remarkable recital by attempting to condense it here.

At the date of this act of wifely heroism (September, 1775), the parsonage stood near the "big Ash" which—to quote Madam Smith—"had once been the Council Tree of the warlike Wegnagnock Indians, and now shaded the door-steps of a minister of God, who was perhaps as warlike as his predecessors here, though always and only for Righteousness sake."

The foundations of the large stone house to which the family subsequently removed, were then rising above the ground within a stone's throw of the "big Ash." They were laid, and the dwelling completed by Dr. Simeon Smith, a younger and wealthy brother of the warlike pastor.

Rev. John Cotton Smith, D. D., the distinguished rector of Ascension Church, New York, was a great-grandson of the Sharon divine. Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, the present assistant of Phillips Brooks of Boston, is a great-great-grandson, and the possessor of the chair in which his honored ancestor sat to write his sermons. His desk remains in the old homestead.

In July, 1770, Whitfield preached in the Sharon meeting-house, the influence of Parson Smith having prevailed against the scruples of those who would have barred out an itinerant from the pulpit. The catholic Congregationalist, also, opened wide the doors of his home to his English brother, and Madam Smith nursed him tenderly through an alarming attack of asthma, sitting up with him, as did her husband, all of the night preceding his celebrated discourse in their church.

He died two months later, in Newburyport, Mass.

The son of Cotton Mather Smith and the "beautiful daughter of Rev. William Worthington of Saybrook,"—John Cotton Smith, —was a striking figure in a day when there were giants in the land. He was a member of the Connecticut Council, twice speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives; three times elected to Congress; Judge of the Connecticut Superior Court;



SMITH COAT OF ARMS.

Lieut. Governor and Governor from 1812 to 1817, and the last Governor under the Charter of Charles II.

"To these hereditaments — qualities transmitted by his distinguished parents— he added rare gifts"—writes the historian of his native State. "A handsome person, features classically beautiful; natural gracefulness, ready wit and culture, * * * a model of the *Christian gentleman.*

"Without mingling much in debate, he presided over it, and ruled it at a time when John Randolph, Otis, Griswold, Lee and Pinckney were participators in it, and were willing to submit to the justice of his decisions, and free to acknowledge his superiority over all his compeers in the sagacity and address that enabled him to avoid the gathering storm, and the lightness and elegant ease with which he rose upon its crested waves."

He resigned his seat in Congress in 1806 on account of his father's declining health. The Rev. Cotton Mather Smith died November 27 of that year, in the 76th year of his age, and 52d of his ministry.

In 1817, his son, Gov. Smith, retired from political life. He was now but fifty-two, in the prime of his glorious manhood, "the proprietor of a princely domain of nearly one thousand acres of land, most of it lying in the bosom of his native valley, every rod of which might be converted into a garden. * * * From his retirement until his death, a period of thirty years, he remained at home. Dividing his time between scholastic studies and the pursuits of agriculture, he lived the life of the Connecticut planter of the seventeenth century. His hospitable mansion was always thronged with refined and cultured guests."

He was also, the first President of the Connecticut Bible Society, President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1826, and of the American Bible Society in 1831, His Alma Mater, Yale, made him an LL.D. in 1814 and the Royal College of Northern Antiquarians in Copenhagen, Denmark, a member of their illustrious band as late as 1836.

Governor Smith died December 7, 1845, aged 80 years, His wife, Margaret Evertson, was descended from two distinguished Dutch admirals, Evertson and Van Blum.

Their only child William Mather Smith, married Helen Livingston, a daughter of Gilbert Robert Livingston of Tivoli. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her generation.

Mr. Smith was, like his grandfather and his father, a graduate of Yale, and like them, eminent for piety, good works and eloquence. While he was never an ordained clergyman, and lived the life of a man of letters and a wealthy country gentleman, he fulfilled the office of an evangelist in the highest and best sense of the term. Fearless in duty, active in all pious and benevolent enterprises, he was yet the peacemaker of his neighborhood, beloved and quoted by high and low. His portrait shows us a singularly noble and benign countenance; his memory is fragrant and blessed, as is that of the fair-faced woman who graced the old homestead from youth to old age.

Their three sons were John Cotton, Robert Worthington, and Gilbert Livingston.

The first though a Yale graduate and a lawyer by profession, preferred to lead the life of a simple country gentleman, travelling much in foreign lands, but ever loving best his own. He was a man of fine presence and many attractive qualities and was a remarkably fine and persuasive orator. He was many times a member of the State Legislature and for several years filled the post of U. S. Minister to Bolivia, S. A. He died unmarried at the age of nearly seventy.

The third in age, Gilbert Livingston, early evinced the talent and piety that had characterized the worthy line. He was prepared for the ministry at Princeton, and called to the pretty little church at Carmel, N. Y., but died of fever before his installation.

Robert Worthington Smith, the second son, received his academic education at Williams College; studied medicine, and took the degree of M. D., but never practiced. The traditional beauty, moral and mental gifts of the race found in him a superb exemplar. To literary tastes and thorough cultivation, he joined a certain fine courtesy of bearing, geniality of temperament and warmth of heart that won and retained the affection of those who knew him best. From the heroic Temperance Worthington down, the sons of the house were especially fortunate in the selection of wives, and Dr. Smith proved the rule absolute when he wedded Gertrude L'Estrange Bolden, who, in the mild glory of a rarely-lovely old age, still lives to bless home and children.

Three children gather about her in the spring and summer time that throw wide the doors of the spacious homestead and clothe with beauty the environing grounds; Mr. Gilbert Livingston Smith, Miss Helen Evert-

son Smith, well and favorably known as a writer of strong prose and exquisite verse, and Mrs. Gertrude Geer. The family reside during the winter in New York.

The house was built by Genoese architect and workmen, brought across the seas for that purpose. They kept secret their method of mixing the cement which holds the stones together. It is as hard now as marble, and the rigors and damps of over one hundred New England winters have not disintegrated a morsel. The wing was begun some years before the Revolution, and the foundations were allowed to stand for several months "to season." So effectual was the process that not a line is "out of plumb;" every door and window hangs evenly; not a sill or casing sags.

It is a stately home for a stately race, and a history that has not a blot. Every room has its legend. Upon the walls of the sitting-room are the portraits of the brave pastor and his faithful wife. His was painted for and at the order of his parishioners.

"Who insisted that he should be painted in the act of preaching," says the gentle voice of "Our Lady of Peace." "It was a pity, for he was really a handsome man, and possessed great dignity of manner."

Echoing "the pity of it!" we turn to the placid visage framed by the mob-cap, and seek in the gentle, serious eyes of T ance Smith traces of the fire that e her to overbear erudite Dr. Bellamy's remonstrances when he even intimated that she was arrogant in believing "that the Lord had condescended to grant visions" to her.



John Cotton Smith

"But I soon silenced him," she writes. "First by repeating my dream, and, second, by showing him pretty plainly that I was not beholden to him for his opinions or permission, but was going to set out directly we had breakfasted."*

The clear-cut face of their son, Governor John Cotton Smith, is between those of the grand old couple.

Near by is a mahogany lounge, broad and comfortable, brought from France in 1796, as a bedstead for a student in Columbia College, David Codwise, a collateral kinsman. In a spirit that proved the relationship, he condemned the couch as "altogether too luxurious," and slept during the period of his tutelage on a plank laid upon two chairs.

All the "plenishing" of the house is from ninety to two hundred years old, the more modern having been brought from her girlhood's home by Mrs. Smith over sixty years ago. The drawing-room carpet was sent from Brussels in 1807, to Margaret Evertson (wife of Governor Smith). It is whole throughout, and the colors are clear and



CORNER OF DRAWING ROOM.

* "Led by a Vision." October Number of THE HOME-MAKER, 1888, p. 34.

harmonious. So extraordinary is this immunity from darn and dimness, that the story of the actual age of the venerable fabric seems incredible to those accustomed to the "often infirmities" of modern floor-coverings.

The bookcase in this room was "brought over" by a Holland Evertson, in 1640—the valuable Venetian mirror belongs to a still earlier date.

A superb silver tray bearing the changed crest of Robert Livingston, (see June HOME-MAKER), with the motto, "*Spero meliora*," adopted in commemoration of his escape from shipwreck, is one of the Smith heirlooms, an inheritance through beautiful Helen Livingston.

The kitchen chimney had, within thirty years, a throat ten feet wide by five high. Standing within it, Mrs. Smith's children used to peep up at the stars at night. The whole chimney is twelve feet square.

In Miss H. E. Smith's charming tale, "*For Her King's Sake*," we read how a Royalist girl, the ward of Madam Smith, hid two Hessian prisoners in the "smoke-room," made by a cavity of this chimney in the second story.

The rear wall, where the kitchen-wing joins the newer building, is fifty inches thick. The kitchen is a spacious, delightful chamber, thirty-two feet long by twenty-eight wide.

Passing the open door of a quaintly beautiful bedroom, where a sampler-map of the State of New York, wrought in faded silks, hangs over the mantel, and a mourning piece of "a lady and urn" upon another wall; where the four-poster, with carved uprights and head-board is hung with white dimity, as are the deep windows looking down through magnificent elms upon the extensive lawn and gardens—we climb the stairs to the great garret. A large round window, like an eye, is set in the gable; the roof slopes above a vast space, where the townspeople used to congregate for dance and speech-making and church "entertainments," before a public hall was built. Treasures of antique furniture are here that leave to the wise in such matters no hope of keeping, for the fraction of a minute longer, that clause of the tenth commandment covering "anything that is thy neighbor's;" and in the middle of the dusky spaciousness, a long, long table, over which is cast a white cloth.

"Family papers! all of them! Some day I shall begin—in some years I may complete, the examination of them!" says Miss Smith, lifting a corner of what is to me, now that I know what is beneath, the sheet covering the face of the dead.

Hampers, corded boxes, and trunks full of them! The hopes, the dreads, the loves, the lives of nine generations of one blood and name!

Marion Harland.



CREST OF ROBERT LIVINGSTONE.



A LOVE SONG.

My snow-white, all unspotted dove,
That to mine open window came,
In me confiding like my love,
And like her, fondly aye the same—
Speak, softly speak its name most dear
My love!
Its oft repeated name.

My shallop on the ocean blue,
That floats the eyes of men to bless,
The trusted like my love, and true,
And like her, truest in distress—
Speak, softly speak, tell, tell me pray
My love!
I call it—what? O, guess!

Now gazing on the jeweled night,
Methinks one gem of all most fair;
'Tis like my love, my soul's delight,
And like her, lo, a sov'reign rare—
Speak, softly speak the title meet
My love!
Yon peerless queen doth bear.

O charmer in my fond embrace
Thou one whom they in likeness are,
I love similitudes to trace
Of thee, in bird and boat and star:
At any time, in any place,
Whatever good or near or far
I chance to see—
Speak softly, softly, love—
My love!
Is e'en my own, my GRACE!

George Rose.

HOME-WORK FOR HOME-MAKERS

EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

CHEAP LIVING IN CITIES NO. 12.



IN these papers thought has chiefly been taken of the great number of people for whom rigid economy is an absolute necessity, families who without it would have fat and lean days, and to whom a week of departure from the hard and fast line of so much food for so much money would mean a month of pinching or else debt. But it is not to be forgotten that there are also great numbers to whom economy is necessary, in order to make the best of a small income, but who can afford themselves small luxuries, if economy underlies all.

For instance, stewed steak and mushrooms seems an extravagant dish, but it costs no more than porterhouse steak without mushrooms, assuming, of course, that you use round steak for stewing, for which purpose it is far better than the former.

For those then who wish to enjoy a certain style of food without undue expenditure a few economical extravagancies may be noticed.

The term "economical extravagancies" seems a paradox, but expresses what is meant when by the cost of a few cents a very plain dish becomes what is generally considered a luxurious one, beyond average means.

It must never be forgotten that to live well on small means a careful woman's hand and eye must not relax its vigilance. Not a scrap must be wasted.

As mention has been made of mushrooms, it may be as well to take them first and point out in what ways a judicious use of them will be an economical extravagance.

Mushrooms at the leading New York grocers are twenty-five cents a can, and half a can will make an ordinary dish of stewed breast of veal into an elegant French *blanquette de veau.* Of course I do not mean that a coarsely cooked breast of veal becomes an elegant dish by the mere addition of a few mushrooms; but it is presumed even for the plain dish that the veal would be carefully cooked in the following way:

Take three pounds of the thin part of the breast of veal, cut it into neat pieces, one bone to each. Put them in a stew-pan, with just water to cover; cut one onion in half, one *small* carrot in four, a bay leaf, two sprigs of parsley and one of thyme. Watch the meat until it comes to the boiling point, turning it about so that it will not darken on the top. Find by watching carefully the exact spot on the range where the stew-pan will simmer but not boil, and have it so simmering two hours and a half. The meat should now be tender enough to slip from the bones, but not be ragged (some veal would be quite done in two hours—should this be the case, simply draw it aside, where it will keep hot, but not cook; being a stew this will not hurt it). Take up the meat in a bowl, and cover closely to prevent it drying and getting dark in parts; strain the gravy through a fine sieve, and put it into a fresh stew-pan, so that the fragments clinging to the old one may not discolor or spot the sauce you are going to make. If you have no fine sieve, scald a clean cloth and strain through that. Boil the gravy down rapidly till there is not more than half a cup. Now mix a dessert-spoonful (rounding) of flour and a table-spoonful of butter together till they form a paste; add to the gravy half a cup of rich milk (or cream or part cream are better) and the juice from half a can of mushrooms. This will, of course, cool the gravy so that the butter and flour will slowly dissolve as

you stir it in. When it boils again it should be a quite smooth, creamy sauce, without speck to mar the color. Now lay the meat in it, with the half box of mushrooms, the large ones split. There should be, if directions are followed, about three-quarters of a pint of sauce. The great mistake average cooks make in serving any dish of this kind is to swamp it with gravy; generally the meat swims in it, and, of course, it is proportionately poor.

When, however, there are several children, it is sometimes necessary to increase the quantity, and this should be done by adding a gill more milk, and using a teaspoonful of butter and flour more, so that the thickness remains the same.

You must not forget that you have a half can of mushrooms to be used within the next few days.

Take the opportunity of having some of the dishes which you rarely have, because to do so you must open a can of mushrooms. For example beefsteak *à la Chateaubriand.*

Take a very juicy piece of round steak free from strings or gristle, cut it into neat pieces, about the size of slice of filet, mix a table spoonful of salad oil and one of vinegar (omit oil if objected to, but no one will know it is used unless you tell him), baste the steak with the oil and vinegar (no salt) leave it as long as you can, twenty-four hours if weather permits, but even one hour is better than nothing. When about to cook, take the steak, wipe off the oil and vinegar carefully, as it is not intended to impart a flavor, only to soften the fibers.

Lay the pieces on a board before you and then with a sharp steel carving knife hack the whole surface closely in one direction, cutting only about one third through, however—this may sound difficult; but after you have done it two or three times it will come as easy to you as to a German.

When you have finished the strokes in one direction, turn the pieces over and hack the other side the reverse way, so that if the meat were cut through it would make very tiny dice.

Now make each piece into a neat shape, gently pushing it together till it is about as thick—*i. e.* three quarters of an inch—as before it was chopped, but avoid pressing it with the warm hand. Put in a little butter in a hot pan, lay in the steaks, and when they are cooked moderately rare, take them up, put them in a hot dish, sprinkle with pepper and salt on both sides.

Put a table-spoonful of butter and a scant one of flour into the pan. I flour get pale brown, stirring it with the butter, have ready a half pint cup in which you have poured the liquor from half a can of mushrooms, two table-spoonfuls of claret, and fill up with soup or broth; pour this all quickly to the flour and butter, stir till it boils, skim the gravy and add the mushrooms chopped and seasoned; if the soup was unseasoned, allow a *scant* half teaspoonful of salt, and half a salt-spoonful of pepper.

Pour this sauce over the steak and you will have a most delicious dish if you are fond of mushrooms.

Or you may utilize your remaining half can of mushrooms by using them in croquettes. If you should have any of the breast of veal, for which we have just been giving directions, left, it will make delicious croquettes, being already properly flavored, but you may wish to increase the quantity; in this case you can add a little more veal or a little cold roast beef if you have it. In that case you must also add more mushrooms, although you are not likely to need the whole half box.

Now a word as to croquettes; in many private families they ought really to be called "hash balls" or "sausage balls," and as such are very good; but in spite of a very promising appearance—for many attain to the frying—they are *not* croquettes. The latter cost no more than the aforesaid hash balls, but they do take time. In a hurry they cannot be made. The difference between hash balls and croquettes is that the former may have all the flavoring and excellent materials, but they are firm and crumble under the fork, while croquettes are creamy, and ooze when pressed. This difference constitutes the main charm of croquettes and requires to produce it only; that to the chopped meat or fish be added enough rich white or *béchamel* sauce to make the mixture as thick as good oatmeal porridge. This is vague, perhaps, but I mean about as thick as will pour, and *very slowly* spread over a flat surface. No attempt should be made to mould this until it has been on the ice and is thoroughly chilled, then mould very quickly, and if you are a novice (and of course if you are not these words will not be needful), make very tiny croquettes at first, not larger than a cork, and fry less than two minutes.

Good recipes for croquettes are found in most modern cookery books, and therefore it will not be necessary to give them here,

only to emphasize the fact that they *must* be mixed with a creamy sauce, and that in order to use the mixture in this soft state, it must be set to chill ; the sauce as it gets cold will "set" like blanc-mange. If this is not done crumbs or cracker dust must be added, and thus come the dry croquettes. I have known great pains taken to acquire the art of making perfect ones, by some lady, who succeeds and imparts the knowledge to others, and six months later the result will resemble the game of Russian scandal, so diverse are the different productions from one recipe, and each one proud of her successful croquettes. Often the original teacher has grown insensibly careless, forgets the high standard of excellence she once attained, and very gradually her croquettes have grown far too firm.

I have said that croquettes cost no more than hash balls, but, of course, I did not mean when mushrooms are used. Excellent croquettes, however, are made without them, with no other ingredients than required for good hash, except the white sauce, but as this almost doubles the quantity produced by so much fish or meat, it lessens rather than increases expense.

I have sevcral times said in the course of these papers, "a glass of wine in the place of the vinegar will convert this into a very elegant dish." By many who do not object to the use of wine, except on the score of expense, my remark may have been passed over as useless, from the fact that they could not afford to use it.

This is from habit of mind rather than thought. Traditionally, wine has always been expensive in the United States, and people lose sight of the fact that of late this has become a great wine-producing country, and although opinions may vary as to the quality, there is no doubt whatever of the pure juice of California grapes being preferable for cooking to the compounds sold as cheap foreign port, sherry or claret.

Many are deterred from buying a bottle of cheap claret for cooking purposes by the belief that it will not keep. This is to some extent true, although in cold weather a bottle of claret may be left open for a month. It may get a little more acid, but you are going to use it for cooking, not drinking, so that the slight change will not affect it. But even this may be avoided by putting the wine into small bottles and corking well, or what is less trouble and little expense, add five to ten per cent. of alcohol to the whole. It may then be safely counted on to keep, provided it is kept in a medium temperature.

Very little calculation will show you that the glass of wine which seems so unattainable to people of moderate means, will cost from three to four cents a glass.

With wine at reasonable rates, and the fact that when a gravy tastes "flat" for lack just of "something" (generally it is the lack of the juices of meat), if you know that a teaspoonful of wine will give it richness, it will surely be an economy to use it. When croquettes are made, as they sometimes may be, from very well done mutton, and you have no gravy to give tone, this same spoonful of wine acid and a squeeze of lemon juice will work a wonderful change.

Now for another economy. This is the vexed question of *stock*. To most people who do not look on soup daily as an absolute necessity, stock for the purpose of gravies only will seem a costly thing. I am not going into the question of "bone stock," which is a very important matter in large families, but in the small ones I have under consideration, is, perhaps, (heretical as it sounds) more bother in hot weather at least, than it is worth, as the bones are few and must be managed so as to keep fresh. I refer to stock from meat bought expressly for the purpose. Don't conjure up ideas of a large stock-pot and several pounds of meat. Get from the butcher two pounds of lean beef, *from the neck*. This is, at any but the fashionable butchers, five (at the outside six) cents a pound. It is cheaper than shin, for there is little bone and much more meat juice, but less gelatine, which latter gives no flavor.

Put this meat, cut small, on the fire, with two quarts of water and a teaspoonful of salt ; let it simmer (do not mind skimming, as you do not care for it clear), for three hours. Then add a small carrot, turnip, two onions, a bay leaf, two cloves and a quarter saltspoonful of pepper. The vegetables must all be cut *small*. Let this come to the boil, and now you may skim the froth that rises. Boil very slowly three hours more, strain, and, if you possess a soup press, take care to express all the moisture from meat and vegetables. You have at least three pints of a most valuable article, as you will find if you will give it one week's trial, at the cost of 15 cents at the outside.

I am not giving this stock as a soup, because it would be gone at one meal, and it must be on hand in summer. You must either boil the three pints down to a half

pint, and add a little gelatine, when it will keep a week, and you can add water to bring back the quantity as you use it, or you must make only a three-days supply, that is, use but one pound of meat.

But with this in the house your husband will never think of objecting to warmed-over meat. A stew of cooked meat, with half a pint of stock for gravy and half a gill of water to allow for waste, will be a rich dish; a soft hash moistened with it and with enough flour and butter added to make it brown and creamy, will be no longer hash but delicious mince; in fact, there is no end to the convenience and economy of it.

Gravies are made in the pan for liver or veal cutlets, or that good old dish, beefsteak

And then, although you do not mean to depend on it for soup, what is handier to have than a cup of soup ready for any unexpected use? Some one turns against solid food, an old lady friend comes in on a chilly day and just needs that refreshment, or you are over-tired, past hunger, yet want something, and in the safe is the cup of soup you need. Remember for the enriching or making of gravies you will not need, for a small family, more th gill to half a pint a day. Of course it should be carefully used, and, if a Bridget rules, it must also be watched, or half a pint will be brought from the ice-box when a gill only is needed; the rest will "not be worth carrying back," and will go down the sink.

In winter the stock will keep a week by scalding every other day. Tomatoes must not be added, as they sour quickly.

I know nothing except care that conduces to a good table so much as the outlay of this fifteen cents a week for stock, and while I would beg the thoughtful readers of "Cheap Living in Cities" to consider twice before deciding that the prudent use of mushrooms, wine, and the keeping in the house of a good supply of herbs of all kinds, be not a true economy, I would especially ask a trial of stock. This is not only a matter of taste but of nourishment; for by adding stock (you can boil it down to be as strong as you choose) you replace with cold meat the juices extracted the first day and used when hot.

Catherine Owen.



CREOLE COOKERY.

DOWN BAYOU BARATARIA.



EW, even in Louisiana, know what delightful spots for summer-do-nothing days, are the islands which fringe the coast of that State. Notable among these, is the Chenière Caminada. Wherever one of these localities is found presenting the characteristic of a ridge of high land running through the middle, and crowned with live oaks, it is called by the sea people a chenière.

Beneath the oaks of Caminada, oaks worthy to have stood alongside of the sacred one of Dodona, is the most delightful place imaginable for a camp. Yearly these groves are occupied by a wise few, who prefer the freedom of life in tents, to that shut in by hotel walls. Caminada, in the good old freebooting days, was the lair of the Lafittes, Rigo and Chizzola. Here the pirate crew made rendezvous, took breath as it were, after special deeds of horror, planned

serving, add butter to sauce. Arrange toast upon dish; lay upon each slice a slice of fish; pour the sauce around it and eat while hot.

This quantity will serve six persons.

Stewed Shrimp.

2 pints of shrimps (shelled).
2 tablespoonfuls of butter.
1 clove of garlic.
Salt, black and red pepper to taste.

Remove the meat from the shells, squeeze the juice from the heads and drop the meats, well mixed with this juice, into the saucepan containing the butter, which must be hot. Add garlic, salt and pepper; cover closely, and stew over a slow fire until perfectly tender. The meats should be thoroughly cooked, yet retain their shape.

Jombalayah.

1 cupful cold minced fowl, or beef or baked fish.
1 tablespoonful minced ham.
1 cupful of tomatoes.
3 cupfuls of cold boiled rice.
1 large onion, sliced.
Black pepper and salt, thyme and parsley to taste.
1 tablespoonful of lard.

Fry onions in hot lard to a bright brown color; remove and fry the meat; cut into dice (or small pieces), stirring constantly to prevent burning. When lightly browned, add tomatoes, onion and seasoning, stirring all together a few seconds; add the rice; mix all well together; allow the entire mass to get smoking hot, and serve. Admirable as a breakfast dish, or to eke out a scanty dinner.

Teal Ducks, à la Crèole.

4 teal ducks.
2 tablespoonfuls of lard.
1-2 can tomatoes.
1 onion, sliced.
1 clove of garlic.
Salt, black and red pepper to taste.

Fry the onions in hot lard. In a deep pot place the ducks, whole, having split them open down the back. Add the onions, garlic, tomatoes, salt and pepper (celery, too, where liked), and stew over a slow fire until thoroughly tender. Keep the pot tightly covered, and stir gently now and then. Serve with boiled rice.

Boiled Rice.

1 pint of rice.
3 pints of water.
1 tablespoonful salt.

Wash the rice by pouring upon it enough water to cover it. Stir it round briskly with the hand for several seconds; pour off the water and add fresh. Do this three times. The whiteness of the rice depends upon this washing. Have the three pints of water boiling briskly. Salt it, and sprinkle in the rice. Boil over a quick fire for fifteen minutes. Pour off nearly all the water, and set the saucepan on the back of the stove, with the lid off, to allow the rice to dry and the grains to separate. If properly cooked, the grains will be separate, soft and white.

Lylie O. Harris.



MID BUSY STREETS AND CROWDED MARTS.

Chapter III.



FAITH found infinite satisfaction in the achievement of her breakfast the next morning. She rose quietly about eight o'clock, and put the saucepan filled with water on the grate fire, that it might accomplish its boiling, while she made her toilet. That completed, part of the hot water was poured over two eggs in a covered cup, which was placed on the hearth, so that it might not cool too rapidly, and so fail to cook the eggs sufficiently. Then, adding her allowance of coffee to the rest of the water, it attained the requisite boiling point, just as Faith had her simple breakfast array in readiness. She greatly enjoyed the appetizing ingredients of her simple meal. She toasted her rolls to freshen them, and after eating her eggs, finishing what remained of her sliced tongue, and drinking her coffee, with all her old delight in its rich fragrance, she rose, refreshed and in renewed spirits, to replace all her utensils, after washing them, in the bureau drawer. Then, keeping it securely locked, to prevent prying eyes from discovering her housekeeping supplies, Faith assumed her out-door garb, meaning to take a walk, and at the same time to provide new varieties of food in anticipation of her friend Mrs. Nymscywitch's arrival.

She accomplished her errands rather leisurely, as she wished to give full opportunity for her fire and room to be properly attended to in her absence. It looked very bright and cosy when she returned; and after putting away her purchases, she unpacked her trunks. She arranged her dresses, hats and cloaks in the wardrobe, and the rest of her apparel in the bureau drawers, reserving as ornaments for her table, mantel, and the top of the folding bed, some pictures and books which she had brought with her. This gave the room a very home-like aspect, whose charm was greatly heightened by the arrival of a small upright piano, which she had hired by the month. This she opened at once, and placed a music-book on the rack, ready for her first moment of leisure, arrranging on the top of the piano her decanters and wine-glasses, with some ornamental fruit-plates.

After the trunks were entirely unpacked, Faith sent them to the store-room downstairs, and then, as she was in momentary expectation of Mrs. Nymscywitch's appearance, she sat down at the piano, and sang away with all her former joyousness. She was full of glee over the sense of repose and success that was inspiring her with renewed energy. While little obstacles and difficulties might arise which would momentarily check her onward course, while possible mistakes or reverses might upset her calculations, and increase her expenditures, she knew with utmost certainty, that absolute triumph would again crown her efforts.

She was singing gaily her favorite Robin Redbreast song when Mrs. Nymscywitch entered.

"'A crumb of bread?'" repeated her friend, mockingly, as she caught the words of the refrain that fell so trippingly from Faith's lips. "I hope you have more than that provided for me. I've very much more than a bird's appetite, let me assure you."

Faith sprang eagerly forward to greet her friend.

"Do not fear!" she answered cheerily. "I have many crumbs ready for you, dear bird of good omen. Are you not my first guest?—and do I not love to entertain you above all?"

"I really believe you do!", returned Mrs. Nymscywitch, as she removed her wraps.

Faith ensconced her comfortably in an arm-chair, whence she might observe and criticize the proceedings in which she must not take a more active part.

"You have come so late!" protested Faith. "It is already nearly one o'clock, and I must go to work at once."

Putting on a big white apron, taking off her cuffs, and turning back her sleeves at the wrist, Faith now began operations. While some water was boiling in her saucepan, she peeled and sliced some oranges in dainty fragments and arranged them in a glass dish with a bountiful sprinkling of white sugar. Then, clearing the books off the table, she soon had an attractive array of rolls, butter and tongue upon it, besides the oranges, a plate of grapes, and bananas, and another of fruit-cake and macaroons.

The water was now boiling, and Faith soon made with its aid, two cups of bouillon, the very odor of which was so delicious that Mrs. Nymscywitch started to her feet, and came hastily forward.

"Hurry, Faith!" she cried, as she took her seat, "that bouillon is positively overpowering!—and I'm so hungry! Commend me to watching your getting up a lunch for an unfailing source of appetite."

Everything was indeed good beyond compare; and Mrs. Nymscywitch, who usually trifled idly with her lunch, making a mere pretence of eating, now partook of all Faith's supplies with remarkable zest.

They toyed with the fragments of the little feast, and chatted happily over many old-time reminiscences, many pleasant plans for the winter's enjoyment, with a delightful sense that no one was waiting for them to leave the table, or regarded their leisurely repose with impatience.

Faith would not let Mrs. Nymscywitch aid her in removing the disordered array of the table. With her new mode of housekeeping, which reduced every item to the least degree of trouble in its use, whatever remained that could be utilized at dinner-time was put at once in the pantry, as Faith called the bureau-drawer. Another supply of hot water from the saucepan enabled Faith to wash the cups and plates and other articles, with her usual celerity. When all were again put away, and the trifling debris thrown into the fire which steadily consumed it, Mrs. Nymscywitch exclaimed:

"And now for your fractions!

"My fractions?"

"Yes. I am going to have the bad taste to insist upon knowing how far I have helped to ruin you with this extravagant lunch. It'll go beyond thirteen cents, at least."

"Not much," returned Faith, tranquilly, as she took up paper and pencil, and began to jot down some memoranda from her account book.

"There!" she said, after a moment of busy writing. "It does make a formidable array of items!"

"Humph!" murmured Mrs. Nymscywitch, reading aloud from the paper Faith had given her.

"Three rolls, 2 cents."

"I'm sure I ate two rolls myself. Didn't you?"

"No! I gave you an advantage there, which I took back on the grapes," replied Faith.

"Well! let's see what there is."

	Cents
Three Oranges	8
Three Bananas	5
Half a Pound of Grapes	4
Sugar	1
Butter	2
Tongue	3
Cake	5
Bouillon	2
Rolls	2
Total	32

"Really, Faith! considering that the fruit made more than half the expense, that was a wonderful lunch for thirty-two cents. But I do feel puzzled at some of the items. How can you tell the cost of sugar and butter, in such small quantities?"

"I have to guess at it, of course; but my past experience in the country makes me pretty accurate. I cannot be more than a half or a quarter of a cent out of the way."

"There you go with your fractions again! Well, I can comprehend a lunch for yourself not exceeding ten or twelve cents at this rate, since this is only sixteen cents for each of us. Now what are you going to have for dinner to-day?"

"Nothing in addition to finishing up some of these fragments, except a mutton chop."

"Where will you get it? They won't send one chop from the market."

"No! I got it this morning, and am keeping it outside the window, between the sash and the shutter for coolness. It weighed about half a pound, and cost thirteen cents."

"Thirteen cents again? Was there ever such a woman! Is everything to cost thirteen cents?"

"I suppose my dinner, when I get it myself, usually comes to twenty-five cents. I hope not to exceed fifty cents a day, on an average, when I get my machinery in running order."

"But there may come stormy days, when you cannot go to market. How far is it."

"Only to 6th Avenue."

"Oh, Jefferson Market! yes that is quite near; but still—"

"I don't intend to make myself a slave to my own whims," interposed Faith. "Now and then, when it suits my convenience, I shall take a meal in the restaurant below. In my prowlings abroad, I may

also find some wonderful successes in getting desirable supplies at minimum rates. I shall have plenty of fun and amusement out of my experiments, even if it fails to increase my fund of household wisdom."

"I'm afraid you'll starve in good earnest this time. Even Lady Disdain never imagined such calculations as these."

"Don't tell her!" returned Faith laughing heartily at the consternation her fancy at once pictured.

"Indeed I will! I shall tell her, and every one to invite you to lunch and dinner—"

"And so spoil my economies! I won't go?"

"But you must. You owe me a lunch now."

"That's one way of putting it!" returned Faith, with a positive shake of the head, as Mrs. Nymscywitch resumed her wraps, and with a hasty farewell hurried off to keep an appointment.

Mary Cruger.

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.



AMONG the things which the average housewife is apt to rate as too easy to be learned—such as sweeping, dusting, dish-washing and tea-making—prominence may be given to invalid's diet.

The ignorance and neglect that prevail on this subject are not the fault of scientific writers and speakers.

When such a man as the late Dr. Milner-Fothergill considered that he pursued the direct line of professional duty in writing the book on "Food for the Invalid"—which should be owned and studied by every house-mother—and a growing majority of physicians rank the dietary above medicine in daily practice—the wonder is that sensible women are slow to recognize the importance of proficiency in the simple art of providing for the sick that which will sustain Nature in the battle against the strong, and, for the convalescent, nourishment pleasant to the senses and easily assimilated by the weakened digestive organs.

The trained nurse might be a missionary in this direction, if she were less bent upon the maintenance of her present dignity and the establishment of the fact of her former grandeur. Her curriculum embraces the practical application of dietetics, but she too often comports herself in the kitchen as if she felt the necessity of preparing the patient's food a degradation, and is only too glad to delegate the duty to any one of the household who can poach an egg, toast bread and broil a bird.

Some one said somewhere, the other day, that the invalid world is suffering for the want of the dear old "aunty," who nursed *con amore* in every family of the district, and was wise in potions, tisanes and poultices. The lament wound up with denunciation of the trained nurse as a nuisance. Without going so far in animadversion of a personage who has not, thus far, accomplished all that was hoped of her, I yet hold that no hireling—were she a graduate of Soyer and Fothergill, and on Clara Barton's staff—can interfuse her cooking for the ailing one of the home-band with such wise palatableness as can she who goes to school to love as well as to dietetic *savants*.

Since this is true, it behooves mothers and sisters to study Cookery for the Sick before occasion for practice arrives.

"I am hungry!" said a young girl, hopefully convalescent from typhoid fever, to her father, who had asked the privilege of watching with her for the first part of the night. "The doctor said I was to take my broth every half hour. May I have a cracker to eat with it?"

What could be more harmless? The father gave it. In twenty-four hours the child was dead.

A mother stewed oysters for a boy, ill with inflammation of the bowels, and fed

them to him with the inevitable dry toast. The indigestible "beards" caused intense agony and death.

A nice old maid brought up to a guest in her house, who was suffering horribly with nausea, a smoking dish of picked codfish, as a "certain cure for a *nauseous* stomach."

Crackers and tea, dry toast and tea keep thousands of delicate stomachs seething with acids, while the dieters believe that they are eating the only things that will "agree" with them.

Perhaps the most serious and general mistake is in broth-making. Under the treatment of the average cook, this is usually greasy paste or greasy water. Whatever other principle may be eliminated, it is the grease which has the staying power.

Dr. Fothergill says—"There is a growing class of persons who cannot eat fat. It offends their stomachs. There are others in which this condition only exists as a passing affection. Fat is not digested in the stomach, but in the upper bowels. In these persons it floats about in the stomach while gastric digestion is going on, and interferes with the working of the stomach."

When to this interfering presence is added the glass of water, or cup of tea the patient is allowed to drink between, or after the sips of his broth, the effect is—what we all know! Broths and soups of all kinds should be made so long before using that every particle of oil can be removed from the top.

"Do you suppose there was much nourishment in the iced bouillon that Mrs.—— sent my sick daughter?" asked one woman of another. "It was delicious, clear, and slightly jellied in the glass. There was a piece of tissue-paper on the top, and it was not even greasy! now I have an idea that, when you take out the fatty element from soup, you take out all the body—so to speak."

Dieteticians say now—the next generation will know (perhaps) with how much truth—that there is no real nourishment in beef tea. Dr. Fothergill admits that "its nutritive value is very small. It is a stimulant rather than a food. A person may be hungered to death on it. It is a pleasant, palatable, refreshing beverage when well made. As a vehicle for farinaceous matters * * * it is useful as a food."

He might have added that it stimulates the stomach into strength to digest the farinaceous matters. And *apropos* to "farinaceous" I give another extract from our justly eminent author.

"Twenty years ago a number of books on food appeared, in which starch * * * was described as having no food value at all. A little physiological knowledge soon reversed matters, and starch, which used to be sneered at, and which is still spoken of disrespectfully by persons who know no better, is taking its true place. From starch to sugar and from sugar to fat; that is the natural history of the fuel-food of man."

This dictum restores to favor arrow-root, farina and a host of cereals upon which mothers depend, and reasonably, for bringing up muscular, healthy children. It justifies our morning portion of oatmeal, cerealine, wheat-germ-meal, or hominy, and confirms the verdict of experience in the use of arrowroot and Imperial Granum—prized equally in the nursery and in the sick-room.

For the preparation of the latter, printed directions come with every package. It holds a high place among made-foods, and deserves it.

In this category of artificial foods, I cannot omit in passing, mention of Carnrick's Soluble Food, Valentine's Meat-juice, Bush's Bovinine, and Liebig's celebrated preparations of beef-tea. They are especially valuable to those who are boarding and traveling, and in cases where sudden illness does not allow time for making proper sustenance for the patient.

In my own family arrow-root jelly and beef-tea have earned such favor during more than thirty years' use, that I offer herewith recipes for preparing both, premising that, of all the excellent cooks I have had in my employ—and I have been singularly favored—none have ever achieved perfection in making arrow-root jelly or the cream-toast, a recipe for which I also append. So signal have been their failures in pleasing the invalid's appetite and so invariable the success of the mother or sister in making ready the simple fare, that I am driven to the belief that both dishes need flavoring akin to that which made the silver arrow enter easily into Christiana's heart—the seasoning of a loveful purpose.

Arrow-root Jelly.

Two teaspoonfuls of *best* Bermuda arrow-root. (No other will do; least of all the stuff sold as arrow-root in country stores.)

Half a pint of boiling water.

A pinch of salt.

One lump of white sugar.

Except in cases where acids are forbidden, the juice of half a lemon.

Mix the arrowroot to a soft paste with cold water, rub it smooth ; drop the sugar and salt into the boiling water, set over the fire in a porcelain or agate-ironware sauce-pan, and when it boils hard, stir in the arrowroot paste or starch. Stir (over the fire) for three minutes. By this time the jelly will be clear. Add the lemon-juice and set to form in glasses wet with cold water.

Eat very cold with sugar and cream, flavored with rose-water, or vanilla, or plain. If there is disorder of stomach or bowels, omit the lemon-juice. Indeed, many prefer it without. *We* make it over a spirit lamp on the breakfast or tea-table. It will be firm in a few hours, and is best if made every day.

Beef-tea.

Mince a pound of *lean* fresh beef fine, and pour over it a quart of cold water. Let it stand for an hour, break up the meat, if it clots, and set where it will not reach the boil under another hour. Cook *slowly* after it begins to simmer around the edges, for two hours more ; take from the fire, salt to taste (pepper, if there is no danger from the use of the condiment) and set away to cool with the meat in it. When perfectly cold, take off *all* the fat, and strain liquor and meat, first, through a colander, pressing hard, then through cheese-cloth, without squeezing. Now, return to the fire, drop in the white of a raw egg, and the shell, and bring slowly to the final boil, stirring up from the bottom, now and then, to keep the egg from "catching." Boil ten minutes after the simmer begins, and strain, without squeezing, through double cheese-cloth.

Give very hot, or ice-cold. If further stimulant is needed, add a teaspoonful of sherry to each cupful of the bouillon or beef-tea.

The quart of water should have boiled down to a pint of clear, strong stock by the time the process is finished.

Cream-Toast.

Cut slices of stale *light* bread—baker's, if you have it—into rounds with a cake-cutter, leaving not a bit of crust. Toast to a fine yellow-brown. A scorched or blackened crumb is fatal to the excellence of the dish. Butter *well* while hot, sprinkle lavishly with salt, lay in a bowl—silver, or stout ware that will stand fire—and pour scalding milk in until the toast is covered two inches deep. Set (covered) in an oven for five minutes. By this time the milk should all be absorbed. Lift each slice carefully with a broad knife far enough to pour over it a tablespoonful of cream. Taste a crumb to be sure the seasoning is right. Most people make milk-toast too fresh. Salt again, if necessary, cover closely and return to a moderate oven for ten minutes. Serve in the bowl, if is is presentable ; if not, transfer carefully to a heated china bowl, or saucer. The toast will be tender, puffy, relishful and exceedingly digestible.

Marion Harland.



EASTERN HOUSEKEEPING IN THE FAR WEST.

Dressmaking in Camp.



LD "Señoras," young "Señoritas," little "Ninas" (children), one and all delighted in the "Muybonita tunicos" (very pretty gowns) of "la Señora Americano," and beamed and giggled through the curling smoke of their Spanish scented cigarettes.

A Mexican woman's foot is a marvel of beauty till shedies. She may live in a twelve-foot "dugout," wear only rags, but she must go to the trough for water with high-heeled fine boots nicely buttoned on her tiny feet, and if possible, wrapped artistically about her black head a nice shawl or "serape" of heavy black *crêpe*. She wears no corsets, does not look like the Greek Slave in figure, but, as Frank Carpenter says of the New York ladies of the Cabinet, their insteps are so high, that a stream from a two-inch hose could run between them and the ground.

Pretty Dolores lived close by us in a picket-house covered with pinim boughs. "Manuel," a tall handsome Creole, who proudly told us he "cooked for General Butler and marched with Sherman," had fallen in love with "uno Castillino," married and settled in New Mexico. He made Dolores a fairly good husband (as husbands go in that land), and was very kind to the six little ones. The eldest was born when her mother was fifteen. Dolores' pride and ambition now was to dress "comme la Americanos," and the first garment was a large white cotton apron, with strings tied behind, and touching the ground. In a week there were a dozen in camp. The better classes all own, and sew well on machines, which they send to one's house, as a friendly loan, at any time.

One day Dolores came with the little girls and a huge bundle of large figured calico (just fit for a lounge), and by pantomine and gestures, gave me to understand she wanted new dresses! With the patterns of yoke sleeve, and full waist, they went away rejoicing in gorgeous costumes, all ready for the machine. The next day Miss Roberta, a little Egyptian of ten, came to display herself. How pretty she looked; the slim, gay little bird! in the funny gown fastened with big safety pins, instead of buttons, and stitched with white thread.

But the glory of our dress seemed in their eyes to be "a polonaise" ("Tunico Grande"). With graceful sweeps of the slender hands over and under the pleats, animated investigations of reeds and bustles, they came, young and old, with merry chatter and flutter, while my poor mother contrived to use my best dress, just from a Washington dressmaker, as a model in shape and size for fat and lean, little and big. She was expected to fill in, or fill out, until each small Mexican woman should have the shape and style of "la Señora" (who weighed one hundred and forty).

"Juan Ortez," a miner, sent to Santa Fé for dress goods, and when his wife began cutting off the skirts, he stamped his foot, and said "No, no;" "Eso mal" (is bad), "Vamose a la Señora, eso bueno" (is good). "This, too, must be a tunico," of brilliant hue, and Juan himself told me that his wife looked "magnifico" when she wore it at the Christmas "baily" (dance).

Joe complained bitterly, that "the children were growing dark like the natives, and that three-year-old Grace was losing the gold of her curls." The mid-day sun is very hot, the air dry and ruinous to fair skins, and although fashion decreed white sun-bonnets at home, we gave up sacrificing them to Mexican washing. Our reserve was the supply camp store. Turkey red calico suited the country, candle wicking (used in quantities about the machinery), white thread, a few hours with Dolores' machine, and a "Pappilino coloron" (sun-bonnet of red) was the result. Blue-eyed Grace was like a scarlet poppy in a field of yellow corn. The cream-colored and bronze faces hovered about her, peered under the edge of her

bonnet, and in less than an hour three mothers had brought material for Pappilinos. Before many days, yellow, red and blue waved and bobbed up and down our door-steps, outside the jet-black bobbing heads.

The first baby born in camp was named for me, and the tiny foreign craft made frequent voyages to our harbor. Out of the "cruse of oil" barrels from home still came marvelous scraps of plush, velvet, silk and lace, tucked in with many plans for our exile, and out of them was made a "love of a cap," with soft strings tied under the little brown chin. Baby's papa was a great hunter, and had gone with the first snow fall to kill deer. In two days he came home, bringing a soft-eyed head, with fine horns to "la Señora," and delicious venison to "le Signor." The handsome head as it hangs in our eastern hall, reminds us of a sunny day in the snowy mountains of New Mexico: the kindly-faced mother, with the little baby so proudly tucked under her shawl, in its dainty cap, a pretty picture, and a tender lesson, simple and true, for all home-makers.

Next came a cloak for baby, cut from Gracie's, and made long and full, with hood and cape. This was looked upon by her mama with perfect joy and pride, and the little Spanish maiden was carried through camp with an air of superiority and pomp. The splendors of Paul Veronese and Titian paled before the scarlet aprons, tied over the shoulders, guimpe fashion. And the "Sunday hats" were fearfully and wonderfully made, with *some* resemblance to our children's.

One hardly in a life-time sees anything so droll and absurd as our last wash-woman looked, in a black jersey, brown skirt, and a felt bonnet tied under her funny old chin, dry as parchment. She told pitiful stories of poverty, and wanted a shawl. Shawls we had none, so we gave the best we could find. No queen, with the court at her feet, *felt* more regal than this eighty-year-old woman, with her great black eyes and big shock of iron gray hair, as she tied on a bonnet for the first time in her life. Turning around, she bowed, curteseyed, and in most musical Spanish, said, "Oh! *que* bonita mojer!" (*what* a pretty woman), then rolled a cigarette, and marched grandly toward her "casa" (house).

With their finest calicoes, at mass or balls, the women wore no collars, simply bands about the neck, of the same stuff as the dress. After my namesake's lace ruffles, there appeared heavy patterns of cotton texture of great width and amazing fulness, standing out like Elizabethan ruffs from the shoulders of the women of the "best families."

We took great comfort in the grateful love of these ignorant people, and almost every day from some "dug-out," "picket house," or a "corral," would come a funny dish of a favorite pudding stuffed with piniony nuts, a cup of "chili con carni" (meat and peppers), a little lamb for the "Munchichitas" (children), a pair of big chickens, or a pretty lamb's skin for the floor.

One tired day we struggled long over "Seraphina Montoya," and her wedding finery. Joe growled and grumbled (men will sometimes), and said briskly: "This thing is getting to be a nuisance (etc., etc.)," but when the saucy Seraphina, in her pert little high-heeled boots, and her stylish "tunico azul" (blue gown), grew to be such a model of wifely decorum and housekeeping, in her little mud-daubed house, he regretted his savage spirit, and rose to the zeal of philanthropic work among the good-for-nothing drinking husbands.

Our last effort before leaving camp was for a Mexican woman with seven small children. Her husband was an Indian, kind, a greater success at hunting than at working. They had little to eat and less to wear. They played with the goats on the sides of the sunny mountains, crawling into the dug-out when it stormed. Marie, the tired mother, glorified the bundle of half-worn clothes we had given her, into combination suits of many colors and shapes. Little "Santa" (Saint) appeared with an "old gold" jacket (made out of a cloak lining), buttoned so tightly over his fat stomach that he fairly gasped. Small "Lallio" came out in Joe's *vest* with *sleeves* added. Marie cut patterns from my own, of aprons and sacques, with astonishing accuracy, while Dolores kindly stitched and tucked the funny looking garments on her machine.

"Adios la paz de Dios, en esta casa" (the peace of God be in your house), rang cordially from the tropical-colored group, as they came, dressed in their "Sunday best." They were poor, ignorant things, but among them were just as true loving hearts as our Eastern women possess. I longed to inspire them more and more with the poetry of life in their mountain homes, and to aid them in putting out of sight the hard prosaic side of their womanhood and their drudgery.

Margaret Spencer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Lunch and Salted Almonds.

EDITORS of The Home-Maker:

In the Recipe Department of your excellent magazine, will you be kind enough to give a recipe for making salted almonds? Will you also be kind enough to advise through your columns a pretty and proper way of spreading the table for a lunch? How should the food be served, what courses should there be, and what at each course? How should the table be arranged before the guests are seated, and how should the hostess announce lunch? Should the table be cleared after each course? How many knives, forks and spoons should be placed at each cover? Should the waitress serve the food from the side, or should the hostess at the table and the servant help each guest?

I am a subscriber to your delightful magazine, and have been since its first issue.

I would be delighted to have you publish through your columns the manner in which you would entertain, or give such a luncheon as I refer to, from the beginning to the end.

Believe me, I am very grateful for the information I have already received at your hands, and look forward with pleasure to the future.

Very respectfully,

E. L. K. & J. E.

Chicago, Ill.

Such a lunch as you suggest should not be difficult to conduct. Either of the following bills of fare would be suitable:

No. 1.

Raw Oysters.

Bouillon.

Creamed Lobster.

Fried Chicken.

Potatoes Hashed with Cream and Browned.

Lettuce. Crackers.
Olives. Cream Cheese.
Salted Peanuts.

Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.

Fruit. Bonbons.

Coffee.

No. 2.

Little Neck Clams.

Bouillon.

Soft Crabs *or* Fried Smelts, with Butter Sauce.

French Chops. Green Peas.

Chicken Salad. Crackers.
Olives. Radishes. Salted Almonds.
Roquefort Cheese.

Frozen Pudding.
Cake.

Fruit. Bonbons.

Coffee.

The table should be spread with a pretty cloth, either pure white damask, or, if you have it, a fancy lunch cloth. A bowl of flowers should stand in the centre of the board, and here and there should be little glass or china dishes, holding olives, salted almonds, salted peanuts or pistache nuts, and bonbons.

At the place of each guest should be a plate, a glass, a butter-plate and a salt-cellar, if individual salts are used. To the right of each plate should be a large knife for the meat course, and a smaller one for the cheese. Often there is a silver knife for butter only. To the left are the forks, one for each course where forks will be needed, or if the supply be insufficient, as many as the number at command will permit. The napkin should be laid at the right of the plate, and on it may be placed a roll or three or four sticks of bread, tied together with a narrow ribbon. This should match the wider one binding the *bouquet de corsage* supplied for each guest. These flowers may either be laid at each place just before lunch, or else passed at the close of the meal.

The plates, each holding five or six oysters or clams, should be in place before the maid comes to the door of the parlor and announces that lunch is served. The hostess should then lead the way to the dining-room and seat her guests, placing at her right hand the one she most wishes to honor. Lunch-cards and favors, while pretty, are not essential at a small lunch.

Lemon may be passed with the oysters, or a piece may have been laid on each plate. When the oysters or clams have been eaten and the plates removed, the bouillon is brought in, each cup and saucer set in a plate on which is laid a teaspoon. An ordinary sized teacup makes a good substitute for a regulation bouillon cup. The creamed lobster in its pretty scallop shells, or the crabs may be brought in, each on a plate by itself, but if smelts are served, each guest may be provided with a plate, and the fish passed, if this mode be preferred. The general preference, however, is to serve nearly everything from the side. Either method may be pursued with the meat course, but a vegetable should be passed.

Lettuce may be dressed on the table by the hostess. In that case the salad-bowl is passed by the waitress. The relishes, olives, nuts, etc., should be circulated about the table between the courses.

After the salad is eaten, the table should be cleared of every everything except the flowers, glasses, and dishes of bon-bons, and the cloth brushed.

The ice cream comes next, either in fancy shapes, or cut from a form, but served from the side. The cake is then passed. After this, a plate bearing a doyley, a finger bowl, a fruit-knife, and a fork should be placed in front of each guest, and the fruit passed. These plates need not be removed before the tiny after-dinner cups of coffee come in. Sugar and cream are served with the coffee, and at this time and during the fruit course the bon-bons receive their share of attention.

SALTED ALMONDS.

Shell, blanch and dry the almonds. To each cupful thus prepared, allow a large tablespoonful of good butter. Melt the butter in a tin pan, taking care that there is no black adhering to it that may discolor its contents. Stir the almonds into the melted butter, coating them well with it, and set the pan in a moderately hot oven, where the nuts will brown in about ten minutes. Shake and stir them often to prevent scorching.

When the almonds are a delicate, uniform brown, take them out and drain off all the butter that has not been absorbed. Sift fine salt over them, and toss them about in it until each one is well powdered. Set them aside in a dry place until perfectly cold. Before sending them to table the superfluous salt may be removed by shaking them gently in a colander.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION NO. V.

THE BOYS' ROOM.



ONCE upon a time it was the habit to relegate growing youth to the darkest, dreariest, coldest spot in the house. Anything was good enough for those known as "the boys" till they grew gray and had families of their own. Even yet in country places their rooms are often sunless and cheerless. Shabby furniture finds refuge upon carpetless floors, and bits of dingy cotton do service as curtains. No attempt is made to brighten the walls or provide homelike nooks for the restless lads who are forced to spend their leisure hours in the family sitting-room, or seek companionship upon the streets; with what results many an aching mother's heart can testify.

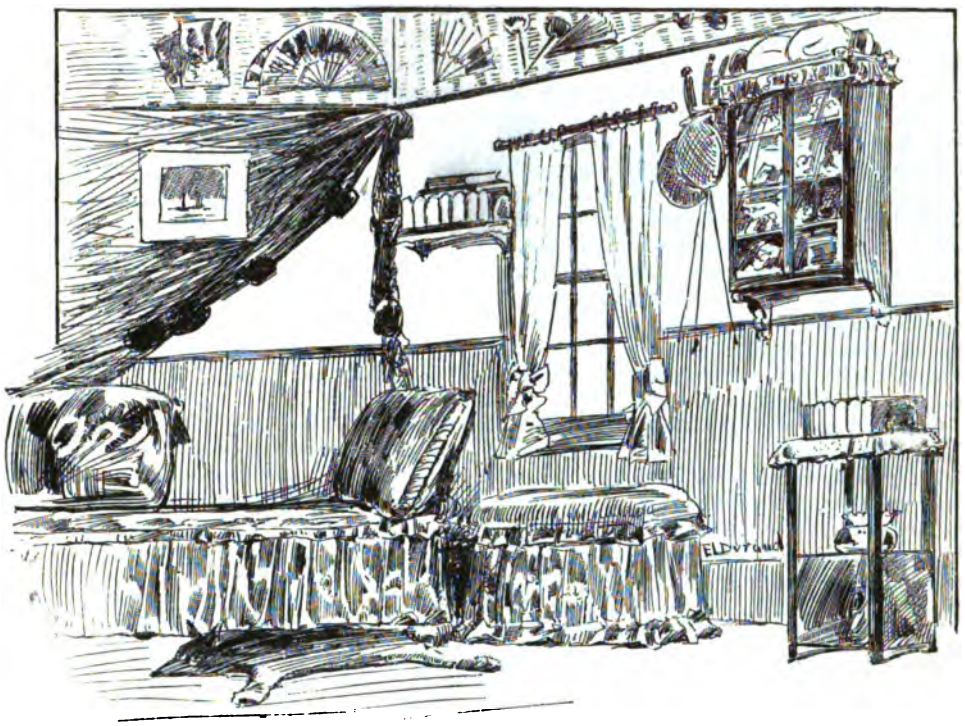
Furnishings must be provided for the son which the daughter can make for herself. With all his superiority of freedom, breadth and activity, he is powerless to make a pleasant refuge out of four bare walls with a hammer, nails, some dry-goods boxes, and a few yards of cheap cotton. Sister will transform a dingy chamber into a bower, while Brother, hardly knowing what is lacking, gazes about helplessly and wistfully, and keeps out of his room save when in bed.

Yet his are insistent tastes and wants, though they need ministering to by the feminine portion of the family. And what is the vocation of mother and sister but to do just that? What but to make home beautiful, and the boys' own room most attractive of all places within doors? To take from woman this dear privilege would be to rob life of its greatest charm.

If possible, each boy should have his own chamber, certainly his own bed. No room in the house should show more care in its adornment or be kept more neatly. Refinement and enervation are not synonymous, neither are manliness and coarseness. Then let the lad have light and space, and cabinets for bats, bugs, beetles, butterfly collections, botanical specimens, birds' eggs, or anything else that our burly, bumptions, blessed Boy with the big B, can beg, buy, borrow or bottle!

In the first place Boy wants a room of some character. None of Sister's faded delicate blues and pinks for him! For a striking, durable, yet inexpensive wall-hanging, the material known to the trade as blue denim may give satisfaction. Known of old as "blue jean," it is promoted to artistic uses and bears its honors well. Denim can be procured by the piece at ten or twelve cents per yard. It is three-fourths of a yard wide, and will outlast several generations of boys. Cut in lengths reaching from the dado or base-board to frieze, the breadths can be easily seamed together and secured under them at the top and bottom.

For the frieze there are a number of suitable materials from which to select. First there is the yellow, seamless Japanese matting. Enough will be needed, taken lengthwise, to go half way around the room. Cut it in two strips and fasten to the walls with the selvage close to the ceiling, leaving the cut edge to meet the denim; the picture moulding will conceal the joining. It may be separated into equidistant sections by gumming Japanese pictures to the matting, or by nailing on Japanese folding fans, either two with their bases attached, forming a circle, or each separately at various angles. Another is a "crazy cloth" having an ecru ground and blue figures, running also lengthwise about the room, often being attached to a back ground of strong paper.



In this case the wood-work should be painted a light yellow, and the same sunny hue should predominate throughout the furniture and decorations.

Where expense is not considered, a frieze of light terra-cotta red plush would give greater richness than anything else : with the wood-work to match and a glint of gold in the moulding, it would suit the most exacting youth. Still better would be a latticed frieze over a back ground of felt paper, the color a light and bright terra-cotta red. This is made by nailing together diagonally strips of wood an inch and a half wide and a quarter of an inch thick. They need to be far enough apart to make the diamonds about three inches wide and four or more long. The lattice may be painted a light bronze or a dull blue, a lighter hue than the denim. It is well to be particular about the frieze, since, with a solid wall, it is not only very noticeable, but it gives the key-note to the other decorations.

Whether terra-cotta or light yellow be used in the frieze and the wood-work, the same color, only in a deeper shade, must re-appear in the rug, though it be well covered in small figures in old blue, red and amber. An excellent rug can be made out of carpeting with a border of plain "filling," by cutting in two half the quantity needed to go around the centre. Sew the cut side to that, line the corners with burlaps and sew in weights of lead to keep them from turning up in that exasperating way which such corners are wont to have.

The flooring itself should be lightly stained with umber, and when dry should be given a coat of orange shellac. Right here it will be well to state that yawning unsightly cracks between floor-boards can be filled with a material hard as the wood itself. This is made by boiling into a paste one-half a pound of flour, three quarts of water, and one-half a pound of alum. Shred newspapers into small pieces and stir in enough to make a pulp as thick as putty. Forced into crevices with a case knife this paste hardens to the consistency of papier mache, of which, in fact, it is a species. It will take a stain like the boards, but a small quantity of umber may as well be added to the boiling pulp.

Curtains of yellow or terra-cotta Canton flannel, the color to accord with the frieze, may have a dado of dull blue, some eighteen inches from the bottom, which is simply finished with a broad hem. No dangling frippery or fringes are needed by our lad,

who chooses substantial decorations, and knows just what he wants, when it is in sight. Provide a fishing net, and he will drape it from the top of the door-casing to the corner of the room, looped at the upper end, loose at the lower. In the meshes are suitable places to attach pictures of his favorite yachts or sculls. In a diagonal nook is secured the larger portion of a small row-boat or canoe, prow uppermost, with the seats fastened in as shelves to hold books or those thousand dear incongruous treasures so necessary to a lad. Near by, on those crossed oars, attached to the wall, are bats and tennis caps and hats, and mayhap fishing poles and reels.

Chief among the substantial furnishings of the boy's room should be a book-case and writing desk, either combined in one, or, what is better, a separate case with the top about five feet from the floor. The top of the book-case affords opportunity for photographs, cabinets of minerals, and botanical specimens.

The rest of the furnishings should be stout, tasteful and plain. Under one of the windows may be a large broad divan for lounging. It is covered with blue denim, likewise the two square generous-sized pillows on which Boy will dream of a thousand impending adventures. These pillow-covers may be worked in outline stitch with yellow rope silk or Bagarene.

The divan itself, six feet long, two feet and a half wide, and sixteen inches high; if economy requires, may be made by Boy himself out of dry goods boxes or cheap lumber. The top, covered with webbing or woven wire springs like those of the bed, needs only a thin mattress of excelsior, and the cover will be enlivened if the seams are corded with the contrasting color of the room, either yellow or bright terra-cotta.

The bed, with a low straight head-board, has a spread of that thick material known to furnishers as Madras cloth, not muslin. One pattern having a ground of dull yellow, covered with raised arabesques in old blue, though made for hangings, is perfectly suitable for this purpose. It comes the right width, and is long enough to spread over both bed and pillows, allowing the fringe to turn back at the top.

Matching the shade of the dull yellow raised figures of the spread should be the felt covering of the large strong table; its ornamentation, two outlines of tulips in different tints of blue. Then there is a dressing-bureau with a scarf of yellow wrought with blue, while water jug and ewer show the same range of color. Furthermore, there is a shoe-box, a case for a whisk-broom, made of blue and yellow plush, another for slippers, a stool or hassock of convenient height, a bag for strings, a case for scissors, and above all, a closet containing both hooks and drawers, which at least once a week Boy is expected to put in perfect order.

In many cases objections will be made to the use of denim. A solid felt paper of that cadet blue, so pleasant and restful to the eye, will allow of pale yellow or cream and salmon, in decoration. A new felt paper lately introduced into the market shows pressed figures of a lighter tint of the same color, while the background is lightly sprinkled with tiny sparkles of what appears to be mica, and probably is. Without being gaudy the effect is peculiarly light and brilliant. It can be procured any depth of shade desired.

With this paper, denim hangings and bed-spread would be desirable. To take away its harshness it should be well scalded and rubbed. Fifteen inches from the bottom of the hanging cross it with a stripe of paler blue, twelve inches wide, worked in coarse outline stitch with yellow lilies or tulips. Encircle the spread with a conventionalized vine drawn first on one side and then on another of the half circumference of a dinner plate, and let the lily, tulip or pomegranate fill in the alternate half-circles. These lines may be worked in coarse yellow linen, or yellow silk may be used to couch on a large white cord. A magnolia blossom, shaded from the yellow centre to the white edge, is a suitable design for the frieze, in which case it might be repeated in one or two other decorations.

The chairs of Boy's room should be square, well made, low and heavy, rather than light, something in the Eastlake style, and without cushions or upholstery. In fact, either the colonial or Sixteenth Century fashion of bureau, dressing-case and bedstead would belong to such a room.

Hester M. Poole.

CARE OF THE TOILET. No. 3.



"ONE bit of advice!" said a very pretty girl to me, *apropos* of these papers "Tell the Average Girl how to wash her face."

Considering that hardly one in twenty knows how to do it properly, I shall go into detail on the subject, giving the results of a discussion concerning various methods. "Who shall decide when (beauties) disagree?" There is Patti, who says it has been years since water has touched her face, and every now and then one sees the well-known newspaper paragraph describing the old lady with a rose-leaf complexion who uses "nothing but a bit of dry flannel, my dear." I confess the idea makes me shiver! I should very much prefer following Amélie Rives-Chanler's example. That somewhat erratic, but certainly beautiful young creature goes out daily in all kinds of weather, and "allows the soft rains of heaven to kiss her upturned face." It does sometimes happen that one who "never touches water" has a beautiful complexion; but certainly this beauty is not the result of the "total abstinence."

Most women do not know how to take care of their complexions. They use indiscriminately hard water or soft, hot, cold or tepid; any kind of soap, at any time, and few skins will stand such treatment, especially in winter and in our changeable climate. What suits one face will not always suit another; but a few general rules should be observed.

First, don't use much soap on the face—once or twice a week should be sufficient ordinarily. Bathing the face night and morning should be often enough, and is not too often. Never use hard water for bathing, and never bathe just before going out into the open air. (Of course this does not apply to sea bathing.)

For myself, I find the most satisfactory way is to have plenty of soft water, hot, but not hot enough to burn. Bathe the face thoroughly, using the hands in preference to any sponge or cloth, rubbing gently, but firmly. Follow this up with a plunge into cold water, and dry perfectly with a soft towel. *Hot* water alone often makes the skin flabby and inclined to wrinkle. *Cold* water does not cleanse so thoroughly. As for *tepid* water, it is neither as cleansing as the hot, nor as tonic as the cold; and has no good effect that I know of, unless it be to stimulate one's determination not to be a "Laodicean."

If you *must* use hard water, add a little borax or a few drops of ammonia. If at all practicable, obtain distilled water for toilet use.

There are many who find cold water hardening to their skins. If you do not find the method suggested above adapted to you individually, try washing the face in very warm water for some minutes. Dry with a soft, warm towel, keeping the face completely covered with the towel till quite dry. In winter, especially, care must be taken to bathe in a warm room, and towels and clothing should be warmed and free from a suspicion of dampness. These seem trifles, but they are "trifles" which "help to make perfection."

A roughened skin may be greatly benefited by laving in warm water and rubbing gently with moistened oatmeal. Rinse with clear water, and before wiping rub on a little glycerine and rose water.

You may be sure of one thing—bathing is much less likely to injure your complexion than is the use of powders, washes, etc.

In cold or windy weather a veil is a great protection against cracking and roughening of the skin, but is more or less injurious to the eyes. Dotted veils are especially trying; one noted oculist going so far as to say that every dot of a lady's veil was worth five dollars to him. One of these days some pretty girl, with an eye for the picturesque, an American genius for the practical, and the courage of her convictions, is going to adopt and adapt the Eastern *yashmak*, and all the other girls will wonder why they never thought of it before. A long piece of gauze wound around the upper part of the head, brought in soft folds just below the eyes, and with another turn around the throat, has a most graceful and coquettish effect. Airy as it appears, it is a most efficient protection to forehead, face, ears and throat, and leaves the eyes free. It adds a new charm to a beautiful face, and softens the defects of a plain one.

A simple, perfectly harmless and usually beneficial wash for a pale face, is a teaspoonfull of benzoin in a glass of soft water. Use daily, and in a few weeks you will find a rose tint creeping into your pallid cheeks. A somewhat curious prescription is a diet of sorghum-seed meal ;—persisted in for several months it is said to deepen the tints of complexion and hair. I know nothing of this except upon hearsay evidence.

In England a simple and popular mode of renovating the skin is the rubbing of unsweetened gin into the pores at night. It is said to be very efficacious, though one pretty American, with her small nose in the air, declares it "cheap and nasty." Its associations are hardly such as would commend its use to a sweet, dainty girl. Fancy a lovely little *boudoir* and bedroom redolent of—not roses and violets, but—*gin!*

Just here, I want to say a word about crows-feet and wrinkles. Owing to ill-health, anxieties, or old age, wrinkles result from the absorption of the sub-cutaneous fat. The skin, once smooth, falls in lines and folds as the fat disappears. Two methods of treatment have been resorted to. One was to tighten the skin by means of various astringent applications—the later and better is the renewing of the wasted tissues. The late Dr. Kingsford advises the use of oil—olive or almond oil, rubbed gently in with the tips of the fingers. This should be done once or twice a day, for five minutes at a time. Rub across the wrinkles. A new discovery, said to be the best possible article for the purpose, is wool-fat, obtained from sheeps' wool. A sort of cold cream prepared from wool-fat and cucumber juice, is said to be simply invaluable for the prevention and removal of wrinkles. Experts say that it is more readily absorbed by the skin and hair than any other known substance.

"Cucumbers sliced in blue skim-milk" is an old, old prescription for removing tan and sunburn, and cucumber juice, heated to boiling, strained and bottled, is a favorite wash with many.

If you are afflicted with blackheads, pimples, etc., don't make bad worse by continual pressing and squeezing; this bruises the skin and increases the trouble. Strict attention to hygienic rules will sometimes effect the desired improvement. Various "certain cures" are advertised, but I warn you not to expect the best of them to do the work without your most careful attention to diet and scrupulous cleanliness. Rich pastry, heavy food, lack of exercise, and semi-occasional bathing, will produce undesirable results, which no external application will entirely remove.

Another thing you cannot afford to neglect is frequent changes of underwear. Everything worn during the day should be removed and aired at night. The night-clothes should be aired and sunned in the morning. One cannot over-estimate the importance of fresh air and sunshine. But remember, fresh air does not simply mean draughts. All cold air is not pure, nor is all warm air impure. I hope to speak of this in another paper.

More than one physician has spoken to me in strong terms of the "pernicious activity" of a certain paragraph which regularly appears with the earliest flowers of Spring. The recommendation of sulphur to secure a beautiful complexion. It is good in its place, but should never be used without the advice of your family physician. Its excessive use lowers the tone of the system, leaves one weak, with impoverished blood, an easy prey to a sudden attack of disease.

Another perennial newspaper prescription is charcoal taken in small doses to clear the skin. It is good, but care *must* be taken to follow it up with an aperient. Mustard seed is advised for this purpose, but simple as it seems, it is dangerous. The seeds may collect in a compact mass, causing intense pain, and even death, unless the obstruction is removed.

Charcoal is by many regarded as an excellent dentifrice, as it is very cleansing. An eminent dentist, whose opinion I asked recently, said very emphatically: "It is about the worst thing you could possibly use. Powdered charcoal is not a dust, but a mass of tiny wedge-shaped splinters. They work their way under the gum, where, instead of dissolving, they remain, loosening the gum by degrees. Tiny particles of food collect, a line of inflammation forms around the roots of the teeth; the condition of the mouth grows worse and worse. And the mischief of it is, that the unsuspecting person adds to the trouble under the mistaken impression that he is keeping his teeth clean."

How many of you ever examined bristles from an apparently clean hairbrush through a microscope? Those of you who have done so are probably more careful than ever before to keep brushes and combs in good condition. Have plenty of warm water,

with a tolerably strong solution of ammonia, or borax. Soap is apt to collect around the bristles at the back of the brush. Dip two brushes in far enough to cover the bristles, but don't wet the handles. Leave them in a few minutes, then rub briskly together till perfectly clean. Rinse with clear water. If the bristles are too soft, dip in a saturated solution of alum water; shake out, wipe with a soft towel, and stand on end to dry. Don't dry in the sun, or by a hot fire, as that warps and splits the backs. Lay the comb in the bowl, first on one side and then on the other. Wipe dry. Ivory or celluloid are most desirable for brushes and combs. Wood is almost certain to absorb moisture and odors, and retain dust, and is very hard to keep clean and sweet. Of course, stray hairs, etc., should be carefully removed at once after using. For a hair tonic, here is an English prescription: 1-2 oz. bitter apple (colocynth) steeped for three days in half a pint of Jamaica rum; strain and apply liquor two or three times a week, with a small sponge. The colocynth should not be powdered. It will slightly darken the hair, but is said to produce a vigorous growth when everything else fails. Three months should test its efficacy.

For the benefit of those who have danced till their little feet are blistered, or of those who are troubled with chafed and tender feet during the spring and early summer, this powder is recommended. Try dusting the soles of your feet, and between your toes with it each morning after bathing.

Three parts salicylic acid; 10 parts pulverized starch, and 87 parts powdered soapstone.

It heals chafed places, and relieves excessive perspiration. Talcum powder (silicate of magnesia) is also good. One young girl wants to know if there is any hope of deliverance from clammy feet. "Even in summer," she says, "my feet are cold and damp; in winter positively icy." I have never had that trouble in my life, but I shall give *Laura* and all who read this the benefit of another girl's experience. Until she was eighteen, she tells me, she never had comfortable feet in her life. At that time a bath-room was fitted up in the house, and she began taking daily baths. She had formerly considered once or twice a week quite sufficient. In a very short time she was surprised and delighted to find that her feet grew warm, and soft and rosy-white, as a young girl's feet should be. Defective circulation was at the bottom of the difficulty, as it is in the majority of cases.

Bathing, exercise, simple nutritious diet, open air, sunshine, regular hours for sleep—if we would only use these aids to health and beauty as they should be used, we would need no cosmetics, and might "throw physic to the dogs."

In conclusion, let me remind you, dear girls who want to be beautiful, of one of Ruskin's sayings. "You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will in the quickest and delicatest way improve yourself."

H. T. D.

A PRIVATE ART CLASS.



EARLY every week brings to the Editors of THE HOME-MAKER letters of inquiry from young women who are studying Art—some for Art's sake, others in the hope of maintaining themselves by the practice of it as a profession. Now and then, one asks how she, or he can put pictures upon the market. The majority desire to know what steps are to be taken in order to acquire a thorough artistic education. They have talent and long to cultivate it intelligently. The time has gone by when the friends of the rustic genius were confident of fame and fortune for him who "had never taken a lesson." Taste and ambition may be born in him. Skill must be learned—and at the expense of hard labor.

At least half of those who seek information as to classes and methods are averse to what one calls "instruction by contract."

They are willing to pay for private tuition, yet awake to the advantages of studio-appliances, such as models and the comparison of one student's work with another. There is nothing of the dilettante about these girls. They mean to do serious work, and are impatient to be about it. But they dread and their parents deprecate for them the possible associations of the large classes in "Institutes" and "Unions" almost, if not quite as much as the inevitable neglect of the shrinking novice, fresh from her distant home, and dependent for knowledge of drawing and color upon the few and general rules and criticisms that fall to her share as one of fifty pupils in a great painting-room.

To meet the needs of these would-be workers, several of our best New York artists have consented to serve private classes in this and neighboring cities. These are usually made up by mothers who wish to obtain the benefits of able tuition for their daughters, and to this end, are willing to have the class meet in their own homes. I know several accomplished young women of wealth and position whose studios are the most attractive apartments in their homes, and offer all the facilities of a professional *atelier* to the five or six friends who work within them under the direction of men as distinguished as Champney and Sartain.

Such students as a young girl who writes to me from Nova Scotia, and two others who push the same inquiries from a beautiful Texas home—have not the Open Sesame to these art-boudoirs. They crave the instruction which typifies to them the power of expression—*visible* thought and sentiment—and with it they would combine the quiet and seclusion congenial to women of refined tastes, and likewise favorable to the development of the gift which is in them.

To spare myself the time and pains that go to the writing of many letters, and to be of service to the interesting guild of learners and toilers aforesaid, I have requested permission to describe, as briefly as is consistent with justice, the one private Art-class with which I am most familiar—that of Mr. Walter Satterlee in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 50 East 23d St.

The painting-room is large and skilfully lighted, and presents the usual artistic *mêlange* of casts, draperies, lay-figures and the like, but in unusual order and scrupulous neatness. The hours for the girls' class are from 9.30 A. M. to 12.30 P. M. for five days in the week. Pupils can also work on Saturday, if they wish to do so. Should they desire to begin the day's tasks as early as 8.30 A. M. and prolong their labors until 1.15 P. M. the privilege is granted to them. If a good model can be engaged for six days on a stretch, they often take him or her for that time, rather than lose a day. The class-room and Mr. Satterlee's studio in the same building are closed on Sunday.

All the drawing is from models; first from casts, then from still-life. There is no copying from the flat surface. The course can be taken from the rudimentary lines to the perfected painting from life, the master giving his personal supervision to each stage.

The quiet and decorum preserved in the room are invariable. While the model is on duty, silent attention is the rule. While the model rests, the students may leave their easels, stroll about the room, compare copies, and chat freely. The grave courtliness of the principal, and the efficient management of his gentlemanly lieutenant, have given tone and ardor to the place and work.

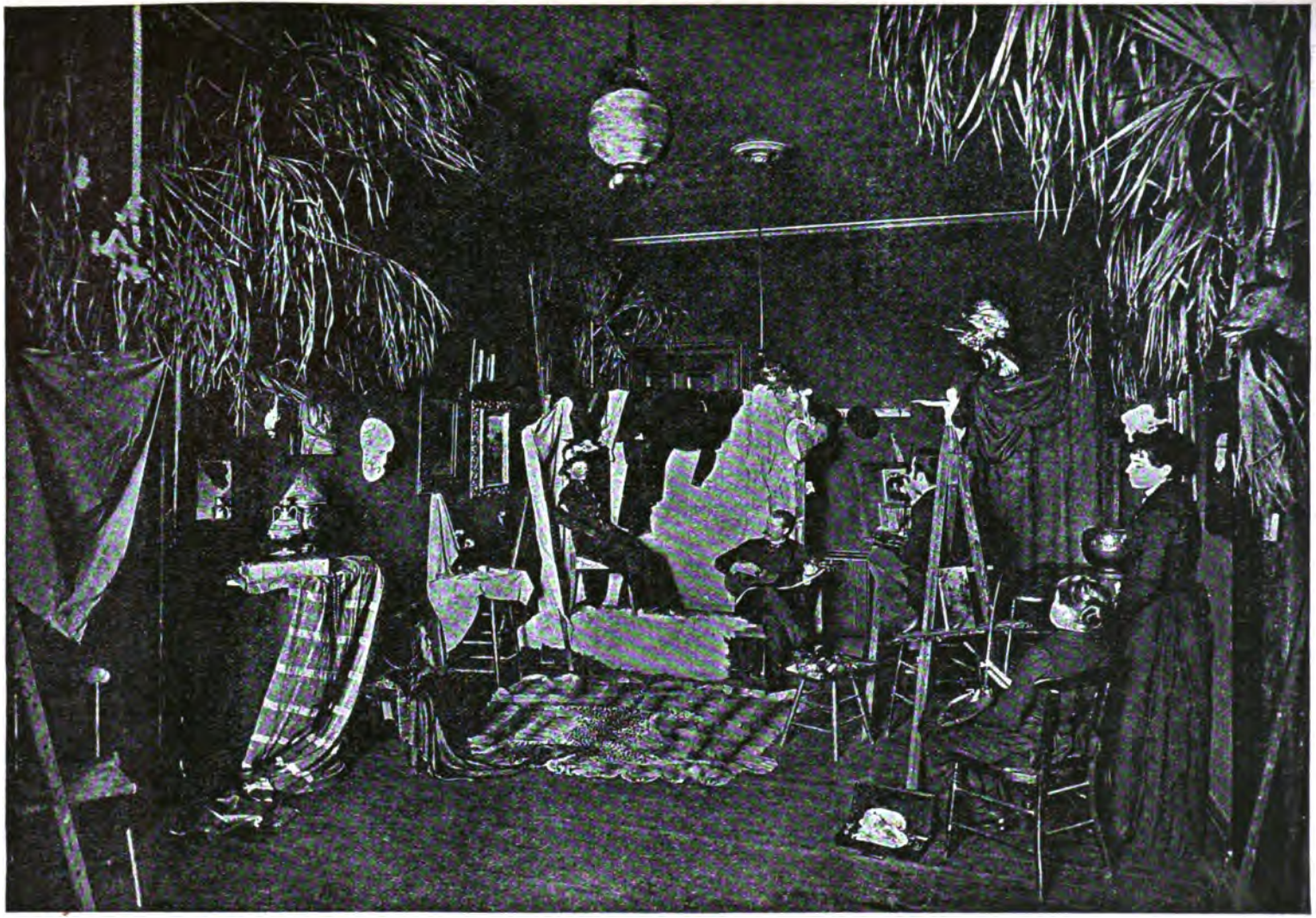
Upon presenting herself for the first time, the pupil is furnished with a list of articles requisite for an outfit, and directions as to their purchase. After her enrolment and entrance upon the duties of the course, supplies are furnished upon application to the custodian.

Tuition is given in crayons, water-colors, and oils, as desired.

There are illustrative class-anecdotes of the order of untaught geniuses to which allusion was made just now, whose disdain of preliminary practice and presumptuous leaps into color resulted in disasters that serve as beacons to succeeding generations of learners. A memorial of "painting without a master" is preserved in a portrait (!)—gamboge-vermillion in complexion, with bloated cheeks, bulging, unspeculative eyes, and a blue fez, the result of ten days' faithful labor. The converted aspirant betook herself after the achievement to the humbler walks of black-and-white, straight lines, cubes and curves, and wrought therein to such effect as to become an apt and graceful draughtswoman.

The classes for young men are held from 1.30 to 4.30 P. M.

The one need of the system of instruction I have sketched is a Boarding-Home, modestly-elegant, safe and pleasant, and under such chaperonage as would justify parents in trusting their young daughters to spend the period of their tuition in the city without other guardianship. The conventional boarding-house kept by the reduced gentle-



PRIVATE ART CLASS.

woman, or promoted chambermaid, whose common end and aim are money-making, is so miserable a substitute for the abodes our lovers of the beautiful have left, as to dishearten many from the enterprise.

Here is a field for Home-making to which our thoughtful readers would do well to turn their attention. The motherly housewife, refined, intelligent, quick to sympathize with the young, and wise in counsel, who longs for "sphere," or "mission," which, being interpreted, mean room and opportunity to do the best work of which she is capable for herself, her kind and God, may find a "leading" in this suggestion of a felt and unsupplied Want.

Marion Harland.



CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS OF THE HOME-MAKER:

Will you kindly answer the following questions in your Correspondence column?

Question No. 1—What are the essential requisites of a good story? On what kind of paper should it be copied, and how arranged for the press? What periodical is most kindly disposed to young writers? I know the story is accepted, or rejected, on its merit or demerit; but what I mean is, what periodical will be most likely to deal fairly with me?

Question No. 2—I have a friend who is an artist, w o originates, and copies from Nature and Art. She is anxious to make something with this talent of hers, as she is in need. How can she bring her work before the public?

DANVILLE, VA. *A Subscriber.*

1.—It is hard to name "the essential requisites of a good story." A fresh plot, careful handling of characters, well-managed conversations, and the finish that can only come with practice are among the main points to be studied.

The MS. should be copied on one side of firm paper, with good ink, or, better still, by type-writer. The title, headings of chapters, paging, division of paragraphs, etc., should all be carefully done. So far as the editors of THE HOME-MAKER know, any magazine in regular standing gives each MS. sent it a fair examination, and accepts or rejects it on merit alone. As a matter of course, many magazines are so crowded with matter that they are obliged to decline even good stories.

2.—Original work is of value for reproductive purposes. Prang, of Boston, and Wirth Bros., 332 Broadway, are the most extensive purchasers of works of this sort. Of course, artistic and good originals may be put on sale in many picture shops. Copies usually have value more for decorative purposes than any other; such work may be adapted to menus and dinner cards, folios, blotters, and other trifles in the fancy goods line, and then offered to any of the stat[illegible] ers or to the "Woman's Exchange" "Decorative Art Society" of New York, or of any other city where such establishments exist.

HOME-WORK FOR HOME-MAKERS

By Mrs. Mary C. Hungerford.

Trophies.—A Simple Lamp Shade.—Upholstery at Home.—Knitted Quilt.—A Yacht Curtain.

Trophies.



WHEN amateur athletic games are arranged among the energetic young men at summer resorts, it seems to be difficult to choose appropriate trophies for the winners. One of the most satisfactory I have seen is a silk flag bearing the name of the place and the year; for, after all, the value of the prize lies in its power to revive the memory of pleasant days. The young ladies who champion the contestants can be put to work making the flags on cool piazzas, and will find the task a very pleasant sort of fancy work. The flags should be cut in the pretty pennant shape adopted by yachts, with the sides sloping narrower toward the floating end, which is divided into two points. Choose a good quality of silk of plain weave, in yellow, red or blue, and for one flag cut two pieces just alike, one for the face and one for lining. Then from silk of another color cut the letters and figures desired for the legend. Before cutting the silk, make good paper patterns of both flag and letters. Playbills or other large advertisements will furnish patterns for the latter.

When cutting, allow a very narrow seam all around, and then with the utmost care arrange the letters and baste them firmly in place. Choose white silk letters for the blue flags, and black for the yellow and red. After so much is done, give the work into the hands of the young lady whose needle is the most skilful and neat, and let her button-hole the letters down, all around the edges, with small even stitches. When this nice task is ended, run the flag and lining together on all sides except the end which will be attached to the stick. Turn, and neatly over-hand the open end, then tack carefully on to the stick, using small gimp tacks for the purpose. The sticks cannot well be of home manufacture, but may be readily obtained of a flag maker. Those of varnished wood, with fancy top, are the prettiest. If it is desired, the word Victor, or some other equally appropriate, may be used instead of the name of the place. Our own national flag is always dear to our loyal American eyes, and might be used in place of the kind described above. It is very simply made of alternating widths of red and white taffeta ribbons over-handed together, with the blue field of sash ribbon. The stars (the original thirteen are enough) should be of white silk, couched or button-holed on. To cut a perfect five-pointed pattern seems at first difficult, but history tells us that when our flag was originated, the star was cut by a woman who folded a bit of paper and with one clip of the scissors produced the required design. Try it for yourself. I have, and have met with success, but find the method difficult to explain. Take a square bit of paper, fold once through the middle: regard the centre of the folded line as the centre of the coming star, and fold the paper four times, the lines ranging from the middle; then cut the top on a long slant, open the paper, and you have the star. If this method fails, reverse it by making even a rudely shaped star, and fold it into an isosceles triangle with the base longer than the sides. That may give you the clue.

A Simple Lamp Shade.

Since lamps play so important part in the decoration of homes, ingenuity has exerted

itself to provide beautiful shades for them. A very simple kind, yet one that is effective and novel, is made by covering a plain yellow porcelain shade with a deep flounce of gathered lace. Around the top is tied a half-width of deep yellow surah, with a sewing-silk fringe across the ends. It is tied in a simple but generous bow-knot, which is spread out to cover one half of the shade. The same idea is equally pretty carried out in old rose, or cardinal red.

Upholstery at Home.

The Shaker rockers, as they are most improperly called, which we buy for ninety cents a-piece and use for one summer upon the piazza and throw away because of broken splints and decrepit rockers, can be successfully treated by the home worker and made to fill an important part in house furnishing.

One of the old chairs thus transformed and promoted to an honored place in the sitting room was deprived of its broken-down rockers and the badly damaged splints which had made the seat. A new seat was made by sewing strong duck across the bars which had held the splints. A loose cushion stuffed with hair was made of ticking, and tacked down upon the duck.

The back, which was ingeniously made uncomfortable by wooden slats, was also supplied with a hair cushion, tacked down in many places, and well secured to the slats. Across the top of this cushion was sewed one of the broad steels used for dress extenders; without this support, the cushion would sag in the middle after the fashion of most home made upholstering. The outer cover, which made the chair beautiful, was made of pale blue sateen, ornamented with Edelweiss flowers scattered on full face without either stems or foliage.

The woolly surface of the Alpine snow flower was well imitated by cutting the petals from cream white felt, or broadcloth, and fastening them down with white silk in outline stitch. The centre must be worked with olive silk in French knots. If a pattern for the Edelweiss cannot easily be procured, dogwood blossoms applied in the same way, and of the same material, would be very pretty in their place. At some fancy stores the dogwood flowers are sold already cut out for applying. The white cotton velvet of which they are made shows soil so quickly, however, that, while they are still fastened to the cardboard upon which they are sold it is a good plan to dust them with pale pink powder, such as is sold for wax work, rubbing it in lightly with the finger. The shade should be of the lightest, or the flower will have an unnatural look.

Knitted Quilt.

This is made in squares, and may be done with white cotton or with gray Barbonis thread if a white quilt is objected to. When made of gray it can be bordered with blue or red watered ribbon one inch wide, and a large bow of sash ribbon the same shade can be set upon the upper end in the centre, or if the quilt is made long enough to cover the pillows, the large bow can be high enough to rest upon them. The quilt need be only just wide enough to reach over the mattress without tucking in, and if white, may be edged with knitted lace. The squares, of which the quilt is made, are all alike, and after they are done they must be neatly sewed or crocheted together.

Use four needles and cast on eight stiches, calling in the aid of a fifth needle in knitting.

First round:—Purl all the stitches.

Second round:—* make one, knit one plain, make one, one plain, repeat from * to end of round.

Third round:—Purl.

Fourth round:—* Make one. Knit in the next stitch one plain, one purl. Make one, three plain, Repeat from *.

Fifth round:—* One plain, two purl, one plain, three purl. Repeat from *.

Sixth round:—* Make one, one plain, two purl, one plain, make one, three plain. Repeat from *.

Seventh round:—* Two plain, two purl, two plain, three purl. Repeat from *.

Eighth round:—* Make one, two plain, two purl, two plain. Make one, three plain. Repeat from *.

Ninth round:—* One purl, two plain, two purl, two plain, four purl. Repeat from *.

Tenth round:—* Make one, one purl, two plain, one purl, make one, three plain. Repeat from *.

Eleventh round:—* Two purl, two plain, two purl, five purl. Repeat from *.

Work sixteen more rounds in the same manner as described in two last rounds, until, in the twenty-seventh round, there will be twenty-nine stitches on each needle.

Twenty-eighth round:—* Alternate thirteen times; make one, knit two together,

plain. Then make one, three plain. Repeat from *.

Twenty-ninth round:—Purl.

Cast off all the stitches witout drawing in the edge, iron the square on the wrong side and join to the other squares.

A Yacht Curtain.

A CURTAIN or valance, for a berth on a yacht, is one of the pretty gifts appropriate to fortunate owners of boats. It is really difficult to find in the field of fancy-work anything that a man will actually use, even after saying "How beautiful that is;" but any yachtsman will appreciate a pretty protection for his "bunk." The measurement for the curtain must, of course, be procured from the boat, and then some extra width added for fullness. The material should be pongee or other wash-silk. Finish with a deep hem-stitched hem, and ornament with any pretty design in rope-silk. The most appropriate patterns are those of a nautical character, such as anchors, with a running design of rope between, and this could be easily drawn by any one with a little skill in designing.

ADVICE COLUMN.

FURNISHER.—You can procure worsted furniture gimp for edging desks, tables, etc., with glue on the back which you will only have to moisten with a sponge to make fast without tacks. I have not made use of it myself, but have frequently seen it.

Mrs. B. D.—A frieze of plain dark brown paper with a rail above it would look well with your fawn and light pink paper. As your room has a cornice, do not put a border on the wall, but stain the moulding brown, and if there is a cove in the cornice, put a narrow pink flowered border in that. Tint your ceiling a very faint pink.

Elise B., Charlestown.—If you do not wish to use your old-fashioned stand as it is, have a carpenter make a plain top for it of any size you like, cover this with felt turned under and glued down, set a row of plain brass nails, the largest size that comes, closely around the edge. Put a row of much smaller ones an inch and a half from the edge, letting the row cross at each corner and run quite to the edge. This brass decoration will look betler with thc brass drawer handles and brass feet, than the fringe or lambrequin you ask about.

Edna.—Look in the Advice Column of June number of The Home-Maker for your answer.

Mrs. M.—I am glad you found the suggestions useful. Yes; your pale, wide Roman sash might be very handsomely draped on your mantel. Do not try to make it do duty as a whole lambrequin, but loop it gracefully on one side of the mantel.

F. C. F.—There is no objection to using breadths of an old silk dress to make bookcase curtains, if the color is suitable. If the silk is stiff, dampen and pull it diagonally across to take out some of the stiffness, as soft draperies are the most graceful and desirable.

Country Girl.—The day of crazy quilts is certainly past—you are right about that. Do not waste your time making another. Yes, even a knitted quilt is better, because it can be used freely and can be washed when it is soiled. Either in this issue or in one of the early Autumn ones, there will be a rule for knitting a quilt.



OUR BABY

FOUR AND EIGHTY-FOUR.



PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

Little Rachel, sweet and fair,
Standing by Great-grandma's chair,
  Closely watches how the shining needles fly.
In and out they swiftly go,
Round and round each circling row,
  "Gran'ma teach me how to do it by-and-by."

Such a tiny little maiden!
Soft brown eyes with wonder laden,
  Tossing curls that frame the little earnest face.
Wonder-eyes, can you discover
How the yarn goes back and over,
  And the glancing needles fly from place to place?

What thro' Grandma's mind is flitting
As she sits there, slowly knitting?
  Do the fourscore years unravel one by one,
Until all the vacant spaces
Slowly fill with vanished faces,
  And with voices of the loved ones long since gone?

Looking over life's long story,
Near its close, a golden glory
  Seems to make the darkest pages heavenly bright.
It was hard to learn their meaning,
But God's promise intervening
  Gently said, "At evening time it shall be light."

And how gladly would she borrow,
Some fair spell to shield from sorrow
  And from danger, this beloved little one!
But the trustful eyes, upturning,
Cannot read this love and yearning,
  Life's to her a fairy tale but just begun.

Laura Le Balyard.

THE BABY AND THE BOTTLE.

FIRST, of course, the baby, and then, almost as a necessary sequence, the bottle; for in the majority of cases, Nature has not been so generous to American women that they can afford to get along without that useful article.

But it is not so much the bottle as what goes into it that is a matter of importance, although there is a choice even in bottles, and the simplest is by all odds the best.

As for what you put into it and what your baby takes out, that is something on which his health and life depend.

Probably there is no food so nearly perfect for the "bottle baby" as asses' milk, and in London there is a company which makes a business of raising asses, in order to furnish their customers with the milk, which is universally admitted to be the best and safest for young children. But to obtain this is, in most communities, practically impossible.

If there is no kindly and maternal ass at hand, then the next best thing is a pair of goats, fastened to a stake in your back yard. The mother who can command the services of these useful animals is to be envied, for the milk of the goat is much better suited to the stomach of a young infant than cow's milk, and if you are the proud possessor of a moderate sized grass-plot, an inexpensive pair of goats will furnish all the food your baby needs for the first six months of his existence.

Where cow's milk is to be used, it is a matter of the most vital importance that the animal which furnishes it should be fed on the best of grain, and that it should not only be well fed, but that it should live in a well ventilated stable, and be kept free from dirt.

Even a small particle of filth, so small as to be invisible, will taint the milk and give the baby an attack of colic.

The feeding of cows on brewery grain has, no doubt, caused the death of many a helpless infant who has no language but a cry in which to give expression to his griefs.

If your milkman feeds his animals on grain of this kind, or if on inquiry you have any reason to suspect that his stables are uncleanly and unhealthy, then as you value the life and comfort of your offspring, go elsewhere for the food which is for him the very breath of life.

Sometimes the mischief done by improper food is not always instantly apparent. The digestive organs are taxed beyond their strength from one day to another—the child worries, perhaps, but manages to live, for the instinct of life is strong—then all at once his powers of digestion give way, the sensitive brain becomes affected, and there is another empty cradle and another sorrowing Rachel in the land.

To a casual observer all babies look alike, but the mothers know that they differ as widely as the rose from the violet, and the doctors know that their stomachs are as different as their faces.

What suits one child is not always well adapted to another, and it often happens that a proper dietary can only be determined by long and painful experiments.

Sometimes the upper part of the milk, after it has been allowed to stand for several hours, is found to be more easily digested, when properly diluted, than the lower portions. But it does not fellow, as is often supposed, that the larger the proportion of water to milk the better. Two parts of water to one of milk is generally a safe rule to begin on, but the amount of milk should be gradually increased. The water simply distends the stomach, and the child is filled without being nourished.

"Blessed is the baby that has no nurse," said a wise old physician. "When the mother acts as nursery maid, she is sure to be conscientious, if ignorant, and ignorance can be enlightened; but for a want of conscience, I have no remedy."

When the baby cries, the ordinary nursery girl flies for the bottle, as the simplest and easiest way to pacify his woe, but the child is quite as apt to cry from the pain which follows over-eating as from hunger,

A baby should be well nourished, but not stuffed. Compared to the weight of its body, an infant takes daily a larger amount

of food than a grown man, and in order to provide material for the development of tissue, which is all the time taking place, this is necessary.

But there should be seasons of absolute rest, and at three months old a child should be able to go from nine o'clock at night till five or six in the morning without eating. To feed the child too frequently is to overburden the machinery and to defeat your own ends.

We have all known, since the days of Solomon, that to train up a child in the way he should go is no trifling task, but we have only of late years begun to realize that it requires equal intelligence simply to feed the infant man in such a way that he shall be worth training when he emerges from infancy to childhood.

Annette Hills.

A BABY'S NIGHT-BAG.

My babies have all been veritable "kickers." After trying sundry devices for securing their wee legs during the night hours, the above garment suggested itself to me.

I took some old crib-blankets, sewed them on the sides and at one end, leaving the other end open, thus making a bag. Into this bag I slid master baby, drawing it closely round him behind, and pinning it in front in three large plaits to his robe night-dress. This allowed a fulness in case it was necessary to diaper. His surprise was sudden and complete when he found his pink toes "bagged," but he had no more colds from that kind of exposure. I could rest in peace, knowing that even if the coverings were off, there was little danger of chill in the warm bag.

The night-bag here shown is a development of the original idea, and is a perfect success. The upper part of a robe night-dress serves as pattern for the first half. Make it down to the hips and finish around the bottom with band and buttons. It may be of cotton or flannel, as the time of year or the constitution of the child may indicate.

Then take a piece of flannel, not less than twenty-seven inches in width, and about a yard and a half in length. Fold, and sew up at the sides, leaving one end open. Face the open end, and make button-holes in such a way that plaits can be buttoned over for the requisite fulness in front. This affords plenty of room for vigorous little legs, and is much preferable to "panty" night-dresses during the diaper age.

Libbie Adams Turner.

OUR LITTLE ONE.

Oh, little face! sweet, baby face,
That ne'er again through long, long years,
Will come to me with winsome grace,
With happy eyes, or childish tears;
This marble, motionless repose,
This deep, calm sleep, I could not bear,
But that I deemed the heavenly smile,
Placed on thy lips by angels fair,
Forever more would linger there.

Oh, little hands! dear, dimpled hands,
So fondly held, so oft caressed,
Or guided in their busy play—
Now clasped together, laid to rest;
My heart could not endure this loss,
This darkened world, this changeless night,
But ever, tiny hands, I know
Unchanged will be your spotless white,
Pure as the crystal rays of light.

Oh, little feet! small, noiseless feet,
That patter, patter never more,
Or run to meet me as I come,
All little, eager errands o'er—
Never to press the rugged paths
That many weary ones have trod;
All undefiled, the little feet
We laid with tears beneath the sod,
Are treading now the fields of God.

Oh, little, pulseless quiet heart!
Forever from life's burdens freed,
Untouched by pain, unsoiled by sin,
Never to throb, or ache, or bleed;
I would not call you back again,
Back from your calm, unbroken rest,
For steals into my soul's hushed depths—
As silent prayer, as spirit blest—
A whisper soft, "God knoweth best."

Elizabeth Pease.



POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS RELATING TO HEALTH.

PART II.

WRITTEN CHARMS.

Among the popular superstitions of the day the charm or written amulet has little place. It seems to have been laid aside, with magic, as such. Now and then some old woman will return to a physician who has prescribed for her to offer grateful thanks for a cure, which has been the result of wearing the written prescription tied around her neck for several days.

The most mystical of all the written amulets, is the abracadabra ; it was found as powerful as the modern faith cures. It was sure cure for the fever and ague. Hear what "Mr. Banester sayth that he healed 200 in one yere of an ague by hanging *Abracadabras* about the necks, and would staunch the blood or heal the tooth ake although the parties were 10 mile off."

The letters comprising the word were so written that, reading from the apex on the right and up the left side, the same word would be given at the top :

ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABR
ABRACADAB
ABRACADA
ABRACAD
ABRACA
ABRAC
ABRA
ABR
AB
A

Printed with a pin on peel of apple, and eaten by a man who had fits, it would cure him.

The superstitions we have so far considered are those which have come down to us by tradition, and, as has already been said, those that survive show the permanent record, which can be carried on from century to century by handing down from generation to generation certain sayings ; the religious superstitions which were the basis have been wiped out by increasing intelligence, but the folk-lore remains, and, because harmless, amusing, and in a manner appealing to a primordial instinct, we cling still to the fantastic notions which have so long been the property of the human race. Passing from the array of popular superstitions which have this origin, we come to a large class which arise in an entirely different manner.

PECULIAR DISEASES DEMAND PECULIAR REMEDIES.

The diseases which have given rise to the greatest number of superstitions, are those which are oftentimes most puzzling to the medical scientist, and which are from their nature uncertain and varying in their course and duration, which come suddenly and disappear as suddenly, among such are epilepsy, cramps, convulsions,—ague, toothache, rheumatism, and gout. Every one knows legions of peculiar ways of disposing of warts; teething and measles, which every child must undergo, has appealed to the populace, and they have tried to prepare a golden road. Cancer, the great dread of many, has not suggested so many remedies as theories of causation, among the most famous of which are pork and tomatoes.

The hair, the nails, and the saliva have been regarded as all powerful in certain affections. A lady vouches for the following as a cure for headache :

"Cut a lock of hair from the head and place it in a running brook between two stones, so that the ends of the hair will flow with the stream." The hair of animals, as of the black cat, and black dog, are useful in many infirmities.

Some negroes say that when one is angry

with the other and wants to harm him, he simply gives him a drink of water in which there is a fine hair from a child's head. This hair grows and grows in the stomach until it becomes a snake, which eats all the food that enters the stomach, thereby causing the patient to starve to death. If one finds he has such a snake, if he will take into his stomach another hair it will also turn into a snake and devour snake number one. The first one will turn into a hair again and pass upward out of the mouth and again turn into a snake and haunt the home of the angry person who so tried to harm his neighbor.

The following is a quaint old superstition which still obtains among the European peasantry as a cure for all sorts of ague.

"Pare patient's nails when the fit is coming on, put them in a bag of fine linen or sarsenet, and tie that around the neck of a live eel, which is to be put in a tub of water; the eel will die and the patient will recover; if dog or hog eat the eel they will die."

The saliva was among the most effectual means of averting the evil eye. Spitting was used in exorcism and incantation. It cured epilepsy, and the ancients believed that anxiety of mind could be dispelled by applying saliva behind the ear with the tip of finger.

The following is a rhyme of the Middle Ages characteristic of many of the repeated, especially the last two lines:

"Foot, foot, foot is fast asleep,
Thumb, thumb, thumb in spittle we steep.
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for thieves and one for Christ Jesus."

A remedy, when I was a child, for sideache which came from running was to stop and solemnly turn over a stone and expectorate upon it, and carefully return it to its place. I have no doubt this remedy is still practised by New England country children to this day. It was an excellent remedy, as it made us stop running and keep quiet for a time.

The superstition about the caul is very prevalent, especially in England, and is also of very ancient origin. Besides bringing luck to its possessor and to sailors, it has medical virtues as well.

CRIMINALS AND GRAVE-YARDS.

Criminals and grave-yards have been pressed into service among the very ignorant and superstitious. The halter of a criminal was considered sure cure for a headache. In England, even in the early part of the century, the practice which was entitled "rubbed for wens" took place at the executions of criminals at Newgate.

Men, women and children afflicted with wens and tumors were taken by the executioner into the scaffold, elevated so as to be seen by the populace, after the criminals had been turned off, when the hands of the dead culprit were moved back and forth for two minutes on the affected part. The result would be a cure, so the historian tells us.

Think of the ingenuity that invented a "cephalic snuff," as a headache cure, made from powdered moss which grew on the human scull.

The Southern negroes aver that rheumatism can be cured by going to the last-made grave in a grave-yard at midnight and filling the left shoe and right side pocket full of earth from the grave. The lady also tells the story:—"My father once owned a negro who really was badly crippled with swollen joints. He was a most cowardly fellow, and two other negroes told him of this remedy, and also told him if he did not go at the hour named they would tie him there in the grave-yard all night. His prayers for mercy were of no avail and, he went to the grave, got the earth, and strange as it may seem, the swelling and pains left him to return no more."

Rings made from coffin screws and hinges are especially efficacious for cramps and such things. Nails are always spoken of as useful in regard to health. They were probably introduced, as were all the implements of the crucifixion, in the time of the early Christians.

SUPERSTITIONS RELATING TO ANIMALS, ETC.

These are legion, both of the past and present. The cat, the animal of the witches, figures largely. The black cat's fur, every one knows, is good for rheumatism. The black cat's tail is a cure for sore eyes.

Many people believe that a cat will "suck a baby's breath," and must be kept out of the room when the baby is asleep.

Dogs, bats, moles, ewes, swallows, owls, snakes' tongues, horns, tooth of a wolf, bones of quaint animals are among the most potent of these.

The parings of the owl's claws are of great use to a Russian after death, since they help him to clamber up the steep sides of the hill which leads to heaven.

The following has been sent me, which is

vouched for as a popular cure to the present day:

Take some of the hair of a *black* dog (always a *black* dog, remember) and burn it on the blade of an ax, and then swallow the ashes mixed with the blood of a *white* hen. I have seen more then one helpless child choking and "gagging" over doses of this delectable mess, and I don't doubt that children are rebelling over this mixture to this day in that neighborhood, for a firm belief in such superstitions does not readily give way to reason and common sense.

We are told that the favorite prescription of Chinese doctors is compounded of dried cats' eyes and ground lions' feet.

The left foot of a rabbit, a darkey finds, if kept in his pocket during the day and under his bed at night, will keep him from fever, which he knows is impending from the fact that he has awakened in the morning feeling sore and stiff, which is a sure sign that the "hants" or witches have been riding him through marshes during the night; unless the precaution of the rabbits' foot is taken he would be very ill, and maybe left as a cripple.

Frogs have been considered very powerful in many diseases, since ancient times, "eye of newt and toe of frog" were in all the witches' medicine chests. Bones taken from the horned toad, and the rattlesnake's rattle, inspire such a sense of protection from the contagion of yellow fever that the negroes of the South will hug the corpses when thus protected, when otherwise they would be overcome with fear.

The powder of burnt toad was considered most efficacious a couple of centuries ago—this was probably a legitimate outcome of the esteem in which the toad was held in the days of Caterina Sforza, who gives the following receipt of how to obtain the "precious jewel in his head:"

"Take a toad of those which have a red head, place him in a cage upon a piece of scarlet cloth, and early in the morning set it in the rays of the rising sun, and you must let him remain there three hours, and at the end of that time he will cast forth his stone, which has three virtues:

"1st. It is a specific against poison.

"2d. It will staunch blood.

"3d. When a horse is in great pain, grate some of the stone and make him drink it.

"She might have added that it would also protect her from the evil eye."

PECULIAR ACTS WHICH ARE SUPPOSED TO RELIEVE DISEASES.

What I mean by peculiar acts which may relieve diseases, receives abundant illustration in an English prescription for the cure of colic, namely: "to stand on one's head for a quarter of an hour.

The following was given me by the Southern lady already referred to. I quote her own graphic description:

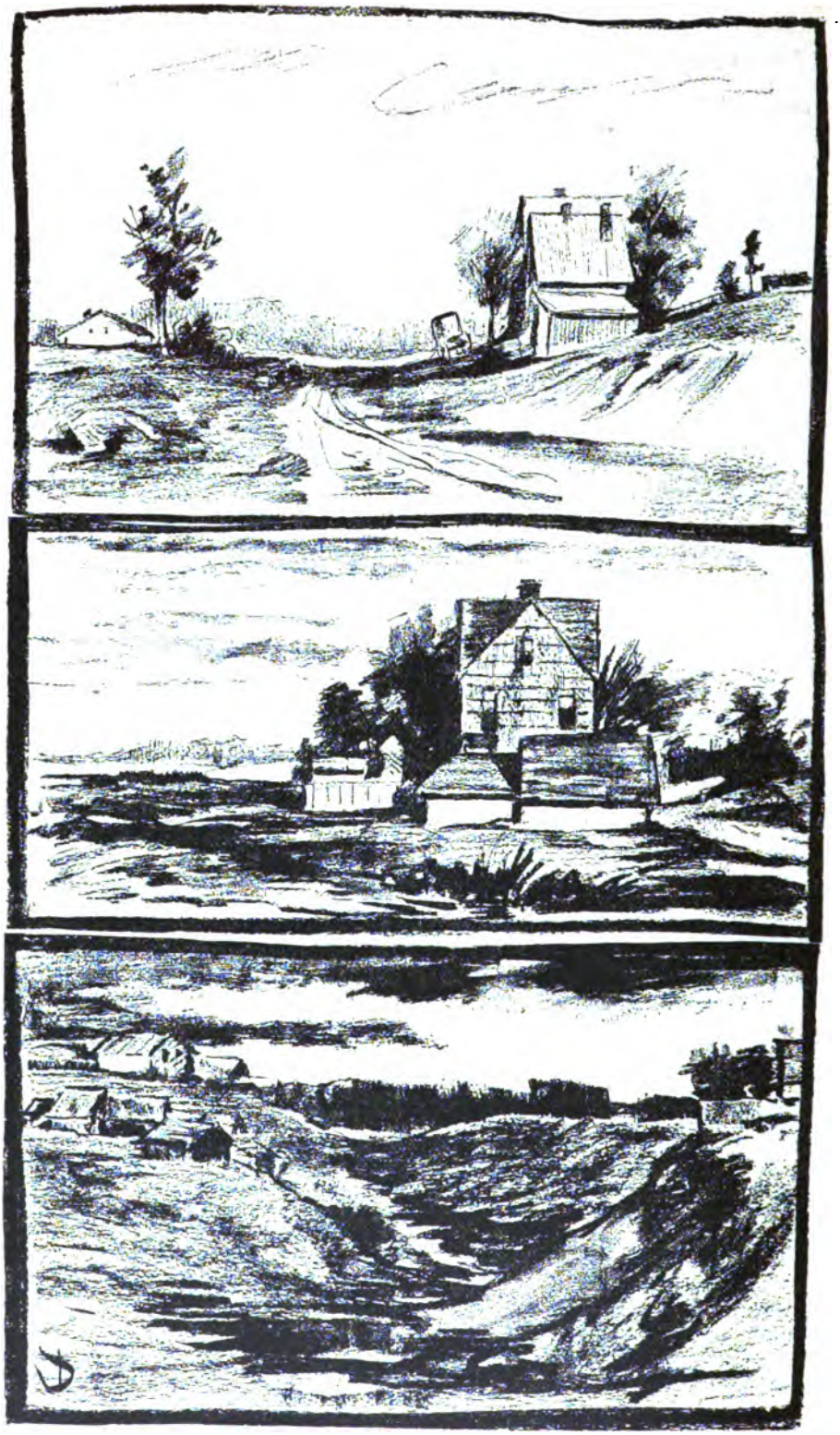
"I have often heard my old mammy tell how she could always get rid of the toothache in this wise: 'When I have the toothache I always take hold of the ear on the same side the tooth is, and while I slap the lobe of the other ear between my thumb and forefinger, I think of some one I hate, and say when he next speaks of me, 'If he says something good may good betide him, if bad, may the devil ride him,' and she would add, 'and I tells you, honey, I allers found that very pusson had had my toothache when I next saw dem.'"

Contrast this with the following account of cure for the whooping cough; the writer who sent it to me says:

"My grandfather had a grist mill in the country when I was a boy living in the same neighborhood. One winter the whooping cough raged among the children. The disease was very severe in almost every case, and the sole treatment given to more than one little sufferer was to bring him or her to grandfather's mill twice each week, and have the sick child shaken in the *wheat* hopper over two buns. I emphasize the word "wheat," because it would have been of no avail to have put the child into the *corn* hopper. I firmly believe now that more children were killed than were cured by this method of treatment, for it was a very severe winter, and some of the children were brought long distances in all kinds of weather.

"I remember one old man who brought a half-grown, crippled grand-daughter, a child very dear to him, to be shaken in the hopper. They came one raw, cold day in February, the girl in a wheelbarrow, trundled slowly and painfully along over the frozen ground. The poor young creature died that night, and the old man always believed that if he had 'only tuk 'Lizzie to the mill a leetle sooner she'd of been cured *shore*.'"

Grace Peckham, M.D.



HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.—See page 513.

HOME-MAKER ART-CLASS.

Out-Door Sketching in Charcoal.

To make a sketch from nature is more difficult than to make a lecture on the subject, for you must not only say something, but do something in your work. Three sketches have therefore been made from nature for The Home-Maker Art-Class, giving the direct result. The materials used in this work are most simple, consisting only of sheets of charcoal-paper and sticks of charcoal.

When you start on your sketching expedition, carry as light a drawing-board as possible, or, better still, a charcoal-paper pad. Avoid making too many preparations, for these will take your mind from your work, and weary you. Keep your energy for sketching; you will need all you have. Be slow to choose a subject—then work rapidly. It is very difficult to make a choice, for when one goes out sketching, he sees pictures or parts of pictures all about him. But if you find it difficult to select a subject for a sketch—that the very richness of the material puzzles you—look for something simple, a rock in the grass, the fallen trunk of a tree, a root, a branch. When you have drawn one of these objects, the mind will be refreshed, and you will see the necessity of adding something to this object, whether it be grass or broken ground, or small stones. or lines in the ground. Then, in the next sketch, add a house, or a clump of trees, and so you will gradually acquire the knack of making a picture.

Sketch No. 1, given with this, shows a composition of lines, undulating and running into each other.

In No. 2 appears a simple mass of houses, presenting an effect of afternoon sunlight, when the shadows are broad. This gives flat tones, and makes an interesting sketch.

Sketch No. 3 displays an effect which was suggested by the light of the sky breaking through a large mass of irregular clouds after rain. The whole effect is sombre in tone, and velvety in quality. This result the charcoal approximates when strongly handled. The light sparkles on the water and on objects here-and-there that catch the reflection from the sky.

Charcoal is suggested as a material to draw with, from the fact that it works so easily, and aids one in obtaining valuable results for study.

E. L. Durand.



A SILVER WEDDING.

"MOTHER, here's a letter for you," said farmer Atherton, as he bustled noisily into the bright, warm kitchen, kicking the snow off his boots and shaking the soft flakes from his shaggy overcoat.

"Get the broom, Priscilla, and brush the snow off me. The old woman is picking her geese in earnest, to-night, and its getting cold as blue blazes."

"Let me brush the snow off, father, Priscilla is busy with her lessons," said Mrs. Atherton, putting the letter she had been holding with trembling fingers on the kitchen table. There was an anxious expression on her usually placid face, as she took the heavy broom and sent the little snow-flakes flying, some of them dissolving at once in the warm air of the room, and others fall-

ing on the hot cooking stove, where they gave one spiteful sizzle and were no more.

"I hope nobody's dead," she said between strokes. "It kind o' scares me to get a letter now-a-days. The last one I had was from Aunt Mary, you know, telling about Uncle Charlie's death. Land knows I hope it isn't bad news again!"

"Oh! there's nothing the matter, I guess. You're always borryin' trouble, mother, seems to me. There, that'll do. Hurry up the supper now, can't you? I'm hungry as a wolf."

The little woman glanced longingly at the letter on the table, but she was so used to sacrificing her own wishes and pleasures, that no thought of reading it until supper was over, could for a moment be entertained.

She moved around quietly, with the manner some women have of doing work quickly without seeming to hurry, but she was very weary to-night, as she had been ironing all day.

It seemed to her she had never felt so old or tired before in her life, and a faint sigh rose to her lips, and a half-defined wish came into her heart that the girls would finish up the work and let her sit down and rest for once. She knew of course it couldn't be, because Priscilla's English literature lesson was harder than usual, and Clara was knitting her brows as she always did when she had a knotty problem in algebra, so they must not be disturbed.

She took up a lighted lantern, hung it on her arm and carried a large pan of milk to the cellar. As she stooped to place it on the cement floor, a sharp pain that cut her like a knife, flashed through her heart, then she grew strangely dizzy, and for a moment had to lean on a vinegar barrel to keep from falling.

"Good Lord! I thought I was gone," she said to herself in a whisper, her face very white, and her tired knees shaking.

"Father!" she called in a faint voice. "Father, won't you come help me up the stairs, please?"

Mr. Atherton got up from the fire rather slowly, as if reluctant to leave its warmth and glow.

"Your mother has another one of her spells, I guess, girls, and you'll have to finish the supper," he said as he went down the cellar stairs.

"Plague take it, I do hate to be bothered this way! It seems to me mother always has one of her spells when I have the hardest lessons to get," said Priscilla with a scowl on her face, slamming her book on the supper-table.

"Yes, it does! I wish she'd take better care of herself," said Clara, crossly, putting her pencil in her pocket, and slipping her half-finished problem into her algebra.

"I guess she'd be only too glad to have a chance to take care of herself! Why don't you girls help her more with the work? You know she isn't strong," said twelve year-old Richard, his mother's baby and valiant defender on all occasions.

"Shut up, Dick! You don't know what you're talking about. Boys never do. If mother wanted us to help, she'd say so; besides father says she is tough and can stand more than most women, and I guess he ought to know," retorted Clara.

"Father said the old gray mare was so tough that work couldn't kill her, but she died last spring, you remember," Richard said meaningly.

Then Mr. Atherton appeared at the top of the cellar stairs, half leading, half carrying his wife, in whose face the lines of pain were yet clearly defined.

Richard pulled the big cane-seat rocking-chair with its calico-covered cushion in front of the fire, for his mother to sit down in, looking into her face with fond anxiety.

"Are you very sick, mother? Can't I do something for you?"

"No, dear—it's nothing; just one of the little spells I have when I'm tuckered out. I'll be all right before long."

But in spite of this assurance the boy hung around his mother's chair solicitously, smoothing the brown hair that was so thickly sprinkled with gray, or patting and kissing the calloused hands with their enlarged knuckles and chapped skin.

"Supper's ready, father! Come right along, or the biscuit will get cold," said Priscilla.

Mr. Atherton needed no second bidding.

"Won't you have a cup of tea, mother? It'll help to strengthen you up again," he said in a tone as nearly bordering on tenderness as he ever indulged in.

"No, thank you, father. Maybe I'll drink some after a while, but I couldn't swallow any now to save me. Just go along and eat your supper, and don't mind me. You go too, Richard—mother is all right now, dear."

The boy looked in her face wistfully.

"Shan't I bring your letter to you, mother? I know you are hungrier for that than for your supper," he said.

"Yes, do, dear. I had almost forgotten the letter. I wonder who it can be from?"

She looked at it a long time before she opened it, as people are apt to do, who are unaccustomed to these reminders of absent friends or relatives. Finally she opened it, and read the four closely written pages slowly.

By this time her husdand had bolted his supper of pork sausage, lye-hominy, fried potatoes, hot biscuit, honey and strong coffee, and came back to the fire-place.

"Feel any better, mother." Then without waiting for a reply. "Who's your letter from?"

"Caroline Dewey. I declare I was never so much surprised. Why it's the first time I've heard from her for twenty years or more. How the time does go, to be sure. Here she's written to invite us to her silver-wedding. It comes off a week from next Thursday. Just think of it, father—twenty-five years since she was married, and twenty-five years for us too, almost. You know we were married the same night. It doesn't seem possible, does it? Yet there's Priscilla going on twenty, and if John had lived he'd be twenty-three. No wonder I begin to feel old." she said, with a little sigh.

"Nonsense! You're not old, mother. You're good for twenty-five more years yet, and I'll wager you look younger than Caroline to-day, though she is the youngest." And Mr. Atherton looked not with unadmiring eyes upon the thin little woman with her soft, brown eyes and refined face with its touch of tenderness and pathos.

A faint smile played around her lips at the unusual compliment, but she shook her head.

"No, father; Caroline holds her own well, folks say who have seen her. And she's happy as can be, and prosperous too—why they're almost rich, I guess. Her silver wedding's going to be a grand affair; I wish we could go to it, but of course we can't. It is over a hundred miles to Middletown, and we couldn't spare the money; besides that, there'd be no one to do the work, unless one of the girls staid home from school, and of course that's not to be thought of."

"No—we can't afford it, mother. We've other use for our money than tearing around the country hunting up silver-weddings."

Silence for a while, then she spoke hesitatingly.

"Couldn't we have in a little company ourselves, a week from Thursday, father? Somehow, I've always thought I should like to celebrate our silver wedding. It's foolish, I expect, but—but I'd like it," and she looked in his face half pleadingly.

"Of course you'd like it! So should I, if I were a millionaire, but I am not, so that settles it."

Mrs. Atherton said no more, but her thoughts kept recurring to her silver wedding anniversary, and no amount of inward reasoning could kill the hopes that had sprung up in her heart as she read her friend's letter.

She looked in the glowing fire, and saw pictured in its red, fantastic blaze, scenes and people that were familiar in her girlhook. If only she could have asked some of the old friends in upon her wedding anniversary, it would have been almost like having the dear young days back again.

Mr. Atherton got up after awhile and went out to see if the horses were properly cared for, but his wife still sat lost in reverie, till she heard Richard say to Priscilla:

"I'd like to know why mother can't have some company when her silver wedding comes? She wants it—I heard her tell father so."

Priscilla, who was chopping hash for breakfast, looked up quite startled at the idea of "mother" caring to have company.

"Well, upon my word, what is going to happen? Who would think of mother wanting a silver-wedding? It would be fun, too. I wish we could celebrate it. What did father say, Richard?"

"Just said he couldn't afford it, of course—what he always says when mother wants anything," replied the boy, a red spot of indignation glowing on either cheek.

"Coax him to do it, Priscilla? You know you can get him to do anything you want to."

"I believe I will, Dick. Don't say anything to mother about it, though. It would be nice to surprise her."

"Oh! thank you, Priscilla. You're real good after all. Poor mother—she never has any good times. She's asleep in her chair now, tired out and sick too. I'm so sorry for her."

Then the mother, feeling herself a guilty listener stirred slightly, that they might know she was awake, and no more was said of the silver-wedding.

But later on, Priscilla and her father carried on an animated conversation in an undertone. Finally, Mr. Atherton got up from

the table, where he had been looking over his weekly paper, and said in a tone so loud that even his wife heard it.

"Well, daughter, perhaps we will do it, since you wish it."

Mrs. Atherton smiled softly to herself, her eyes misty with glad tears.

The girls were like their father—strong, vigorous and practical, with no exterior demonstrations of tender feeling. They could not understand their mother's sensitive nature, her thirst for love and for the little delicate attentions, the heart-refinements that they had felt no need of. So, even when little things, they had turned from her yearning, tender love to their father for companionship.

What she endured as she felt herself thus left alone in the deepest and saddest sense of loneliness, no one but herself had ever dreamed. The girls were selfish, yet they intended to be good to her in their way, but they would have had more real respect for her, had she been physically stronger and more self-assertive.

They did not even realize that her whole life was one long sacrifice for them; one continual lifting and bearing of burdens that rightfully belonged to their strong young shoulders.

They had become accustomed to having "mother" do all the hard, disagreeable things, wear the plainest clothes and give up all her pleasures with a patient smile, so they took such things as a matter of course, and "mother" went on lonely and heart-famished till baby Richard came.

Then at last a responsive soul met and united with her own, and on the tender, loving, thoughtful boy, she poured the torrent of love that had so long been shut up within her heart.

How she thanked God that night as she sat dreaming by the fire, for this dear child who had come to melt the coldness that had been freezing out her very life.

The next morning Mrs. Atherton was up at five o'clock as usual, though her knees had a queer tendency to give way beneath her, and there were times when her breath came in quick little gasps, but she made no complaint, and went quietly about her work.

The family sat down to eat by the light of the gray dawn, aided by the gleam of a single lamp.

Afterward the girls cleared the table and washed the dishes, while their mother strained the milk and skimmed the cream for the churning.

From the pantry window she could see the orchard, the apple-trees bereft by the winds of their downy white wrappings, spreading their bare branches out appealingly, as if asking of grim winter the alms of fruit and foliage. Wrens and snow birds were a-flutter, hunting their meagre morning meal, and robins whose scarlet plumage seemed the essence of the blaze of summer heat, were whistling from the boughs of the walnut-trees in the door-yard.

Perhaps to her the crisp beauty of her country home was intensified by the thankfulness that filled her soul. It was so sweet to think of the words she had heard the night before, as she went about her homely duties, and little snatches of songs that she had scarcely sung since her girlhood, bubbled up through her lips many times through the day.

Even the girls noticed it when they came home from the village seminary in the evening.

"Why, mother is so bright and smiling she is positively pretty to-night," said Clara.

"Yes, I never saw her look so well before. What have you been doing to yourself, mother?" said Priscilla laughingly.

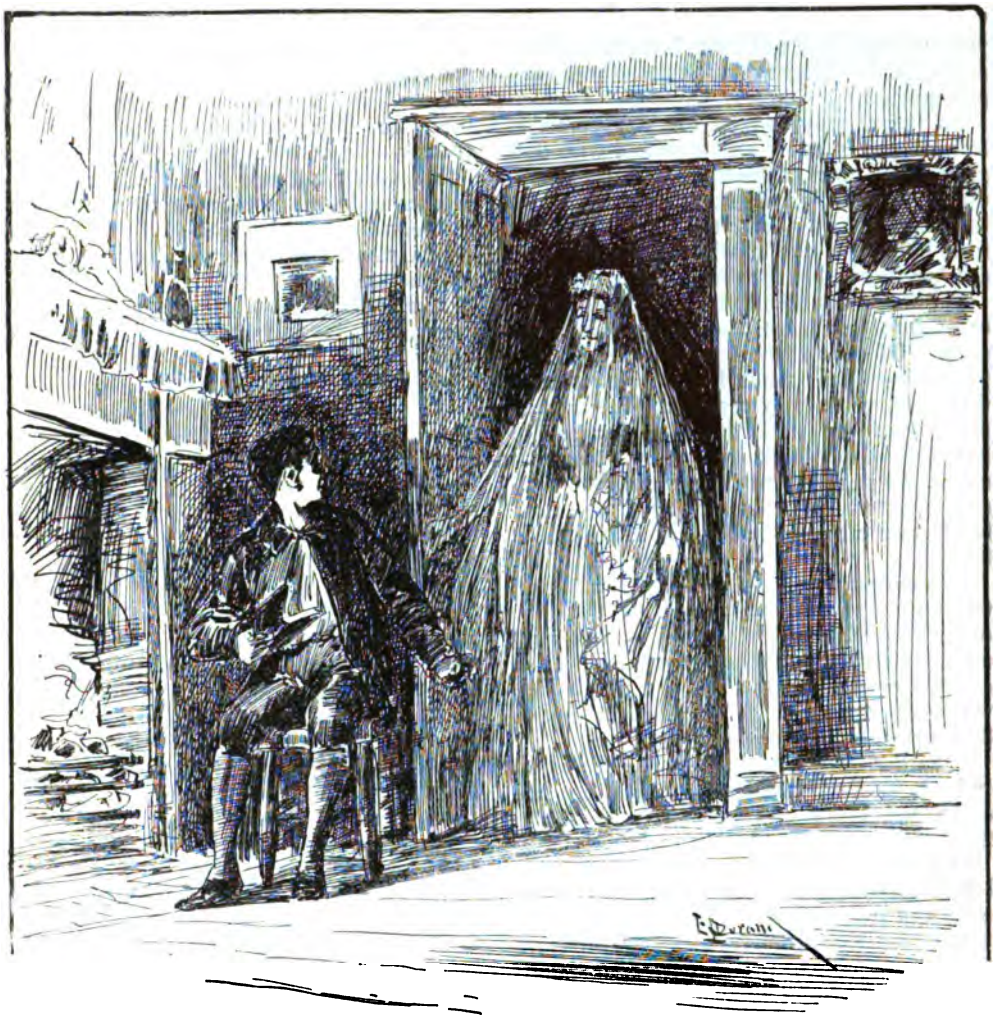
But Mrs. Atherton only smiled and gave some evasive answer, determined not to let them know that she guessed the secret she thought them hiding from her.

"Mother is always pretty, because she is so sweet and good," said Richard loyally, and for reward was kissed by lips he loved.

The intervening days sped rapidly to Mrs. Atherton, in spite of her monotonous labor. She found time at odd intervals to take out her wedding-dress and press and freshen it up a bit, though its very age had rendered it so nearly like the modern one that it needed no remodeling. She had not worn it twenty years, and now, as she stood before the mirror and surveyed herself, she found that the old-time plumpness had forsaken her, and large seams had to be taken in to make it fit her thin figure.

But she felt no regret for her departed beauty as she looked at her thin, faded face; only thankfulness that her children loved her and were thoughtful of her happiness.

She intended to surprise them too, on her silver-wedding anniversary, by coming out dressed just as she had been twenty-five years before. They should not be ashamed of her shabbiness when her friends came trooping in. The soft, rich gray silk had lost little of its beauty, and the pretty lace in neck and sleeves was only richer for the



coloring of age. So she thought and planned in secret, while seeming only to attend to tiresome, every-day duties.

When two days beforehand the girls came home in great excitement to tell of a party which they were invited to attend on the night of their mother's anniversary, Mrs. Atherton smiled softly to herself as she listened. She could not be deceived, she thought. It was but a part of their plan—an excuse for putting on their best dresses that evening, so she suggested little tasteful additions and changes in their apparel, anxious that her girls should be fair to look upon on that glad occasion.

Meantime, the day following the opening of our story, Priscilla and her father had had a long talk on the subject, and had finally concluded it would be so troublesome and expensive they had better give up all thought of celebrating the anniversary.

"It would be hard for Clara and me just now, father. Next week we have our examinations, so we have an unusual amount of studying to do. Then we'll both have to have hand some dresses for commencement day; mine especially will have to be extra nice, as I graduate then, you know, so I suppose we really cannot afford to have a celebration now. Mother won't mind it. I don't suppose she has thought of it since last night," Priscilla said lightly.

"I dun no 'bout that, Priscilla. Your mother spoke as if she had her heart set on it. But as you say, she never minds giving up things. She's used to it, besides we can't afford it now, of course," Mr. Atherton had answered her.

And so the subject had been dropped, and after the invitation to the village party

was received, had not even been thought of again, in the delight of anticipated pleasures and gaieties.

So the eagerly looked for day came at last, draped in snow and crowned with dull gray skies. Mrs. Atherton was full of nervous excitement, as she hurried through with the supper dishes, assisted by her faithful little helper, Richard, while the girls were attiring themselves for the party.

If once in a while a little miserable doubt crept into her heart, she crushed it out at once. Of course they were going to surprise her—there could be no doubt about that—yet, when they came into the kitchen for inspection and the last touch of her deft fingers, chattering away merrily about the party so naturally and not at all as if it were a "plan," a queer little choking feeling came up in her throat in spite of herself.

Something possessed her—she could not tell what—to take first one and then the other in her arms with a loving embrace and a clinging kiss, before they started. Then she followed them out on the porch that was covered with snow, and said in a voice that was tremulous and tender:

"Father, won't you kiss me before you go? It is just twenty-five years ago to-night, you know, since you brought me to this home."

"Why bless my soul! so it is—so it is. I had forgotten it. Good bye, dear," he said, and stooped and kissed her.

But even the little word "dear," so long unused, so much prized before, failed to take away the sting of the words that hurt her so. "I had forgotten it!" Had he really *forgotten* it after all? It seemed so cruel, so cold, it surely could not be so. She stood and watched them in a kind of numb agony as they drove away.

Richard took hold of her hand and gently pulled her toward the door.

"Come on in, mother! It is too cold for you out here. Come sit by the fire and get warm. You are shivering."

"Yes, dear, presently. Mother has something to do first."

Then she went into her bed-room and put on her wedding-dress, as she had planned to do. When she came out into the sitting room, Richard started up in astonishment.

"Oh! mother, how beautiful you look!" he said admiringly. And indeed there was a refined, spiritual beauty about her that night and never before had he seen her in such pretty, becoming garments.

"This is my wedding-dress, Richard. Somehow I want to wear it to-night. I had hoped," she faltered, "that some of our friends might remember this was our anniversary, and come in awhile."

Then they sat and talked a long time, mother and son, of that far off night, twenty-five years ago, when she left her father's home, where she had always been so happy, so beloved.

After awhile Richard's eyes began to grow heavy, and his mother coaxed him to go to bed.

"Oh! mother, I hate to leave you sitting here alone, and I am so sorry you could not have your silver-wedding, after all. Priscilla and father did talk about it, but they gave it up, I guess. It is mean of them, I think, and selfish too, to go off and leave you here alone to-night. They might have staid with you—at least father might," the boy said indignantly

"Never mind, dear. It will all come right after awhile. Father had to take the girls, you know. They couldn't go alone, of course. I have my best and dearest with me anyhow—my precious boy!"

"Oh! my darling, what should I do without you now? But you must go to bed, dear heart. Mother cannot have you dull and sleepy to-morrow."

He clung to her tenderly when she kissed him good night. "Mother, you are so good, so sweet—I love you more than I can tell you," he said, fondly looking into her face.

She sat by him till he fell asleep, then drew a chair up to the window and looked out in the direction of the village.

She had seemed brave and cheerful before her boy, but now a thousand sad thoughts came crowding upon her; saddest and cruelest of all, that they had forgotten her anniversary. Perhaps, even yet they might come—perhaps, they were only waiting until a late hour, to surprise her all the more.

But the hours passed, and no sound broke the deep stillness. The fire died out on the hearth, the moon went down, yet she never stirred. If they had only said one little tender word in memory of the day; if they had said they were sorry to leave her alone at such a time, it would not have been so hard to bear.

She strained her eyes to see down the road where they must come; she remembered the drive through the deep snow, and the bright moonlight that other night twenty-five years ago, when she was a happy, hap-

py bride. John loved her *then*—her dear John—and then another of those sharp pains cut through her heart.

Two hours later, as Mr. Atherton and his daughters drove home, he said :

"Somehow I keep feeling sorry that we didn't have the silver wedding to please mother. I suppose we could have had it without breaking our backs or the bank either. Oh ! well, she'll not care any more about it, I reckon. Why there she is, sitting at the window now ! What could have possessed her to sit up and wait for us so late?"

Then they got out of the sleigh on the snow-covered porch, and went into the room where she sat.

Clad in her pretty bridal dress, with a smile on her bloodless lips, and white as the snow outside, they found her. Released from the weight of cares and years, far from their remorseful hearts, from the tender words that came too late to comfort her, she had gone with the bridegroom we call death, to a land of rest and flowers.

Laura J. Rittenhouse.



GETTING READY FOR THE DRESSMAKER.

First—get out your last winter's dresses, have all put on the line, beaten and shaken to dislodge moth and dust. Then lay them on the bed and go over them carefully. You will probably be surprised to see how much fresher they look than when you "did them up" in camphor and tar-paper last Spring Perhaps the darkness in which they have lain for several months has the effect of freshening the colors. Certain it is that, if they have been carefully protected from moth, you will be agreeably disappointed in the appearance of your half-worn cloth costumes. But of course they will nearly all need alteration of some kind. One dress is too tight, another fearfully worn in front, another must be entirely turned.

Make up your mind what costumes need rejuvenating and then set to work. Rip each dress neatly. Never cut a few stitches and then pull, trusting to shorten the process by this careless means. It stretches the material out of shape, and often makes a zigzag rent that takes more time to mend, or to drape out of sight, than you would have spent in ripping the whole article properly. After every piece is separate, *pick out all threads.* Now put a few drops of household ammonia in a bowl of clear, soft water, and, laying each piece on the table, go over it with a clean, wet sponge. This will freshen the dingiest material. If there are any obstinate grease-spots, use alcohol, or add more ammonia to the water. Often an ugly grease mark may be removed by placing a piece of tissue-paper over it and pressing hard with a hot iron.

When your cloth is clean, smooth it by laying over it a damp towel and iron once rapidly. This same treatment may be applied to silk, though care must be taken in pressing it, for, if the iron is too hot or is allowed to rest on the surface, it produces an ugly, shiny appearance. Crushed velvet should be carefully steamed, but, if badly spotted, is absolutely of no use, as it can never be restored.

The linings, unless so worn as to necessitate the purchase of new ones, must be ironed and laid aside with the dresses to which they belong. Buy a new piece of skirt braid for each skirt. If possible determine how you want your gowns made, and then set out to get samples of materials. For instance, if your last year's silk is to be trimmed with velvet, take a piece of the

silk and get the quantity of trimming you desire. But if, as is often the case, you cannot tell till the arrival of your dressmaker how much material you will need, choose what you want, take home a sample and pin it to the dress, and await her coming. When she arrives it will take but a few minutes for her to give you an estimate of the amount of each trimming you will need, and, armed with your samples, the shopping will be greatly simplified.

When it is practicable, get beforehand your buttons, silk, twist, hooks and eyes, bones, dress-shields, ruching, etc. If your linings are worn you can easily measure them and buy new ones in their place. Keep each dress with all these addenda separate in a neat bundle.

By care in these seemingly unnecessary details you will save time and money, for after the dress-maker is with you every minute in which you can sew with her is so much clear gain.

As to the manner of making over your dresses, fashion will determine. If obliged to turn a perfectly fitting costume, it is often advisable to make it over in precisely the same manner, not altering the seams by a hair's breadth. Then you are sure of as good a fit as you had last season.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that an old gown made over will never look really nice. Give as much care and taste to it as you would to new material, and the result will be satisfactory. If your black satin is worn in front and at neck and wrists, put in a vest, collar and cuffs of handsome velvet. Last year's tea-gown will be pretty with a front of China silk. If the sleeves are shabby, cut off the worn cuffs to the elbow and fasten there a puff of the silk shirred at the wrist, thus producing the effect of an under sleeve. Now that the very broad turn-over cuffs are so much liked, a sleeve that is quite disreputable as far up as the elbow may be hidden in this manner.

Study of fashion-plates and fashionable gowns will suggest many artistic and economical ways of making bright the last days of an old costume.

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

Having read your answer to "An Admiring Subscriber," in regard to the signing of the prefix "Mrs." to a name, I should like to inquire if your answer applies to business letters also. For instance, a lady orders a bill of goods, by note, from a dry goods establishment, how is she to sign her name? Also, if she is never to place "Mrs." before her name, what is she to have on her visiting cards if she prefers writing them herself to having them engraved?

By answering you will oblige,

A Subscriber.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Answer:

It is never *en regle* for a woman to prefix "*Mrs.*" to her signature. In business letters, ordering a bill of goods, etc., it is just as easy to sign a name "*Susan Robinson,*" and write underneath: "*Please address Mrs. James Robinson.*"

Custom demands that you use the prefix "*Mrs.*" on your visiting card, as that is not intended as a signature, but merely to inform your hostess who her caller is. If you had forgotten your card, you would certainly give your name to the servant as *Mrs. So-and-So.* The conventional piece of pasteboard takes the place of this verbal message, and has nothing whatever to do with your signature.

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

In your July HOME-MAKER you say it is considered fashionable now to be tanned. How about the poor, unfortunate sisters who freckle? Is there *anything* in the world to keep freckles away, or to remove them when once they have come?

A Subscriber.

DANVILLE, VA.

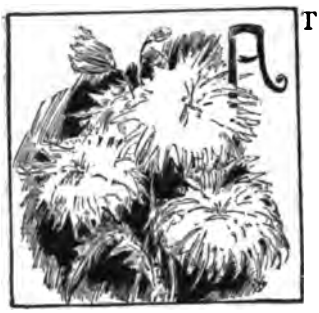
Answer:

Freckles are often merely temporary disfigurements, caused by the summer sun, and disappear as cool weather comes on. It is doubtful if there is anything that will prevent certain skins from freckling, except great care. The girl who is thus afflicted will have to deny herself some of the freedom indulged in by her more fortunate sisters. She should wear a broad-brimmed hat, carry a parasol, and, on boating excursions, wear a thin veil. Washing the face on retiring with warm water and then with buttermilk, and allowing this to remain on all night, will greatly improve the complexion, and do much toward preventing and effacing freckles.

There are popular superstitions with regard to March snows and May dews, but these are probably more poetical than practical.

WINDOW & COTTAGE GARDENING

GROWING FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE FOR WINTER.



AT this season we should decide what flowers we are to have to grace and beautify our homes during the long, cold winters.

For flowers in the house in winter, Holland bulbs rank first for ease of culture, quality and quantity of bloom, and of these Hyacinths are the most beautiful and fragrant.

Hyacinths are grown in earth in the following manner: Plant a single bulb in a pot five inches in diameter, using common garden soil, with which mix thoroughly one third part of sand; place the bulb upon the soil, and press it down until the upper surface will just show; give it all the water the earth will hold, which will probably be all the bulb will require. Set the pots away in a cool dark cellar for several weeks; here the bulbs will make roots, but the tops will grow very little. Bulbs planted by September 1st will be well rooted by the middle of November.

The Hyacinth requires a temperature of from 65° to 70°—by no means higher than this—and plenty of air, light and water.

The best place to keep them is in a hall, or some room seldom used and kept most of the time at a low temperature. The usual time of hyacinth blooming is about three months after planting.

A simple way of blooming Hyacinths is to place them in glasses made for the purpose, filled with water, the base of the bulb just touching the water. Keep the glasses in a cool dark cellar, as recommended for bulbs in pots, changing the water as often as it becomes discolored.

Single Tulips do well grown in pots or boxes; they require the same soil and culture as Hyacinths, but they cannot be grown in water.

Narcissus Trumpet Major, Polyanthus Narcissus and Crocus, may be treated in the manner described for tulips and hyacinths in pots, and they can also be flowered in water like hyacinths.

The Iris, with its curiously constructed and oddly marked flowers, should be included in the collection of bulbs, and treated as hyacinths in pots, except that the bulbs should be covered an inch or two with earth.

The best varieties for house culture are: Pavonia, very odd and pretty; Persica and Tuberosa.

The plants named below are excellent for growing in the house, thriving in a temperature of 50° at night with 60° or 65° during the day. Do not make the mistake of trying to grow more than can be properly cared for, and avoid crowding the plants together, which causes them to grow tall, spindling and unsightly, with light-colored foliage.

Abutilons produce a great number of bell shaped blossoms, and continue in bloom a long time. The favorite varieties are: A. Tomsoni, with beautiful blotched variegated leaves; Sensation, bright orange-scarlet flowers, varied with crimson; Boule de Neige, flowers white.

Chrysanthemums have been improved until almost any color or shape of flower desired may be had. They delight in a cool atmosphere, and commence blooming in October or November. During the blooming period and just previous they should be supplied frequently with weak manure-water.

Chrysanthemum Frutescens is the Paris Daisy, which has been so fashionable of late in winter; the flowers closely resemble the common field daisy, and C. Etoile D'or

is similar to the above except in the color, which is a beautiful golden yellow.

A few Roses will add to the beauty of the collection, providing they have the care which they demand.

They require a light southern exposure, rich soil, to which should be added a quantity of sand, say one part of sand to two of nice earth and one part well rotted stable manure. Place the plants as near to the window as possible, where the thermometer will not rise above 70° during the day, with less heat at night. 5° less than this during the day, and 20° less at night is desirable.

Watch carefully for insects; when the leaves turn light colored, a little green insect will be found on the lower side, the green Aphis. The best way of destroying this insect on a few plants is by spraying the leaves both top and bottom with Sulpho-Tobacco soap, which may be procured of any florist, or by the use of tobacco water, made by steeping tobacco stems in water until it becomes the color of strong tea. The first remedy, however, is the best.

Red spiders, so small they can scarcely be seen, are a source of great trouble, and may be detected by the upper sides of the leaves turning brown. The presence of this pest indicates a too warm and dry atmosphere, and the best remedy is sponging the leaves and afterwards occasionally spraying them with water.

A little sulphur should be sprinkled on top of the soil to prevent mildew,

The best roses for house culture are: Teas, Bon Silene, Saffrano, Isabella Sprunt, Perle des Jardins,

Bourbons—Hermosa, Phoenix.

Polyanthus Roses of dwarf habit and very free bloomers, bearing clusters of small perfect flowers, are attractive and pretty.

Calceolarias and Cinerarias have been greatly improved of late, and are becoming very popular. They are quite easy to cultivate and are certainly beautiful. They thrive in a light soil, well drained, and a cool temperature. In watering, avoid wetting the leaves, as it will spot them. Do not allow the plants to become dry; water thoroughly when watering, but do not keep the soil wet. They come into bloom in the spring, and should receive at this time an occasional watering of weak manure water. Both of these plants are subject to the attacks of the red-spider and green aphis and should be treated as recommended for Roses.

Impatiens Sultani, of recent introduction is splendid for house culture, thriving under ordinary care, and flowering continuously all winter.

The Cyclamen is particularly adapted for window culture, and will give many flowers with very little trouble.

Sand should be added freely to the soil in which they are grown, for drainage. They plants require plenty of water, and should be placed as near the light as possible.

After blooming water sparingly, but do not entirely dry off the bulbs. When the frosts of spring are past the pots can be plunged in a shady spot in the garden, and remain until early in autumn, when they should be brought again to the house. After the third season it is advisable to procure new corms or bulbs, as the blooms thenceforth will be poor and small.

Carnations are among the prettiest flowers grown, and give plenty of blossoms. Leading varieties are Hinzies White, large white flowers; La Punte, Carmine, President Garfield, vermilion red, fine; Lewan, dark crimson maroon.

Fuchsias and Geraniums thrive with little care, and the former are particularly good for shaded positions.

Chinese Primrose is particularly adapted to house culture in the low temperature advised. It is one of the few plants which do well in a north window. Care should be taken in watering, not to wet the buds, as it causes them to rot.

The Calla, *Richardia Althopeca*, requires a light and constantly moist soil and plenty of sunlight. Spotted Calla, *R. Albo Maculata*, is desirable as a pot plant for its foliage, which forms a very agreeable contrast with that of other plants.

All the plants named here, with the exception of Carnations, Roses, Calceolaria and Cineraria, are free from disease and insects. In order to secure good drainage lighten the soil. I have advised the use of sand in the proportions named for plants where it is required.

Plants in the house require fresh air and plenty of it every day, which should be supplied without materially reducing the temperature of the room, and in such a manner that the air will become warmed before reaching the plants. Cold or direct draughts from the windows on the plants will greatly injure them.

E. C. Vick.

The Home-maker
.6
v.2

DATE
ISSUED TO

050
H76
v.2

The Home



